TALES OF A VOYAGER

TO THE

ARCTIC OCEAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."

Shakspeare.

VOL. I.

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TALES OF A VOYAGER.

INTRODUCTION.

That there is a delight in the recollection of past dangers, which far exceeds the pleasure that springs from the remembrance of departed joy, every one who has endured the pangs of misfortune or basked in the sunshine of happiness can bear testimony; but why the retrospection of pain should be accompanied by sensations so different from its subject, and why the review of felicity enjoyed should fail in producing equal gratification, is not easily to be explained. Nevertheless, I do not agree with those who assert that the reminiscence of former satisfaction always gives rise to sorrow; for, although I feel greater interest in recounting such parts of my narrative as were associated

with danger, I must confess, that I dwell with much fondness on circumstances which were attended only with pleasure. It is, indeed, a hope that others may share with me in this re-creation of the memory which induces me to obtrude my private memoirs upon the public; and if the little anecdotes and details, connected with the situations in which I have been placed, should afford any amusement to the reader, they will in my eyes become doubly valuable.

I am entirely of the opinion of Addison, that no person peruses a book with so much content if he be unacquainted with its author, as when he is informed of his situation in life, his connections, his disposition, and, above all, of his person; and, knowing the misery of ungratified curiosity, I would wish to afford every help in my power to the full enjoyment of these volumes; but, when I consider how dangerous a subject self is to an author, I hope I shall be excused if I leave these delicate points veiled with partial obscurity.

I will acknowledge that, besides this (I trust) becoming diffidence, I have another reason. Should I be tempted to give sufficient information to enable others to identify me, the discovery would lead to the recognition of those

who were my companions during my voyage; and, as I am not certain that it would be agreeable to some of them to be brought before the public, I consider myself bound in honour to take precautions for concealment. I will, nevertheless, premise such particulars as shall account for my having undertaken an expedition, which to many may appear to have been needless or capricious.

My father is a merchant of London, of which city I am a native. His circumstances are prosperous, and his hopes, like the hopes of all successful men of business, are encouraging and unbounded; but, however fortunate he has been in his speculations, he has been disappointed in expectations, which to him, I have reason to believe, were of much greater moment. His family, which was numerous, and while young, possessed of good health, did not fulfil its early promise. I am the only survivor of six sons, who have reached the age of manhood, and successively sunk under the influence of disease; and when I arrived at the period so fatal to my lamented brothers, I presented an appearance so similar to that which had preceded their decline, that my friends generally feared it would be my lot also to follow them to the grave.

Those who have witnessed the feverish anxiety of a parent, solicitous for the health of an only son, can comprehend the care and distress of my father and mother, when they saw me manifest the same tendency of constitution as their other children. Like them I had grown up rapidly, from a stout florid lively lad, into a tall and spare man, with a pale countenance, and a languid and inactive temperament; my inclinations became studious, and my occupations sedentary; and, though I continually strove to rouse myself, in order to gratify the desire of my parents, that I should take exercise and mingle in society, in order to counteract the obvious effects of the revolution in my frame, yet it was evident that nature did not prompt me to exertion or gaiety.

At length Mr. L——, my medical adviser in ordinary, suggested change of air, as more likely to be of benefit to me than any assistance the faculty of medicine could afford, and his opinion was taken into consideration; but as I was now the last male of my family, and as variation of climate had been tried without success in the cases of two of my brothers, there was a reluctance to part with me, which seemed likely to outweigh every reason that could be urged in

favour of this project. On my own part, the proposal met with the warmest welcome; for, either from that instinct which, as some natural philosophers tell us, directs the animal towards those objects which will be of benefit to it, or from a passion for travelling, which I had early imbibed by reading, and had strengthened by the same means since I became sickly, I had conceived a great desire to make a voyage to any part of the globe. I felt my spirits revive at the idea, and began to argue for its utility, with that kind of eloquence which eagerness always supplies. But this was not a question on which I was to have a voice. However, by my entreaty, a consultation was held, and my respected friend Dr. B——n, with two other physicians, agreed that the motion of a ship and sea air were the means most likely to be of service to me; for, though they could discover no disease actually going on in my frame, there was a strong disposition to several. Upon these premises I held myself outward bound, but to what port or part of the world was still to be considered; for taking a trip in search of health to the East or West Indies (where my father's connections are principally to be found,) was deemed preposterous; and though I argued

that I might go to Madeira, and remain there till my constitution was restored, my dear mother had still many objections to be surmounted, and proposed going to France with me in the following spring, for she could not bear to part with me; and thus several months fled away, during which I did not grow worse, though I did not improve.

Thus I passed the winter, and saw March 1822 arrive with pleasure, for I was determined not to spend the following summer in England, if I could prevail upon my parents to suffer my absence. It was, indeed, not certain that I should prevail; as they were not thoroughly satisfied but that repeatedly sailing to and from Margate or Leith, or from Dover to Calais, or some such mode of passing my time on the water, would be as serviceable as taking a voyage to Canada, to the Bermudas, or to any distant place, without the same risk, and with more comfort to myself and satisfaction to them. This plan, however, did not coincide with my wishes; although it is the mode which would most likely have been adopted, had not a circumstance occurred, that brought about the voyage, of which the events are related in the following narrative.

Among the number of my acquaintance, is Mr. William L——, the son of my doctor, who had been my schoolfellow and playmate, and is still my friend. Although his disposition is more lively and active than mine, and supported by a greater flow of animal spirits, much attachment has grown between us, and indeed he was, and is, worthy of all I can manifest; for, as well as being what is called "a very clever fellow," he has always shewn me so much attention and kindness, that I have long ceased to consider him in any other light than as an affectionate brother, and I take this opportunity of letting him see, "in print," the sentiments I feel for him.

William L—— came to me early one morning, and said, not very exultingly to be sure at that time, "Harry, I shall make a voyage before you now, though you are under sailing orders." "What, to ——?" I replied inquiringly. "No," returned he, "to Greenland." "To the infernal regions!" exclaimed I.— "To a much colder latitude," rejoined he. But, not to trouble my readers with our dialogue, though I have set down the beginning, because it is so fresh in my memory, he assured me that he was going as surgeon on board

a Greenland ship, during the summer, as well for his own pleasure, as for reasons which I may explain further on, and he hinted a wish that I could accompany him. This was a temptation which, though of a cool description, set my imagination on fire. I had heard and read of the wonders of the frozen ocean, and the icebound regions of Spitzbergen, and although I then knew comparatively nothing about it, I decorated every scene in that distant clime with the most peculiar imagery, and my ideas became so excited, that nothing but accompanying my friend would satisfy me. I immediately proposed the voyage to my parents, and I used so many arguments and persuasions, that, by dinner-time, the affair began to be canvassed seriously, and before I went to bed, I made my father promise to learn what accommodations a Greenland whaler afforded, and what comfort one might expect to find on board such a vessel. But my eagerness was too great to allow me to rest without personally forwarding my own wishes, and the next day I prevailed on my friend William to accompany me to the ship in which he was to sail, that I might be an eye-witness of its condition, and become able to answer every question and objection, which I knew my

parents would make to my visiting the Northern Seas. Accordingly we took a boat from the London Docks, and crossed over to Rotherhithe, where, in one of the basins, I was introduced on board a ship which had traversed the icy ocean, and which was soon again destined to return to that realm of desolate grandeur. I perhaps dwell too minutely on the trifling occurrences that preceded my departure; but the pleasure I derived from my voyage, and the companions with whom it brought me acquainted, gives an agreeable form to every circumstance which I review connected with it. However, I will curtail my preamble as much as possible, and hasten to launch the reader on the boundless ocean, which always has been, and always will be, the delight of Englishmen.

As it is my intention to obscure every light which might throw a gleam of information upon the identity of the writer of this sketch, my readers must pardon me if I substitute imaginary names for those of the ship in which I sailed, and of the persons who formed its crew. I dislike blanks, and shall therefore bestow a cognomen.

We accordingly visited the Leviathan together, and, to me at least, our examination was

very satisfactory; as it convinced me that on board I should find sufficient conveniences for a young traveller, even though he might be an invalid. I will not deny, that my desire to find every thing suitable to my situation might cause me to overlook several minor objections, which a more unbiassed spectator would have noticed; but I found none of those dreadful grievances that I had been always taught to expect in a ship engaged in the northern whale fishery. The size of the Leviathan, (nearly three hundred tons), likewise exceeded what my information had led me to expect, nor could I perceive any of that disagreeable smell of oil, which I had been told rendered these vessels intolerable.

By chance we found the master, Captain Shafton, on board, and giving way to the natural impatience of youth, I discovered to him my wishes to become a passenger in his vessel. After satisfying his surprise at my unusual inclination, by telling him the circumstances under which it originated, I begged him to wait upon my father, to agree with him upon what terms I should be gratified. He told me that his owners must first be consulted, but I engaged to obtain leave from them; for I did

not doubt that my father's interest, or that of his connections, would easily prevail.

To a young mind, every object seems easy to be obtained; and when it finds difficulties interpose, its energies rise to cope with the opposition. I felt so invigorated by the bodily and mental exertion, trifling as it was, that I had undergone in my visit to the dock, that I renewed my attack upon the fears and objections of my parents with redoubled ardour. I had now gained some personal experience on the subject, by having been on board the vessel, and I succeeded so far, that it was granted, that if, upon her own inspection, my mother should find none of the inconveniences she dreaded really existing, I should have leave to gratify my inclinations. This bill, however, did not pass without sundry amendments, one of which was, that Dr. B——n should concur with Mr. L——, that the climate would not only not prejudice my health, but that it might be of service to it; and another being, that I should promise to obey the captain in the instructions he should be directed to give me, concerning my regimen and actions, as well as on those points on which all persons in the vessel would be bound to observe his orders. From this and other specifications, I

discovered that my father had been beforehand with me in visiting the Leviathan, with the proprietor of which he was acquainted, and I found also that he had satisfied himself that the voyage might prove beneficial to me.

I shall not trouble the patience of my reader with recounting my further progress towards the accomplishment of my wishes. By the following night, all my friends had agreed that there was no objection to be made, with regard to the comforts I might enjoy during my absence; and as I should have no duties to perform that would call me from the warmth of the cabin, it was concluded that my own feelings would prevent my exposing myself to any dangerous degree of cold. Indeed, it was well known, that I was particularly fond of the fireside, and this circumstance served to increase the wonder that arose, why I chose the arctic ocean for the scene of a pleasurable excursion; but every one cannot feel the ardour of curiosity that burns in the bosom of the youthful adventurer.

Those who have experienced the delight of preparing for an event, to which they have looked forward with the impatience of expected gratification, can tell how readily I commenced

the task of fitting out for the voyage ; and those who are blessed with near and affectionate relations, can imagine how carefully and unremittingly my mother and sister were employed, in devising and executing projects for my personal comfort. Every species of fur and woollen was discussed and commented upon ; and so many descriptions of close and accumulated dress offered for my choice, that I might have fortified myself securely enough to have maintained my native caloric on the summit of an iceberg, throughout an arctic winter. But I left much of the selection of my apparel to my friend William, who had made many inquiries concerning the requisite clothing, amongst those who had experienced the northern climate, while I furnished myself with such books, instruments, and papers, as I fancied I should have occasion to use ; for, notwithstanding my present ill health, I had determined to bring back delineations of every object I might encounter, which was worthy the stroke of a pencil. Among other requisites for the amusements I intended to enjoy, I did not forget a fowling-piece, with small shot and powder ; for the accounts I had perused of the Greenland seas, agreed in affirm-

ing them to be covered with birds; and as I found there would be musquets on board, I provided myself with bullets. I likewise put a pocket-pistol into my chest, having resolved to become so strong and hardy, as not to refrain from the chace of any animal; and I have always observed, in the relation of dangerous encounters, that most of the accidents resulting from them, might have been prevented by a second fire. A small thermometer was another of my preparations; and I must add, as some return for the kindness and attention that provided it, that I was furnished with a work-box, well stored with needles, pins, thread, worsted, scissors, and all other necessary equipments, by my sister. Indeed, this supply was often of great service to me and William, since the traveller by sea has frequent occasion for a needle, when he cannot find female hands to apply it.

As I was truly in earnest in everything connected with my voyage, I found delight in being present at the muster of the ship's company, which took place a short time before the day appointed for our departure. I likewise wished to obtain a view of the men who were to

become the companions of my expedition, and I could not have procured a more complete mode of satisfying my curiosity.

One object in mustering the crew of vessels employed in the northern whale fishery is to ascertain whether the owners have complied with the act of parliament, which regulates the bounty of a pound per ton, to every ship fitted out according to its directions. By this act it is rendered imperative, that a surgeon should be taken out, as well as five green men, or men who have never before been in the Arctic seas, under the penalty of not receiving the above bounty; and I need not state that the condition is always fulfilled.

As I held no official situation in the company, I was not included in the roll, but I was on the deck of the Leviathan with the rest, and crossed it from starboard to larboard with William L——, when he was called as surgeon. The ceremony consisted in the repetition of the name and occupation of each individual of the crew, upon which, he passed before the officer of the customs, who performs this duty, to shew that he was in readiness to depart, as well as of able body. Had I been included in the commissioner's list I certainly should not have

passed muster in this latter particular; but, as far as promptitude was necessary, I was one of the foremost.

There was another general meeting of the ship's complement after this formal proceeding, of a very different kind, at which, though invited, I was not present. The occasion was a kind of ball, preceded by a supper, to which all the crew were welcome. The mirth, I am told, is truly characteristic of the class of men from which it arises; and custom seems to have established a sort of saturnalian freedom at these festivals. As neither I nor my friend were of the number of the guests, I cannot speak with certainty of the mode in which this meeting was conducted, and I shall only add, that similar orgies announce the speedy departure of every Greenland vessel.

DEPARTURE.

The third of April, 1822, was appointed for the departure of the Leviathan from London, and that day at length arrived, bringing with it a favourable south-easterly wind.

I shall describe neither the pains nor the pleasures of parting with dear and affectionate relations; the grief, indeed, will not admit of description, nor can the peculiar gratification that is mingled with it, at beholding the estimation in which we are held by those we love, be fully comprehended by others, who have not experienced it. Let it suffice, that our sorrow and good wishes were mutual, and that the hopes of my restoration to health served to support the feelings of my family on bidding adieu to its last male descendant, while my regrets were ameliorated by the prospect of enjoying a delightful voyage, abounding in objects on

which to feast my curiosity, and indulge the inclination I now felt for adventure.

A spirit of enterprise has always belonged to my race, which, though it has often exhausted their purses, and led them into danger and difficulty, has sometimes been productive of consequences the reverse. Whether with their blood I inherited an accumulation of these particular propensities I cannot determine, but I must say I felt so much ardour for pursuing the courses they had marked out, that I could have sacrificed everything to the desire of quitting the common track of domestic existence.

Having caused our chests, bedding, and other parts of our equipment, to be conveyed on board the preceding day, William and I took a boat at the Tower-stairs, at an early hour on the third, and were swiftly rowed down the river towards Rotherhithe, accompanied by my father, who intended to proceed with us as far as Gravesend.

We were not long in reaching the Dock, for we communicated our impatience to the waterman, in a way most effectual with those amphibious citizens; and we found "all hands" busily employed in adjusting the rigging of the Leviathan, and making her ready to proceed into the river.

The weather was fine, and I beheld with corresponding gaiety of feeling a bright sun rising upon a sky lightly sprinkled with fleecy clouds: propitious breezes played amongst the loose sails that hung upon the half raised yards; the freshness they communicated to the air was delightful and invigorating, and I stood upon the dock-head watching the dark eddies of the rising tide swell and ripple amongst the craft and timber that line the side of the river, with a buoyancy of spirit which had never before dilated my heart. Had not my appearance, and a consciousness of debility in my movements, compelled me to acknowledge my want of health, I should have doubted that I was not as free from complaint as my companion, who lounged by my side, humming a fashionable air, and watching the dexterity of the sailors.

Our eagerness, and our being quite "green men," having brought us to the place of rendezvous some hours before the time of departure, we turned to several objects of novelty, which served to while away the interval. There was one, indeed, which forced itself upon our attention, and this was the tremendous clanking of certain artificers, who were employed in cleaning, scaling, and repairing iron tanks, destined for

the reception of oil in the South Sea fishery; as it is the practice on that station to boil the blubber before the ship returns home. These cisterns are formed so as to fit closely together in the "hold," and afford a very compact method of stowing the freight, as well as constitute ballast to the vessel.

This noise, though at other times it would doubtless have been excessively annoying, now created in my mind an agreeable busy sensation, and with the active exertions of the workmen, and their various remarks and exclamations, added fresh excitement to the pleasure which the shouts and preparations of the ship's company had commenced.

Perhaps those who have not been accustomed to regard commerce in the same light that I have, may not appreciate the feelings which such scenes are capable of producing; or probably my mind was then in a state to feel enlivened by every accidental circumstance; but to me the recollection of that morning still brings with it a gratifying picture of industry, wealth, and prosperity. The sprightly movements and cheering voices of the sailors, were certainly the principal contributors towards my enjoyment; but even the din and the various operations of the coopers, braziers, and warehousemen, who

crowded the dock quays, were so well associated with the presence of the mariners and their vessels, that the whole presented an emblem of a commercial nation, of which as an Englishman I cannot think without delight.

As the basin, in which the Leviathan lay, was not confined to the reception of whalers, it was filled with ships trading to various parts of the world, some of which intended to take advantage of the favourable wind of that morning, for going down the river; and I was not a little pleased to view the frequent arrival of groups of women and children, the mothers, wives, and families of the different crews, to take leave of their relations. I was witness to many scenes which did honour to the feelings of those commonly called the "lower class;" and I saw that, however romantic many notions and situations may appear in a story, they really do occur with all their sentiment on various occasions; and I have since had repeated opportunities of renewing the observation.

At length, about half-past eleven in the forenoon, or, to take upon me the language of seamen, 11½ A. M. the tide had risen sufficiently to float the Leviathan, and the dock gates were thrown open. A small sail, of which at that

time I knew not the appellation, gave to the vessel motion enough to carry her forward; and as she sailed slowly through the narrow pass of the entrance, her sides came so close to the edge, that I stepped into the forechains as she went by, and was upon deck, ready, with my friend William L———, to join in the cheers which arose both on board and ashore when she had fairly got into the river.

If there was any difference in the huzzas given on that occasion, mine was certainly one of the sincerest, and I could observe in my father's looks the pleasure which my enthusiasm afforded to him. He had himself made a voyage at his outset in life, and I doubt not but his early recollections had, on the present occasion, pleaded strongly, though imperceptibly, in favour of my desire.

I am not gifted with affectation enough to say that I felt melancholy regrets overwhelm my feelings, when I beheld the spires and edifices of my native and well loved city recede from my sight—far otherwise—I looked upon the numerous buildings that crowd the banks of Rotherhithe, Wapping, and Poplar, with pleasure, as the offspring of such enterprises as that in which I was about to partake; and I might have ex-

tended my reflections, and said that the greater part of London has risen out of the sea. I have been accustomed, from my childhood, to regard the ocean as the source of wealth and delight, and I will assert that I felt more inclined to sport upon its bosom, like a newly created Triton, than to look back with repentance to the shores I had forsaken. My meditations over the tafferel of the Leviathan, therefore, were not of long duration.

Besides our complement, I found we had on board Mrs. Shafton, the lady of our captain, and the wife of the cooper, who attended upon her; and, of course, it will be conjectured that they were not bound for Greenland, but were, like my father, temporary visitors. Mrs. Shafton is an agreeable woman, and while seated upon deck, in a weighty arm chair, she increased both in words and appearance the gaiety of our passage down the river. I, who always find similarities for every object I behold, likened her to Cleopatra descending the Nile in her galley, and to the Queen of Sheba on her way to visit King Solomon; but I doubt whether the presence of these renowned personages would have afforded me so much satisfaction at that time as did the conversation of this less

celebrated lady. Mr. B——, the clerk of our owner, likewise accompanied us, and with the pilot, who has the care of the vessel in the river, which the numerous sandbanks and reaches, as well as the law, renders requisite, completed the number of strangers.

This addition to our company, however, did not long remain—at about 3 P. M., we came to anchor, just below Gravesend, and I was informed that we should stay there till the following morning. I now perceived that Mr. B. had come down with us to perform part of his duties, in paying a month's wages in advance to each individual of the crew, and to see the vessel cleared at the Custom-house to the satisfaction of her owner. I noticed, also, with pleasure, that the men were allowed to draw their pay monthly, during their absence, for the support of their families; for which purpose they signed a power, furnished by their employer, which the clerk indorsed, and undertook to deliver to the wives of the several parties.

Those who are acquainted with the heedless and profuse expenditure to which sailors give loose when possessed of money, will perceive the humanity and prudence of this indulgence, which, by delivering their wages in dividends to

those who most require them, precludes the possibility of waste and extravagance. There is, likewise, another benefit resulting from it to the seaman, since it secures to him that remuneration for his labour which, unless he brings back the ship safe into port, he is not entitled to claim. But as this advantage might tempt some to desert the vessel, or to abandon her on the appearance of slight danger, it is required of those who request powers for drawing their pay, that they should have wives, these being in some degree pledges for their good behaviour. At least, such is the reason I assigned for the questions put to the applicants, concerning their state in life, on observing that those who admitted they were not married met with a refusal.

This business being transacted, Mr. B. took leave of us, and went off to the town, accompanied by the captain, for the purpose of clearing at the Custom-house; for, as the port of London extends beyond Gravesend as far as the Hope point, we might still be considered in port.

It being uncertain how early we might depart on the ensuing morning, my father accepted the offer of being put ashore in their boat; and after repeating most of his injunc-

tions to me to take care of myself, and representing to me the value I ought to set upon my own life, as it regarded the happiness of my relations, he left me now somewhat affected, I will not deny, bearing with him notes of love and kind wishes to my mother and sisters.

In spite of all my present elasticity of spirits, and hopes of pleasure, I felt a little forlorn at beholding my father returning, on his way to the friends with whom I had been familiar, and the fireside I had known from my infancy, while I was destined to traverse some thousands of miles, through scenes of dubious enjoyment, before I should again be able to claim my seat among them. But as I had no reason to complain, as soon as the boat had gained the shore, I turned, a little saddened, from gazing at the batteries of Gravesend and the Fort of Tilbury, to seek amusement in the cabin.

Here I found William, whom I had missed, holding busy discourse with Mrs. Shafton, and learning from her maid how to dispose of his bedding, and to render his cabin "snug" and creditable to a seafaring man. The portion of the Leviathan appointed for the residence of the four superior officers, the captain, surgeon, first and second mates, consisted of one large

apartment, (I mean large for a vessel), out of which the sleeping cabins lead. The best of these dormitories, in size and accommodations, is appropriated to the commander, and called the state-room, and affords lodgment for a comfortable bed, besides allowing sufficient space for a dressing or writing table, lockers, and a chest. Light is admitted into this retreat by means of a "bull's eye," a hemispherical piece of glass of great thickness, fixed into a small opening in the upper deck, and forming part of its surface. The gleam that pierces through this massy window is certainly but faint, yet enough to allow the tenant of the cabin to read or write. By the side of the state-room is another cell, differing from it in being somewhat smaller, on account of its containing two beds, placed one above the other like shelves in a closet, but possessing similar conveniences for the desk and toilette. This was allotted to "the doctor," and "the invalid," as I was at first called. The opposite side of the *great* cabin was occupied by a similar dormitory, for the two mates, and the bread-room, a large closet, filled with biscuits, placed there to be kept dry and more free from vermin. The forepart of the cabin was furnished with a cupboard, and a good stove,

between which and the state-room a door led into the "store-room," and the after portion was divided into two windows, or "lights," that looked out upon the water. These openings being large are provided with shutters, closely fitted, called "dead lights," to keep out the sea during storms. The cabin is provided with furniture like any other sitting-room; precaution being taken that every article should be fastened to the floor, or "under deck," or to the partitions or "bulk heads," with screws, staples, "lashings" and "cleets."

The door leading from the cabin to the deck opens first into a small anti-room, or lobby, called the "steerage," which contains lockers and recesses for stores, and, among other things, the medicine chest; and from the steerage a ladder conducts to the door of the "companion," a kind of hatchway, or entrance from the deck, raised several feet above its surface. This has folding leaves, with which it can be closed in severe weather, to prevent the water from pouring down during a gale.

I shall not now describe the quarters occupied by the other officers and the men, as I had not yet seen them, and I prefer detailing my information in the way I find, from my journal, I

acquired it, to arranging it in a more formal, though concise, method.

A little conversation quickly dissipated the cloud which had passed over my mind, and I began to enjoy my situation. I had now an opportunity of acquiring some insight into the dispositions of my companions, and observed nothing but what gave me pleasure. The first mate, to whom I shall give the appellation of Ridgway, (the name of an esteemed friend to whom he bears great resemblance,) displayed his good qualities very agreeably, though without design, in the kindness and attention he manifested towards "the strangers," and was gifted with that species of good humoured and intelligent physiognomy which conciliates esteem. The second mate, Matthew Shipley, was an older man than the other, and apparently less accomplished; but he possessed the bold, bluff, sturdy exterior of a British tar, combined with a humorous archness of eye and feature, which, before he opened his lips, inclined one to laugh at what he was about to say.

Unanimity and good fellowship were, I perceived from the free and unrestrained mode of their behaviour, the prevailing "humours" of the members of the Leviathan's *cabinet*; (for,

in that respect, they differed from the members of a much more exalted cabinet); and both William and I were freely disposed to join in their cordiality.

A landsman is surprised if he behold aboard a ship any approach to the conveniences and comforts of domestic society, and I, like other "green men," did not expect to find a table arranged and served with the same attention, if not with the same elegance, as in London. Indeed, there was not wanting some appearance of finery in the tea equipage; and though a cabin boy supplied the place of a footman, he was a dexterous and not uncomely lad, and only required a livery coat to have made as good a waiter as ever stepped lightly over a carpet. For my part, I preferred the genuine and unsophisticated readiness of Jem to the mechanical activity of a more fashionable attendant, and I soon began to experience that inexpressible sensation of satisfaction which is attempted to be described as—"feeling oneself at home."

I had been shipped as a valetudinarian, and Mrs. Shafton required, in virtue of my promise of obedience to the commands of the captain, that I should retire early to repose after the fatigue, or rather excitements, of the day. It

was vain for me to allege that the commander was not aboard, and that therefore his will could not be known; the lady asserted that she held the place of his lieutenant in domestic affairs, and the mate, as his legal representative, ordered me to bed, and thither I was compelled to withdraw on pain of being reported mutinous. If any thing occurred during the night I am ignorant of it, for I soon lost my perception under the influence of as sweet a slumber as I ever enjoyed.

We began to heave the anchor early on the morning of the fourth, having dismissed Mrs. Shafton and her attendant, somewhat unceremoniously; but to a sailor a wife never stands in competition with a good wind, and a very fair and welcome breeze had just sprung up. They did not, however, quit us without abundance of mutual good wishes, and I took advantage of their kindness to send a last farewell note to my relations. It is, I am told, a practice with the watermen, who, in hopes of obtaining employment, hover about a vessel when ready to depart for her destination, to make enormous charges for the services they are required to perform; and I mention this circumstance for the information of the outward-

bound, who may neglect sending letters by friendly opportunities; the sum of half a guinea having been asked for only carrying a letter to the post office.

By the time our boat returned we had weighed, and at 7½ A. M., departed, leaving other vessels bound to Greenland behind us. The appearance of the country on either side improves as you descend the river past the Hope point; villages, with their ancient towers, lie along the declivities of hills, or crown their summits; Kent still preserving its superiority. The waves now began to grow larger and impart some motion to the ship, while the gulls forming into small flocks, flew against the wind, dipping their white bosoms into the water with a kind of alternate gambol. Their black-tipped wings slowly beat the air with a motion peculiarly their own, and the check they give to their flight is singular. The sea breezes, which they love to oppose, seem to occasion the slowness and difficulty of their progress; for when taking a contrary course, they skim over the surface of the water with delightful velocity.

At 1 P. M. we passed Sheerness. The vessel beginning to reel, "we are now at sea, doctor," said the captain to William, who was standing

by his side,—"at least what the Londoners call sea; many of them make a voyage down to the Hope, but as soon as they get past it they put about, run home, and tell their friends they could go no farther for rough weather and a heavy swell!"

"Ay!" said the second mate, who was then upon deck, laughing, "I once met a skiff crowding sail, with all hands pulling up Gravesend reach, in fear of an oyster boat, which was coming on behind her, and which she took for a pirate."*

In spite of these marine jokes, the wind freshened and the waves grew rough, and by two P. M. we began to lose sight of land; the hills appearing to decrease in height, and sinking into a long indefinite line of coast.

About this time we passed many vessels of every description, both homeward and outward-bound, but I only noted the name of one, the "Dorothea—Van Swinemunde," a small Dutch-

* Mr. Shipley did not think, when he sported this *jeu d'esprit*, that a pleasure-boat would actually be plundered in Gravesend reach, two years afterwards; yet such has been the case; a party of ladies and gentlemen, holiday-makers, having been assailed on the water, and obliged to part with their valuables.

man or Dane. Another ship, a collier, gave us three hearty cheers, which we returned, and they again replied; it being the custom for those who offer the first salute to give the last huzzas. At about 4 P. M. we dropped our anchor, the wind having failed; and the remainder of the afternoon was employed in regulating various points of duty. We took this opportunity of appointing the watches, that is, dividing the crew into parties, one of which is alternately on duty, while the others refresh and repose themselves; but as we had not yet our full complement on board, the arrangement was considered only temporary, and afforded but two divisions, called the "captain's," or "starboard watch," and the "mate's," or "larboard watch." Indeed, there are seldom more than two watches required at sea; but in Greenland, where both the labour and the climate are more severe, the crew is disposed into three portions, which permits each watch to enjoy sixteen hours relaxation, and only exposes it during eight to fatigue and cold, unless upon extraordinary occasions, when all hands are called.

In the evening, being still at anchor for want of wind, the cabin officers found amusement round a comfortable fire, in relating the adven-

tures which they had encountered during the winter; for at that time they engage themselves in the service of merchants trading to any part of the world, within the distance of a six months' voyage. A little grog served to heighten the good humour of the party, to which the presence of Captain Shafton gave no check. Of this gentleman I will say, in a few words, that to a mind full of enterprise and activity he united an open and unsuspecting disposition, combined with much delicacy of feeling. He possessed eminently that kind of urbanity which does not degenerate into vulgar familiarity; and I observed that he allowed every one to express his feelings freely, and tell his story without needless restraint, although, in the course of the voyage, we received visits from many strange creatures in the situation of seamen. Disliking ignorance and vulgarity himself, he had chosen associates in his duty who were free from these defects; but there may be found in the Greenland seas during the summer, many persons who delight in the habits of low life, whom, from the peculiarity of the circumstances, it is impossible to treat with deserved contempt. Such as these, however, seldom intruded themselves twice upon us, for they quickly found that

the atmosphere of the Leviathan's cabin did not afford breath congenial to their lungs; but I must not anticipate.

Our present company contained no one whose behaviour was in the least disagreeable, and though the second mate's fancy led him to enjoy broad and ludicrous humour, it did not delight in unpleasant descriptions. Ridgway's conversation evinced a more cultivated mind, and a disposition to literary pursuit, and the captain's manners and acquirements were such as a gentleman should possess, grafted on the free bold stock of a British sailor. My friend William's qualities I have already said were gay and elegant, and mine must be discovered from the particulars of this narrative, "by time and the curious."

The evening was passing away very merrily, enlivened by a good song, when we were disturbed by the repetition of high words and loud exclamations, arising at some little distance from our vessel. The expressions did not seem to be made in the English language, and, as we knew that several foreign ships had anchored near us, we conjectured that the sounds proceeded from some of them. As the uproar rather increased than diminished, we soon afterwards went upon

deck, and perceived that the riot was in a small bark, about three lengths off, and which by the moonlight appeared to be a Hollander. The first object that met my eyes was a bulky female, arrayed in the clumsy Dutch costume, parading the deck of the *schip* in all the majesty of wrath, brandishing a bundle of long tobacco pipes in her hand, while she uttered, with great volubility and emphasis, a soliloquy composed of such hard words, that I did not wonder she maintained clear possession of the boards. There was, indeed, a little urchin above, but he had seated himself on the bowsprit, probably thinking he could secure his retreat to its extremity, should the storm be directed towards him. In the meanwhile, words could be heard ascending through the "hatches," of a tone less high than the lady's, but in the same key; and presently afterwards a man appeared, and advanced towards the woman, to whom he seemed to make complaints. In this proceeding, however, he was quickly interrupted by the ascent of a shortish squat figure from below, who, with a gait evidently influenced by liquor, staggered towards the pair, and shaking his fist first at one then at the other, poured out a volume of denunciations. These were, doubtless, of no pleasant

nature, for the female, after listening to them in silence for a minute, during which she seemed to swell with ire like an angry reptile, raised up her hand, containing the pipes, and with one blow, smashed them to pieces on the offender's head. A peal of laughter from the men of several vessels, who had been gazing at this scene, rang loudly over the water, but it did not allay the violence of the enraged dame; it rather seemed to increase it, for she followed up with her fists the attack she had commenced with the weapons of inanimate clay; and, from the intoxicated state of her antagonist having full advantage, she pummelled him till she "bored" him against the roughtrees, or bulwarks, which, not being of the highest dimensions, allowed him to turn his heels up and disappear over the side of the galliot.

The merriment, which this combat had excited in the minds of the surrounding crews, now changed into eagerness to pick up the poor victim of the lady's passion, and two or three boats were manned in a moment. A large water dog, which we carried with us, felt the same inclination, and plunged into the sea, where the astounded skipper was floundering, yet swimming instinctively, like a porpoise; but one

of the boats gained the prize, and conveyed him back to his bark, while "Grampus" was obliged to be content with the red night-cap which had adorned the head of the unlucky Dutchman. This he brought on board, and actually wore when sick in Greenland, to defend him from the cold, which attacked his ears and eyes. As for the Hollanders, their little vessel soon became as quiet as it had been noisy, and we neither saw nor heard more of them.

This adventure afforded considerable mirth to all hands throughout the evening, and much longer; and when we reassembled in the cabin, Mr. Shipley began to relate an occurrence of the same kind, in which he himself had been a principal actor. "When I was quite a lad," said he, "I was put on board a collier, to get a little insight into a seafaring life, that I might not enter upon it without being aware of its nature; for, though my father had failed in business, and was very poor, he still wished his children to be satisfied."

"Your first taste must have been rather a bitter one," said Mr. Ridgway.

"Yes," answered the second mate, "had I not been strongly bent upon becoming a sailor, this

trial would have kept me ashore all the rest of my days.

"You did not sail with old Swabham, I hope?" said the captain.

"No," replied Shipley, "the master was no such sea-devil, but the mistress was; for Mrs. Colton used always to go up to London with her husband, to take care of him, as she said, though I believe it was more for the sake of the mate, who was just such another overgrown brute as herself."

"Whisht, man, do you call the lady a brute?" cried the captain.

"Ay, and that is better than another would say for her, upon my life," answered the second mate: "I'd sooner be lashed to a sea-lioness than be bayed by such another vixen. I never think of her but I wish her towing astern, at ten knots an hour. Would you believe, that the first night I was set afloat, she made me jump overboard like a dog, to pick up a ball of worsted that she dropped into the water, (I don't doubt on purpose,) though there was a great beast of a spaniel standing by her side eager to fetch it. She said the dog should not get sopped, because he would run against her and wet her; so I was

obliged to strip off my jacket, and jump in—but that is not what I was going to tell you.

"The master, poor Colton, was a small, meagre, pale-faced man: a devilish good sailor in managing a ship, but a tame-hearted helpless creature amongst men. I do not think he would have returned a blow, if he had been struck in the teeth. He was, however, an honest good-natured soul, except when he had been too free with the horn: but that was not often, as the old girl used to boast, owing to her care. We had just got up with the tide, one morning, as far as Erith, when it left us. This was on a Sunday morning, the Sunday after Easter. So, as we had been beating about with rough weather for ten days before, the master proposed keeping a holiday, whilst we waited for the turn of the tide. To this his wife agreed, and she added she would go to Erith church, and he must go with her to see her safe. Colton said yes, though, poor man! he wanted to smoke a quiet pipe aboard; but he knew it was of no use refusing, so off they pushed, taking a bigger lad than I along with them, and leaving Bradsworth, the mate, in charge of the ship, and the cook and myself busy in preparing the "prog." We were

to have a roast leg of mutton, and a great plum-pudding, for dinner. Well, as soon as the mutton was down and the pudding in the copper, the mate and the cook called a boat, and told me to keep watch upon deck every now and then, and, if I saw anything coming, to get upon the tafferel and hold my hand up as a signal, whilst they would go over to a little public-house, about half a mile off, and fetch a bottle of rum to be merry with after dinner. I guessed, from their both leaving the ship, that there was more in the wind than they told me; but I had nothing to do in the business, but promise to do as I was bid.

"I kept a very sharp look-out for half an hour or so, first at the meat, and then above; till, on going below again, I fancied a biscuit dipped in gravy would be very good, so I went off and fetched one, and sat myself down to bathe it in dripping.

"All this while, a number of those men who dig in the chalk along the banks of the river, a sort of keel-men, had been watching our ship from one of their pits, where they were taking a whiff together, and roasting potatoes at the kiln fire. What put it into their heads that

we were going to have a feast, I can't tell; very likely they saw the leg of mutton taken down from the foretop, and noted the cook's being busy upon deck, or probably they meant to take a chance, seeing all hands had quitted the vessel; but some six or eight of them put off in one of their punts, and got alongside. I heard the splash of their oars, and ran upon deck, thinking it was the master come aboard; but I beheld a tall, long, white fellow coming over the quarter. 'Boy!' says he sharply, 'call your mate.' 'He's ashore,' I answered. 'Where's your cook, then?' cried he. 'Gone with him,' said I. 'Then there's no one in the old tub?' exclaimed he. 'What do you look for?' cried I, somewhat alarmed by the manner of this stranger. 'You shall see,' answered he, looking over the bulwarks, and calling to his mates.

"In a moment came up two or three other rascals, and jumped down into the galley; and, before I could guess what they were about, I saw them again upon deck, with the leg of mutton nearly roasted, and the pudding half boiled, which they had turned out into a bag. By this time I was on the tafferel, with both my hands held up as a double signal of distress; but one of the rogues, guessing what I meant,

picked up a fid and hove it at me. Seeing this, and fearing worse, I got out to the end of the boom, and the chalkmen "bundled" through the gangway and over the quarter into their punt. They had not long shoved off, when old Colton and his spouse came sweeping down the stream like a finner, the wife bawling to the thieves to know what they wanted. They, however, made no answer, but ran ashore, about as soon as the master reached the ship. When the good man and his kelpie of a wife found what had happened, I thought they would have thrown me into the river. She ran raving and stamping, fore and aft, at one moment offering me a "clout" on the ear, and the next hailing the keel-men, who were scampering up the beach, and abusing them at the top of her breath. The master soon got down below out of the way, though by no means in good humour, for he had been taking a whet before he came off, and was not pleased to find the dinner gone, after sharpening his appetite for it.

"I sculked into the galley as fast as I could, after I had answered all the mistress's furious questions about Bradsworth and the cook. In fact, she sent me below, with a shove that almost pitched me head downwards through

the hatch, to look if the potatoes were gone also, whilst she went into the cabin to give the poor old man another spell of her tongue. During this, the mate and the other came aboard, more merry than sober, singing and calling on me; and, just as I popped my head through the galley hatch, the old harridan looked out at the companion. You've seen a bear turn short round upon a boat, when he finds it gains upon him, and if you had beheld Madame Colton's eyes and grin at that moment, you would have sworn she was one dressed up like a woman. She was a great, fat, burley dame, of half a ton weight; nor was her face at all little in proportion to her sides. No doubt she had gone snacks with her husband in whetting, before they came off, so that her visage, what with rage and the dram, was as red as a 'shooker crab.' Nor were her claws a bit behind in likeness to the nippers of those little devils, as I can bear witness. As soon as her eyes had lit upon the cook, who had reeled athwart ship, and was smirking in a funny humour, at he could not tell what, perhaps at the old woman's passionate looks, she lifted a capstan bar, and ran forward, and I verily believe would have stove in his skull, had not her blow been caught by a rope

which swung loose from the yard. This gave cookey time to recover himself, and in a moment after he came tumbling down into the galley like a seal, for he was in too great haste to take time. However, he had wit enough left to tell me to move away the ladder, which I was not long about, for I feared the coming down of the mistress worse than ever I have since the tail of a fish. This was scarce done before madam appeared, and when she found how she was tricked, she raved like a northwester. However, though she could not jump through the hatch, she let loose her tongue, and Shaddock, the cook, was forced to hear all, for he lay on his back just beneath, and was too stupid to move. But he said nothing, and at last she went off, and we thought she was gone, when presently she appeared again with the draw-bucket full of water, and shot it slap down in his face. Drunk as the cook was, he reared up on end at this; he could not stand, however, but reeled away atwixt decks, swearing and dripping like a swab.

"Whilst all this was going forward, the mate had been in the cabin; for, being half seas over, he was more bold than usual, and that was needless. But thinking, I suppose, that the

best way to cover his fault was to brazen it out, he had begun upon the old man first, and accused him of deserting the ship, and sending thieves to plunder her; swearing that he had been to look after him, and that, while he was gone, the keel-men had got aboard.

"All this the master did not take so quietly as in general; for the loss of his dinner had turned him sour, and his whet had worked upon his empty stomach, and made him a little giddy. I don't know what else could have kept him up in abusing Bradsworth, which he did heartily, putting him in mind of a hundred rows and quarrels in which he had been engaged, till the mate lost the patience he had put on, and became quite enraged. All the while I was listening, and peeping through the bulk head of the cabin, as boys do, and saw them both, like two cats, swelling with wrath, and howling at each other, but afraid to come to blows. Just then down crawled the old plague, who, being tired of ill treating the cook, took the other side, and joined Bradsworth against her husband, telling him he ought to have gone after the thieves. This set him up more furious than he had ever been in his life; for

he knew she spoke the truth, and he called both the mate and his wife such names, that you had better imagine them than I repeat them. At length, he told Bradsworth that he had saved him from the gallows, by taking him on board out of charity, which were the last words he spoke then; for the mate snatched up the poker, which stood at hand, but instead of knocking out the master's brains, as I believe he at first intended, he twisted the fire-iron round his neck in a way which no one else but himself could have done, for he was as strong as three men, and left it lying on his shoulders like a collar, and ran upon deck. Poor Colton, who had given himself over for lost, expecting to be smashed to pieces, seemed at first uncertain whether he was murdered or not. Nor was his wife in less doubt till she came and pulled him by the arm, upon which he turned his head towards her, and put his hand to the poker, but with all their skill they could not get it off. They tried a long while, till at length madam went forward, and begged Bradsworth to come and unbend it; but he refused, unless the master promised to forget all that had passed and never mention it. This

was readily agreed to, for Colton was ashamed of his part of the affair, and all hands grew friends again by the time the tide rose."

"Did you ever hear any thing of your pudding?" said Mr. Ridgway.

"Nothing that gave us any satisfaction," answered the second mate. "I forgot to tell you, that the lad who came with the master went after the rogues, as soon as he had got rid of the others, and, like a fool, ran among the pits to look for them; but, though he could not find the dinner, he got a good keelhauling from some fellows, who no doubt had a share of the plunder, and came back plaistered over with chalk and sludge."

"Did you let the affair rest there?" inquired the captain.

"Yes," replied Shipley, "we were all sick of it, and 'ratched up' next tide, after fuddling the old quean, and making her turn in to keep her quiet."

This tale, with a few anecdotes that it introduced, terminated my evening, for I was soon compelled to turn in, being on the sick list.

About half past five, on the following morn-

ing, I was awakened by the heaving of the anchor, or rather by the cheering voices of the hands engaged at it. There is always something enlivening to me in the sounds uttered by the sailors during their occupations; and, after enjoying the chorus in conscious comfort till it ceased, I turned out to feast my sight with the passing scenery. But of this there was little that could be distinguished, nor did I see much worthy of notice till we came in sight of Harwich, standing at the extremity of a point of land, and distinguishable at a great distance by its tall light-house and a steeple.

However, as the day was fine, I basked in the sunshine, and watched the waves, as they grew larger and broke more loudly against the vessel the farther we receded from the shore. Her motion, which had hitherto been an easy roll, was now becoming very perceptible, but was by no means troublesome, and I did not feel any indications of sickness.

The beams of the sun, shooting obliquely through openings in the clouds, had a brilliant effect upon numerous ships around us, and the billows on which they rode; while a bright and broad streak of light, of a pale red colour,

stretching over the sea, formed a beautiful contrast with the blue water beneath and the sky above it.

The afternoon of this day was not as agreeable as the morning, and I was told that the little flashes of sunshine, which occasionally glanced through the clouds, were signs of wind; but it did not appear at this time, for the air grew calm, and we were not able to reach Yarmouth, as we expected. To make *me* amends, the evening was clear and serene, and a splendid moonlight kept me on deck till bed-time.

I found the prophecy correct at 7 A.M.; for the ship was pitching rather uncomfortably when I awoke, and I could hear the wind roaring hoarsely through the rigging. I rose, however, and took a peep at the waves, breaking against the bows, and dashing their white foam around. We were then close to a floating light, called "Haisboro' Light,"—a small bark with a mast and a yard, to which the lanterns are fixed.

It would have been much more easy to roll about the cabin than to walk or even sit still, and, finding myself grow a little qualmish, I took William's advice and example, and returned to my bed. There, between sleeping and conver-

sation, for the situations of our cabins allowed it, my nausea went off, nor did I ever feel any more of it.

Having now a convenient opportunity, I requested William to inform me of the other reason that had induced him to take this excursion, besides the inclination he felt for voyaging; as he had promised to state it when we should be fairly out at sea.

"Have you not heard anything from my friends," said he, "which leads you to give a good guess at the cause?"

"No, certainly," I replied; "not one of them spoke of your motives."

"Well, then," said William, "I shall not conceal them from you; though you must make a secret of them from every one till I give you leave to disclose them."

To this I agreed, and he gave me the following relation.

THE CHARIOTEER.

"You may recollect the illumination, which was appointed last year, in honour of the coronation of his present majesty. You know that you were too unwell to accompany me to witness the festivities and rejoicings, and that I went alone."

"I remember these circumstances very well, replied I, "and also that you did not return home till the next morning, which occasioned great uneasiness to your family. Your father, indeed, came to our house to see if you were with me. When I next saw you, I thought that you did not seem inclined to afford a full explanation of the reason of your absence; but I supposed that arose more from unwillingness to be questioned than from any cause for concealment."

"There was a cause, nevertheless," said William; "but I should not have kept it so long

from you, had I not been compelled by a promise not to let any one know it till I was permitted. I have since obtained leave, and shall now tell you all. You, of course, are aware that on the morning of the coronation a balloon ascended from the Green Park, in order to divide the crowd, which would otherwise have accumulated round the Abbey. As I had never witnessed an exhibition of this kind, and preferred it to the pageantry of a procession, I took up a position on the opposite side of the pond, pool, lake, or whatever else they call it, on Constitution Hill, from the edge of which the balloon was to be set free, and saw very conveniently the process of filling the silken globe. Great numbers of the spectators did not appear, from their dress and behaviour, to belong to the most respectable class of society, and I noticed several, who evidently wished to create a disturbance. My first idea was that they were emissaries of parties averse to the regal ceremony about to take place; but I soon had opportunity to discover that they were merely pick-pockets and loose fellows, desirous of fishing in troubled water. This discovery, indeed, I effected by means of a circumstance in which I was concerned.

"Among the decent portion of the assembly was a gentleman, of about fifty years of age, apparently not an inhabitant of London. This was evident to me from the earnest manner in which he attended to the method of filling the balloon, without regarding a cluster of indifferent looking fellows, which began to collect around him, as if by chance. The circumspection I have always used since you and I were hustled in Drury-lane, made me keep an eye upon the motions of these men, and I fancied I saw a few signs pass between them, which I interpreted to mean, that at the moment the balloon should start from the earth they would commence their frolic.

"The face of the stranger had interested me from the first moment I noticed him; for, besides the cut of his coat, which was a little behind the fashion, and the air of the country which marked his figure, there was much good nature and intelligence in his countenance, and I dare say you have often felt that there are some faces which engage one's fancy more particularly than others, and almost warrant the notion of secret sympathies. In order, therefore, to frustrate the intentions of these vagabonds, and preserve the country gentleman from insult, I made my way

to him, not without some opposition from two of the conspirators, which confirmed me in my supposition that they were upon no good design. Having touched him on the elbow, I said, 'Sir, I have a word or two to say to you, if you will just step out of this ring into the park.'

"'I don't know you, Sir,' replied he.

"'No, I am aware of it,' I answered; 'nor is it necessary you should; but I can inform you of what may be of service to you.'

"'Need you tell me before the balloon goes off?' said the stranger. I replied in the affirmative, 'as afterwards it might be too late.'

"What followed convinced me how correctly I had guessed the object of the men who surrounded him."

"What did follow?" said I.

"Why," continued William, "no sooner had the stranger made a step towards the park, than one man cried out, 'You can't go this way;' another exclaimed, 'There's no room here, Sir;' a third said, 'I'll give way to no man;' and at length the whole gang began to jostle and clamour together. The opposition I found to my scheme of preserving the country gentleman somewhat irritated me, and I laid my hand upon an ill-looking scoundrel, who had thrust himself

in between me and the stranger, and told him that if he hindered my friend from getting out of the crowd, I would hand him over to a peace officer. This threat for a moment silenced the crew, in whom the word 'constable' produced an unpleasant association of ideas; but at the next minute the balloon being ready was let loose, and the knaves, with a simultaneous movement, commenced what is commonly called 'a row,' while all eyes were watching its majestic ascent. They first pushed a lad into the pond, at the edge of which the spectators were congregated: then, some fellow pretended to take his part, and feigned a blow at the offender. This was resented by another party, whilst the women, children, and well disposed lookers-on, began to cry out and augment the disturbance.

"All this was just what I expected, so that I was not so confused by the uproar as many others, and I kept my eye fixed upon the stranger, who was completely confounded by the turmoil, and, whilst looking, I saw a hand dive gently but quickly into his coat pocket. Anxious to frustrate the villany of the rogues, and eager to give good cause for his believing what I intended to tell him, I seized hold of this hand, and held it with a grasp that made its owner cry out in

earnest; for I was, I confess, somewhat in a passion. A blow on the arm, from another party, almost made me relinquish my prey as quickly as I had taken it; but anger gave me nerve, and still retaining my prisoner by the wrist, I dealt his champion a lucky hit, which tumbled him backward over the leg of his associate into the water. Another thump, however, falling on my face, (which occasioned the bruise you may recollect noticing next day,) made me wince confoundedly; but the stranger, who had begun to comprehend what was the matter, when he saw me entrap the man's hand, which still remained in his pocket, held there by mine, took upon him to repay this blow for me; and certainly he repaid it with interest, for he instantly levelled my assailant with the earth. A general combat now ensued. The cry of 'pick-pocket! pick-pocket!' became loud for my stranger, who had been attempted to be rifled, and the mob gathered strong round the unlucky gang: but in good time a posse of constables and police officers collected, and the offenders were handed off in custody.

"After the country gentleman had so completely settled my assailant, he collared the fellow whose hand was in his pocket, and seeing, by the nature

of his fist, that his grasp was firm, I let go the limb. Just after that came up the peace-officers, and the thieves were secured and hurried away, accompanied by those they had robbed; and my stranger friend being one, I lost sight of him. I had a great mind to offer myself as a witness, but, finding I was overlooked, I thought it best to give myself no farther trouble about the affair."

"Well, but," said I, "though this is extraordinary in your life, I do not see how it is connected with your voyage to Greenland."

"You will discover in time," replied William smiling. "You know good story-tellers never relate the end before they have made a beginning to their tale; and, though mine is a true adventure, it has enough of romance in it to deserve being treated according to the rules of epopoeia."

"Well, then," said I, "having made a beginning, let us hear the middle part of your epic, that we may advance in due classic progression."

"That, like the body of many other narratives, will be the least interesting, I imagine," answered my companion, "for it consists in my meeting Price, a fellow student, whom you may have seen with me, and my adjourning with him to

a coffee-house, where I got my clothes brushed, for rolling on the ground had soiled them; and we afterwards made merry over my Quixotic humour, in exposing myself to be battered by a gang of thieves, for the sake of a person quite unknown to me. I cannot say I felt any regret for my interference, for there was an attractive influence in the stranger's exterior, which had gained my good will, and I was only sorry that I had not had time to speak to him.

"After refreshing ourselves, we went to Hyde Park, to view the preparations for the fire works to be exhibited at night; and towards evening, Price, who had another engagement, quitted me.

"I was at first inclined to step as far as Brookes's or Windmill-street, to look for another companion, if I could meet with any of my acquaintance at that end of the town; but I at length resolved to pass the remainder of the day alone. I did not then know what company awaited me."

Here the voice of Mr. Ridgway, calling down the companion hatch, "Doctor! Doctor! we are bearing down upon Yarmouth," interrupted my friend's story; and as we had both requested to be summoned, should any thing novel to us appear in sight, we turned out, lest neglect of

this notice might cause our associates to be less courteous on future occasions.

The approach to Yarmouth by sea is difficult and dangerous, from the number of sand banks with which the roads are bounded. Between the shoals are passages called "gats," through which vessels must steer carefully to avoid grounding. After we had passed these snares, we found the water less rough, its force being broken by the interposition of the sands; and having continued our course for a little while, we cast anchor in the roads, opposite the hospital.

The distant view of the town presents long ranges of buildings, diversified with numerous churches and windmills, which form conspicuous objects from the sea. The most remarkable edifice, however, is a monument dedicated to Lord Nelson, composed of a tall shaft, rising from a pedestal, and surmounted by three figures, supporting a tablet, on which rests a large statue—it stands on the beach.

The whole of the buildings which appear to constitute Yarmouth, are not, I am told, designated by one name; but I did not learn their other appellation correctly.

The afternoon proved very beautiful and

serene, and I amused myself by sketching the town, while the captain went on shore, bearing with him a letter from me to my friends. In the evening a lantern was suspended between the masts, to direct his boat in its return.

I must not forget, that this was Saturday night, a weekly festival with sailors, who always devote it to merriment; for the increase of which drams are served out to all hands, and the cabin mess is supplied with fried ham, hung beef, and pancakes. I mention the observance of this practice now, because it was never once neglected during the voyage, and was the source from whence arose many entertaining tales and discussions, which I shall narrate in the due order of their succession.

During my long illness, I had acquired the habit of writing short hand, an advantage of which I was often accustomed to avail myself, when any occurrence or conversation took place that I wished not to forget; and as I was at the outset of this excursion forbidden to join in the conviviality of Saturday night, on account of my health, I used to solace myself by noting down the remarks that passed between my messmates, whilst I lay reclined in my cabin. Upon reading over to my friend William the anec-

dotes which a few weeks afforded, we found so much amusement in them, that to please him as well as myself, and with a view of diverting my family on my return, I resolved to continue my ellipsiographic reminiscences during the remainder of my navigation; and it is from these MSS. that I have copied the various digressive relations with which my simple journal is interspersed. I will, however, allow that I have omitted the greater part of the oaths and *inexpressible* exclamations, to which some of our visitors gave utterance; and if the reader should find a few words, which he cannot suppose to have been familiar to the mouths of seafaring men, he may conclude that I have exchanged speeches which were exceptionable for others more agreeable.

I was pleased to find during the absence of the captain, that his men took the opportunity of expressing their favourable opinion of him among themselves, and many circumstances were related to me, which spoke much in his favour. One anecdote, which I heard from a harpooner, while I was engaged with my pencil upon deck, I shall introduce here.

"It is the custom of all hands employed in the Greenland fishery," said the harpooner,

"when they return from the north, at the close of the summer, to seek for fresh berths on board merchants' ships trading to any part of the world. All they have to mind is, to be back in time for the next fit out for the ice, and this keeps them from lying by idle all the winter. Last September two years, I went as second mate in a ship bound to Canada, of which our master was captain, and as we had no coals we were to go down to Shields, and take in what we wanted. The name of our vessel was the 'Die-a-maid'—(Diomed?)—and surely she did die a maid! for she had never been out before, and was as tight a sea boat as ever carried sten-sail."

Here my informant gave a laugh at his own witty conceit, which I echoed, whilst he took a few whiffs of his pipe ere he continued.

"Well, Sir, we got to the nor'ward of Whitby pretty fair. The wind had blown somewhat freshish all the while, but we were all right, and did not mind a good puff or so. But before we got abreast of Sunderland, I believe all the winds that had been blowing south-west for a year came back upon us at once. You have never been in the East Indies, I suppose; I have seen more than two or three hurricanes, but I

never met one half so violent as this gale. We were going at about eight knots before a good breeze from the southward, when slap it chopped round to the north-east, and before we were aware sent all our topgallant rigging clean overboard. I was not upon deck at the time, but it was not long before I got there, and says the mate to me, 'Cleeson, this ship will never make a voyage, I see—there's no luck in her name.' —No, Sir, said I, her hour is come, I believe; but we had as well undress her before she takes to her bed, ha! ha!—So up aloft I sprung to lend a hand in reefing the sails—but would you believe it, though we carried twenty-five hands, not more than eight of them would work.—By ——! Sir, may I never strike another fish, if seventeen of our rascally lubbers did not refuse to come above board, after they had looked out and seen the waves running in shore like heaps of clouds, and the ship reeling on her beam ends, from the quantity of canvass she carried. Zounds! it was murdering the vessel, Sir!—giving her up! They had as well scuttled her at once.—What was the consequence?—The next blast that came stronger than the rest threw her flat on her side, as flat, Sir, as my hand now is on this binnacle, and she canted her ballast!"

"Stop," said I, interrupting my informant, "you must tell me what canting her ballast means?"

"True," replied the harpooner, "I did not think of that. Why, Sir, a ship cants her ballast when she falls so much to leeward that her ballast, that is the gravel and other things at the bottom of her hold, are thrown all on one side, and she is not able to right herself when the wind has passed over. However, we could have righted her, if those d——d stupid bottlenoses had but lent a hand; but nothing could prevail upon them—confound them! and so the vessel began to fill.

"Now, Sir, you know little as a man may care for another's life, he generally looks after his own: yet, though these mud-raking scoundrels knew that the ship must go down, they would not one of them stir to get the captain's cutter over the side.—What made the matter worse was, that our master's wife was aboard, for she was to be left at Shields; besides which it was as dark as the pump well, and we were forced to see the best boat stove to pieces by the waves, which beat over the deck like water spouts. At last, finding it was no use waiting for help from those rascals, the captain, and the mate, and myself, and three men and two boys, laid hold

of the other boat, and between the winds forced her into the sea. This we had no sooner done than the cowardly knaves came up, and began to jump in, and when five or six of them were afloat they would have cut the rope that held her on, had not Captain Shafton lifted a hatchet, which he had been using, and threatened to chop off the first hand that offered to cast her loose. Whilst this was transacting, the mate was gone after the mistress, for the master would not leave the boat for fear of those lubbers, and he came back with her, dressed half like a sailor half like a woman; for she was turned in when the squall began, and could not get her things together. We put her into the boat, and then leaped after her; and in good time, for we had scarce cut her adrift, when the ship gave a heel to windward and righted, and in the next moment went down.

"Well, now comes what I was going to tell you. Five of the fellows, (mind you, Sir, I do not call them sailors,) who would not help us, had no chance to get into the boat, and were left in the water when the Die-a-maid sunk. We could not see them, but we could hear them singing out, and though they had behaved so shamefully, and all hands

were willing to leave them, the captain ordered us to pull towards them, and kept dodging about till he picked them up. For my part, I would have shoved them under with pleasure; but, as I was saying, our captain is one among a thousand. I believe we were saved on his account; for we had not driven far from where we lost our ship when we were carried almost broadside on the Eliza of Shields, and got safe aboard her, though not without some trouble."

"I should not have imagined," said I, "that British sailors would have conducted themselves in the manner you have told me."

"Sailors!" repeated the harpooner in scorn; "Sir, they were not sailors; they were a gang of scape gallows rascals in purser's jackets, who should have swung at the yard arm!"

I was highly amused at the importance with which this sentence was uttered, followed by several energetic puffs of smoke; and, had not William beckoned me from the companion door, should have enjoyed more of the humour for narration into which his allowance of rum had led Andrew Cleeson.

I found supper ready below, and no lack of gaiety; and we all drank "Saturday night, sweethearts and wives," with hearty glee—

Mr. Shipley, perhaps, excepted; for, as he was a married man, he was compelled to vary his toast to wives and sweethearts,—a transposition seemingly never made with much cordiality. The faltering tone in which the word *wives* is uttered, may, indeed, be occasioned by tender recollections arising at the time, but I have always judged the cause to be somewhat less sentimental.

As my guardian was ashore, I followed the example of all wards, and transgressed his rules during his absence. In truth, the hung beef saluted my nostrils with such a zesty odour, the pancakes looked so inviting, and the grog put in such a forcible claim to my attention, in the shape of the toast to be sanctioned by imbibing it, that I fell to work like one who wished to show by his actions how he honoured his mistress. My supper, indeed, resembled rather the hearty meal of a hungry husband, than the fastidious feeding of an absent lover; but I have ever held it an axiom, worthy the observance of all good citizens, that nothing supplies the place of the object of one's affections so well as a jovial carouse; and I would venture any day to build a fortification with roast beef and plumb pudding and good wine, which

should resist the most savage assault of care and melancholy, assisted by all the battering rams of neglect, scorn and doubt, which ever assailed the dough-dumpling soul of a desponding Strephon.

I did not find myself any worse on the following morning for my over-night's feasting, but rose in good spirits, to enjoy an early parade upon deck, on a fine Easter Sunday. From respect to the day, our ancient was hoisted to the mizen peak. I did not stay so long in Yarmouth Roads without thinking more than once of my juvenile favourite, Robinson Crusoe, whose maritime adventures commence in this spot; for, as I can trace much of my predilection for wandering to his history, this roadstead was as sacred to me as the birth place of Homer and Shakspeare.

We continued sailing all day with a tolerably fair wind, and spoke a brig bound to the Greenland seas for ice. Of three vessels, which visited the Arctic ocean for this purpose, only one returned; and the circumstances which caused the loss of the other two, I shall describe in the proper place.

A brilliant moon-light rendered the evening more delightful than the day. The sea appeared

dark, almost to a sable hue, except where a long stream of rich light fell upon its surface, while the crests of the waves gleamed like gold spread over long ridges of ebony, ever varying their positions.

Monday, the eighth, was fine, though windy—land appeared at a distance of about twenty miles, looking towards Boston, in the Wash. About noon, the mouth of the Humber and Spurn Point came in sight, with its two light houses; and, as we found we made little way, the wind not being fair, we cast anchor at about ten miles off the land. A few detached rocks, with a building on them, appear to form the point opposite to the Spurn, at the mouth of the river. After sunset a shower fell, and the breeze becoming more favourable, we weighed and proceeded on our voyage.

On the ensuing morning, I was awakened hastily, by being rolled suddenly up against the side of my cabin; the wind having increased during the night, and now coming in fierce gusts, accompanied by squalls of rain and showers of spray, I need not observe, that every movable article in the ship took these opportunities of changing its position perpetually, till it was lashed or cleeted in its proper place.

The gale still continued to increase during the day, but I felt no internal inconvenience from the bodily agitation to which I was often compelled: in fact, I enjoyed the idea of being in a stiff breeze, for to me it was novel, and the ludicrous commotion which it occasioned throughout the vessel, afforded abundance of food for merriment.

In the afternoon we passed Flamborough Head, a promontory of the East Riding of Yorkshire, exhibiting a light house and an adjacent tower, and continued driving along, when I retired to rest.

It is a singular circumstance, that the severe action to which the vessel was often subjected during a whole week, never disturbed my repose, excepting when I was once thrown against the bulk head by a violent lurch. The fact is illustrated by my having slept calmly throughout the night, though, upon waking on the morning of the tenth, I found the weather doubled in severity. I know not how the influence of the drowsy god acted in keeping me in a state of quiescence, but when I awoke I was obliged to fix my hands and knees firmly against the sides of my cabin, to prevent my falling out of bed. Willing, however, to view the agitation

of the ocean, which, from the effects it produced, I imagined must be worthy the trouble of rising to see, I staggered upon deck, and beheld a vast range of swelling billows, rolling in majestic succession towards the land. It is a grand and sublime sight to see the waves rising around us, as if about to unite their immense volumes, and overwhelm the little bark that glides along the hollow between them, like a feather borne on the wind through a narrow glen; and it is a delightful sensation to ride in that buoyant vessel, and feel it bound over the liquid mountains, which but a moment before seemed about to burst above its masts, and bury it in a deepening gulph.

There can be no excitement from motion, within the reach of man, equal in pleasure to the exulting dance of a ship on the restless sea. The eagle, soaring above the storm, which spreads fear and desolation on the earth he has quitted, and marking with a glance not less quick the swift descent of the lightning, over which he floats secure, might enjoy sublimity of ideas superior, could he possess them; but, within human attainment, the extreme limit of intellectual grandeur is to be found only on the troubled deep.

A feeling of wild and lonely joy continually rose in my mind, as our bark drove onward, mounting and sinking with unceasing alternation. I soon took delight in the deep plunge she gave, when the waves retired from beneath her keel, and loved to feel the elastic spring she made, when lifted from the green abyss on the back of the succeeding billow. At these moments a wide extent of watery waste, heaving and tumbling, as if animated, into clumsy gambols, burst upon the eye, and as suddenly disappeared—at one instant we sunk down into a foaming trough, at the next we seemed to leap above the spray, which broke from the curling summits of the watery ridges.

Whilst we were thus rising and falling on the bosom of the ocean, like the hopes of mankind on the stream of life, many objects of picturesque beauty glanced upon my sight. At many miles distance, the tall cliffs of Robin Hood's Bay were gleaming in all the brilliancy of a morning sun, while above us dark lowering clouds threw a deep gloom upon the atmosphere, and produced a strong and chilling contrast. After a short exhibition of this scene, it changed, the clouds burst, and sent down a shower of snow and sleet, driven along by the

wind with bitter fury; the view of the land was completely obscured, and every wave, but those which boiled around the vessel, was hidden by the drifting veil. In the midst of this squall, the sun broke out, and darted his brightest rays through the snowy curtain, touching every flake with a spark of light, and spreading a wide sheet of radiance over the varying surface of the water. Then, in a little while, the whole storm passed away before our eyes, exhibiting the turbulent march of a tempest sweeping over the sea, like an army of barbarians pouring forth from the regions of the north.

Those who have visited the parts of London which lie below bridge, may have been struck with the peculiar circumambulatory mode of progression exhibited by a great portion of the people who throng the sides of the river. They swing out their leg, as if about to describe a circle with their toes at every step, while their back and shoulders come loitering on above, as if wondering at the antic motions of their lower limbs. Few have failed to recognize these beings as sailors, who have acquired this custom of walking from the habit of constantly pacing a moving deck. Were any one to place his

feet straight forward, while the ship is reeling and pitching beneath him, he would inevitably be capsized at every instant; and I was amused to observe that a cat, which sailed with us, had acquired the same mode of throwing out his limbs as his biped shipmates. "Tom" had been born and bred a sailor, and the "cut of his jib" shewed that he was no land lubber. When the vessel reared too far towards the perpendicular to allow of his maintaining his position unassisted, he would bend his forepaw round a rope, or lay hold of a projecting corner, as deliberately as any "hand" aboard; while, in the calmer intervals, he would return to dressing his coat, till the next roll bade him "hold on" again. For my part, I was obliged to grasp the nearest object continually, both below and above, for our ship often lay so low to leeward, that I have swung off from the deck repeatedly, as if about to drop into the sea, and every motion was performed while clinging like a squirrel to the shrouds or rough-trees. The manuscript of my journal gives plentiful evidence of the little steadiness of the writer; for I never neglected committing my observations to paper directly I went below, though I was often

obliged to stretch myself out prostrate on a chest, or to fix myself in a corner, with my legs like a sweep in a chimney.

I had enjoyed this prospect of the stiff gale while Captain Shafton was asleep, but when he came upon deck he ordered me below, and I was compelled to obey, in virtue of my promise. Indeed, I was conscious of having transgressed the rules of prudence, by exposing myself to the cold wind, mingled with rain and snow; but I had not felt any disagreeable sensations during "my watch," and the grandeur of the turbid ocean was too beautiful to be abandoned for a narrow cabin.

My friend William had, however, preferred the ease and comfort of his bed to the contemplation of stormy billows, and on joining him I requested him to resume his account of his adventures on the day of the coronation.

To this he willingly consented, for I believe circumstances connected with them had occupied his thoughts during the morning, and having replaced myself in my recess I listened to the following continuation.

"I do not suppose," said William, "that you are as familiar with the *penetralia* of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens as I am; for

your want of health has prevented your taking many trips to the 'west end of the town;' but to me, these delightful pleasure grounds were the scenes of many an afternoon's relaxation while attending Brookes' lectures in Blenheim-street. The cool fountain, just within the Cumberland entrance to the gardens, and the Banbury cakes and ale, at the tavern close without the Bayswater gate, have often solaced me after the disagreeable duty of sitting for many hours to dissect a decomposing carcass."

"I can readily believe it," interrupted I. "What practice can be more prejudicial either to your health or your comfort—almost all the day confined in an apartment with corrupting bodies taken from their graves!—the escape into a park must have been enchanting!"

"You," said my friend, "like most other people, probably imagine this very necessary part of a surgeon's education to be more unwholesome and disagreeable than it really is; but, without stopping to argue the point with you, I will acknowledge that I felt no objection to adjourning occasionally, to inhale a little unadulterated oxygen in Hyde Park and the Gardens, and soon became acquainted with all their beauties."

"Beauties of more kinds than one, I suppose?" said I.

"To that I answer nothing," replied my companion, "though I could tell you a diverting story or two, connected with those spots. At present, I shall only state, that after roaming and sauntering over the mount, the hidden pool, the basin, the promenade and the orangerie, and taking a long glimpse at my favourite gravel pit, and its neighbouring mazy paths, I returned to Hyde Park, and approached a circular inclosure, surrounded with tall palisades, within which all the glories of pyrotechny were being arranged.

"The evening was now fast closing in, and the Park began to fill with persons of all conditions of life and age. Chinese lamps faintly glimmered among the trees, and gay belles and happy beaux flitted along by the side of the unbending Serpentine, in all the merriment of seldom tasted liberty.

"Though I am fond of society, as you tell me, and by no means averse to pleasure, I feel great delight in passing unknown and unheeded amidst a vast collection of people. I like to view their various expressions of countenance, and to speculate on the peculiarities of the

different groups I meet; for every little party possesses some mode of its own, which distinguishes it from the rest, and I fancy I can quickly discern what sets are composed of members of one family, or of persons intimately connected, and those which are formed of mere acquaintances; not by their manner of addressing each other, but by their gait and by the sounds of their voices."

Just then the tacking of the ship set all the mobiles which had been left accidentally loose, rolling and tumbling from larboard to starboard, with horrid din, and it took us some time to bolster ourselves up in fresh positions, that we might "ride secure;" after which William proceeded.

"When I came near the palisade, I found a circle of carriages surrounding it, drawn up close to the railings, and the spectators on foot asserting very justly that those who could afford coaches should keep off at a little distance, as their being elevated would allow them to see the fire-works without interruption; whereas their taking a station close to the inclosure, (which was in truth of no great advantage to themselves), excluded the more humble lookers-on from a fair view. I saw this act of injustice in

an additional light, for I believed that directly the first discharge of squibs and crackers went off, the horses would take fright, and endanger the safety of those who had so selfishly engrossed the best situations.—The populace, however, preserved them from this danger. By degrees more vehicles arrived, and formed at the back of the first rank, and in imitation of their 'betters,' many of the pedestrians procured carts and waggons, and took up a position wherever an opening was left between the more commodiously arranged barouches and chariots. This insolent and monopolizing behaviour stirred up the wrath of the mobility, though it did not immediately burst forth, but was slowly and silently engaged in preparing for action.

"I could not, for a considerable period, divine why a parcel of young fellows, and boys of every description, were employed, in all directions, stripping off the turf from the banks and green sward, (I should rather say brown sward, for the weather had been previously very dry, and the Park is never extremely verdant in the open areas); but at last, seeing them arrange their spoils near to the inclosure, and lay them in heaps, I imagined they proposed making points of elevation,

to obtain some chance of viewing the fire-works, and I turned my attention to other things.

"I believe I was looking at a crowd of persons who were getting a little urchin out of the water, into which he had fallen from some railings that run out into it near the bridge, when a sudden commotion behind me caused me to turn my eye towards the palisade. It was not quite dark, for the last look of twilight still lingered in the sky, and by its dim and somewhat desolate gleam, I saw showers of missiles flying from all quarters upon the double line of carriages which encircled the inclosure.

"This spot being a little more elevated than the side of the Serpentine, the summits of the vehicles, and the heads of those who occupied them, appeared to me clearly marked against the sky, and I have never beheld a more singular effect than this circumstance produced. The vollies of turf and pieces of dead wood, which were projected up from the dark and indiscriminate mass of people on the ground, and the hurried actions and agitation of the ladies, and the confusion of the gallants, who were mounted in the open landaus and barouches, afforded a spectacle both imposing and

ludicrous. The glee and cheers of the almost indistinguishable assailants added a dramatic air to the onslaught, while the restlessness of the horses, and the increasing outcries of the females, began to give it a serious character. Expecting that something would occur, in which I could afford assistance, or perhaps excited by curiosity, I hurried into the midst of the throng, which, being composed of the lower orders, seemed disposed to shew little mercy to the offenders. I cannot say that I pitied them much, because they had wantonly provoked this outrage; but as the carriages were mostly filled with children and young women, it would have been as well to have refrained from further mischief, after the first discharge of resentment; especially as the coachmen began to use their best endeavours to move off. This, however, was not easily accomplished; for the haste they adopted only served to wedge many of the coaches together, and the mob made no allowances, and gave no quarter, but seemed to take delight in seeing the "gentry" tumble out of their vehicles, in attempting to descend out of the way of the showers of turf.

"Near to the spot where I was standing was a hackney chariot, which, for some reason or

other, did not move. This seeming obstinacy drew down upon the driver a concentrated volley of sticks, stones, and clods of earth, and one fellow in particular attacked him so pertinaciously, that, after making several ineffectual cuts at him with his whip, he gave way to his anger, and leaped off the box to take vengeance on his assailant with his fists. The usual cry of "a ring! a ring!" resounded through the mob. I heard blows given and returned, and in a moment the rush of the crowd, and the violence of the battle, carried the combatants to a distance from the coach, and I lost sight of them, or rather my attention was attracted from them by the horses of the chariot taking fright, starting and flinging out ungovernably, while the shrieks of two ladies within, who rightly imagined themselves in great danger, rung above the other cries of the flying.

"The same spirit of interference which had prompted me to extricate the country gentleman from the snares of the pick-pockets, now stimulated me to render assistance to the screaming ladies; and, with more courage than prudence, I seized an opportunity and sprung upon the coach-box.

"I am, as you may recollect, fond of the whip,

and was not out of my element with the reins in my hands; and, being not a little exasperated with the brutality of the crowd, for its perseverance in battering the coach of two unprotected women, I set off the horses at a speed that made the blackguards scuttle away most precipitately. Several hats and toes suffered, I believe, from my rashness, although it was not easy to moderate the beasts, as they were alarmed; and in return for a lump of turf, which struck me on the breast, I fetched the fellow who threw it a slash over the face, which I warrant he has not yet forgotten. As a rejoinder to this reply of mine, I was covered with dust, dirt, and projectiles of every description, by the '*canaille*;' but my career quickly brought me out of their reach, as they did not think fit to pursue my course.

"After running a good way along the ring, I drew up, and considered what I was doing on the box of a stranger's carriage, occupied by persons of whom I knew nothing. This determined me to dismount, and I immediately put my resolution in practice. As you are not so amorously inclined as myself, I shall not apostrophize the beauty of the face which was bent forward upon my opening the door, and asking to what place I should have the pleasure of

driving the chariot. I have heard you call Miss C—— the most beautiful girl you ever saw, but she could no more compare with the charms I then beheld, by the light of one of the lamps that hung near us, than a Thames punt with the good ship Leviathan.

"Arretez vous la, mon ami!" quoth I; "for, in the first place, you promised not to eulogize, and, in the second, I shall be forced to call you out, in the name and on the behalf of this said Miss C——, whom you so unwarrantably postpone to your strange goddess, after affirming me to be her admirer."

"Well," replied William, "as I had rather not be called out just now, I'll say nothing more of that kind, except that I found Cupid had made a pass through my heart with his rapier, which, far from giving me my quietus, threw me into a strange state of agitation."

"Cupid should have used a bare bodkin," said I, "such an instrument being capable, according to the poet, of producing a quietus."

"Only in cases of felo de se," exclaimed my companion; "but this, you know, was an assault committed by the God of love."

"Nay, then," cried I, "you will find an assault occasioned by love, perpetrated with a

bare bodkin, in the History of the Seven Champions; but I do not see what plea you can adduce for furnishing Cupid with a rapier at all."

"Simply," replied William, "because, so far from being a bow-shot apart, we were not half an arrow's length from each other, and there could be no space for the little rogue to pull his string."

"I deny that," said I: "Cupid need not, as some of your ancient romance writers have it, 'shoot his arrows from the eyes of the divine paragon of all perfection,' as, if he be at hand, he may use a cross bow, which, I rather imagine he does, as well from the effect he produces on the temper of the wounded, as from the adage, 'a fool's *bolt* is soon shot;' and what missile is more foolishly or more suddenly discharged than the arrow of love?"

"Very true," answered my friend; "but I assert that the son of Venus draws a long bow, as every woman can tell who has listened to a lover's professions; unless she believe him, for then he may lie outrageously, and fear no rebuke for his fables. However, from my own experience, I hold that Cupid wears side arms; because English arrows should be a cloth yard long, and I do not think he would condescend to

carry other than the best. Now, granting this, how could I be pierced with such a weapon, when there was less than a foot and a half of distance between us?"

"Nay, nay," said I, "you still will imagine that Cupid sits 'enthroned in the eyes;' but I tell you, and I prove my assertion by referring to all pictures of such scenes, that Cupid always flies in the air a good bow-shot off."

"Well, well," cried William, "setting Cupid with his beaux and his blades aside for the present, it will be sufficient to say, that I stood like a moonstruck coachee, waiting the commands of my mistress."

"And what said the damsel to her captive charioteer?"

"Why, after a little hesitation, she replied with the sweetest voice imaginable, 'Sir, you must excuse me, if I am at a loss to answer your question, for I am a stranger to London; nor do I well comprehend what has befallen us. We saw our coachman jump from his box, and some one mount in his room; but we are unable to understand why all this disturbance has taken place, and what was the reason of our being attacked.'"

"It was most infamous, Madam," answered I,

"that the fury of the mob should be wreaked upon ladies, although I esteem it a fortunate—"

"Nay, now, William," interrupted I, "if you begin to detail speech after speech, with all their accompaniments of compliments, and saccharine softnesses, and delicate insinuations, we shall hear 'eight bells' strike before you get from the coach door."

"When did you ever think of dinner before?" replied my friend. "This sea air begins to work a change in you; but I will not, nor did I intend to repeat our speeches, like debates in a newspaper. It shall, therefore, suffice, that I described to them the cause of the riot, and the way in which they escaped from it, and that I tendered my services still further. I must tell you, that I had a great desire both to remain in the Park and to keep my protegées there also. Accordingly, I exerted my eloquence to tempt them to let me drive them back towards the inclosure, and place the chariot at a distance from the palisade, among those which had retreated from their first station, and had taken up another out of the way of the pedestrians.

"I presume there was an equal desire on their parts not to lose the opportunity of beholding the fireworks, so I prevailed; and

after making a turn, to shew them that all the confusion had subsided, I took possession of a commodious standing, from whence all the pyrotechnical exhibitions were visible as much as they could be from one position."

"But you have not told me who this second lady was," said I, "this beauty seems to have engaged all your attention?"

"Any one but you would have guessed that she was the mother of the first," replied William; "and, as you are so deficient in imagination, I will also tell you, that the chariot was hired, and that those within it knew nothing of its owners; and, as the coachman had dismounted, were unable to say to whom it should be returned. This was one reason, among others, for their consenting to continue in the Park, as they hoped the driver would find them again, or send somebody else to claim the vehicle.

"You may readily imagine, that I was eager to gaze upon brighter luminaries than rockets, catherine-wheels and roman-candles, and that the coach-box was not the most satisfactory seat. Nevertheless, as the continued explosions of fire-works kept the horses restive, I could not safely quit the reins, but sat whip in hand with all the devotion of a Leander; yet I did

contrive occasionally to get a glimpse at the face of the youngest lady, and I became more resolved than before to pursue the adventure in which I was engaged.

"Besides my solitary station, I was not quite at ease on another account. I observed at times several ill-looking fellows regard me with a suspicious eye, and fancied, as one always does fancy on such occasions, that they held discourse about me. This I attributed to their having seen me jump upon the box, when the coach was attacked, and as arising either from admiration or malice, I could not tell which; though their sinister glances made me believe they intended to renew the combat at a convenient opportunity. I was, however, more concerned that I could not invite the ladies to walk about and view the illumination among the trees, and longed for the return of the coachman, to take my place.

"To shorten my story a little, for I suppose you are thinking of the 'beef locker' more than of my situation, it began to rain as the night passed on, and my new acquaintances would not allow me to remain exposed to the wet. Still, as the horses could not be left unguarded, I refused to abandon the command, and they

were resolved that I should not sacrifice my health to their amusement; so it was agreed I should drive them to their residence in B —— street, where I purposed to put the equipage into the charge of the watchman, who I knew would conduct it to the green-yard, where, of course, the owner would discover it. I must observe, that my protegées were quite fresh from the country, and, with that amiable though perilous confidence usual in strangers to London, put themselves completely under my guidance.

"With a little difficulty and delay, I got safe through Cumberland-gate; for, part of the north western wall having been thrown down by the impatience of the people, there was not so much obstruction from passengers as usual. I took my way up Great Cumberland-street, to avoid the throng of vehicles which filled Oxford-street, and was driving down Berkely-street to the square, when the cry of 'Stop, you Sir! Hoy there! Stop!' attracted my attention. However, as I had no reason to suppose the summons was to me, I kept driving on, till two men came running up, and laid hold of the horses' heads. One of them I could see was a constable, by his staff; his as-

sociate, a coachman; others also advanced, whom I did not at first recognize, but whom I afterwards recollected well enough. I demanded of the constable by what right he arrested the carriage, and he and his companion answered together sneeringly, asking by what right I had run away with it.

"This, of course, I explained; but the rascals laughed in my face, and told me that I was one of the fellows who had pelted the coachman, who knew me well. The scoundrel of a driver affirmed this, for it was the same man with the constable who had been assailed by the mob, and he concluded by giving me in charge to the officer, who informed me I must lodge that night in the watch-house.

"It was to no purpose that the ladies in the chariot remonstrated, and denied the truth of the fellow's charge. He persisted in the most brazen manner, and, with the proverbial insolence of his caste, told them he would have them locked up with me, as accomplices in depriving him of his coach, if they contradicted him. However, he mounted his box, and drove on, while I was conducted by the constable towards the watch-house.

"I leave you," continued William, "to ima-

gine my feelings, at finding myself in such a scrape, so far from my friends, and in the hands of a pack of low scoundrels, who seemed to take pleasure in my situation. I endeavoured, indeed, to conceal my vexation as much as possible, but the crew who followed did all in their power to lacerate my mind, by taunting expressions and insulting jokes.

"We came at length to the bottom of Mary-le-bonne-lane, where the watch-house is situated, and were admitted through a guarded door. We passed across an anti-room, filled with lounging officers and supernumerary watchmen, to a small inner room, where sat the night constable, with his books before him, and a quart pot full of inspiration by his side.

"'Ho! ho!' said this potentate, on beholding us, 'another squib and cracker case, I suppose—Your name, Sir?'

"'Let me first know why I am here, Sir,' I replied.

"'What, Sir, did you come here in your sleep?' cried the autocrat. 'Do you pretend you do not know your crime?'

"'It is no pretence, Sir,' said I, 'I really do not.'

"'No, no, it is no pretence, I assure you,'

cried my conductor; 'I would not have brought this gentleman here on a false pretence. His mistake, Sir, was that he carried off a coach and horses when the driver had just got off the box for a moment.'

"'Ay! ay!' exclaimed the night constable, 'this is a serious affair, young man—Well, Mr. Steadman, what proofs do you bring?—what witnesses?'

"'Plenty, Sir, here are three or four in waiting, and I expect Jarvey himself in a minute.'

"Upon this a tall bulky fellow, with a bloated face, which carried that expression of feature commonly said to be marked with the gallows, came forward, and having given his name as Prendergast, declared that he saw me fling clods, sticks and stones, at the coachman, and that he—that is the coachman—got off his box to give me in charge to an officer; but that he being hustled and shoved about by the mob, I took the opportunity of jumping on his box, and driving off with his chariot.'

"I was not so much surprised at this scoundrel's barefaced falsehood, as I was confounded at recognising him to be one of the gang of pickpockets, with whom I had been engaged in the morning. I instantaneously guessed at the

cause of his enmity; and when I had denied his assertion, and had stated the real cause of my being found in possession of the coach, I accused him openly of conspiring to bring me into trouble, on account of my having frustrated his designs on the country gentleman.

"I will not relate all the examination, for fear of 'the eight bells.' Prendergast called upon one of his companions, to prove that he had not been near Constitution-hill all that day, although the very knave to whom he appealed was another of the set I had met by the side of the pond. All my explanations and statements were of no avail; the charge was written down; —the coachman, who had arrived after disposing of his fare—(how he would not tell me)—signed it; the witnesses promised to be ready in the morning, and I was handed over to the keeper, who led me down a flight of stone stairs, and introduced me into an under-ground cell, already occupied by many prisoners."

The striking of eight bells now warned us to "turn out;" for, though the ship still rolled along upon the water in all the agitation of a stiff breeze, we did not wish to acquire the reputation of "skulkers." Neither will I deny that the expectation of some boiled beef, of

the goodness of which I was already aware, prompted us, (me especially), to show off as able hands at sea. My excellence, 'tis true, resided more in my appetite than in my limbs; but since one faculty seemed so willing to return to its office, I trusted that the others would be brought to a sense of their duty by its example, and being ever impressed with the wisdom of Menenius Agrippa's fable, I held it sound doctrine to take care of the belly for the sake of the members.

Dining aboard a ship in a gale is not the same proceeding as dining ashore. On terra firma the main object of the parties engaged is to put food into their mouths; but in a reeling vessel the first consideration is how to keep upright, the second how to maintain the viands upon the table, while transferring them from the dish to the stomach is only the third or fourth point in the calculation. My seat and William's were chosen on the after-locker, the captain's on the starboard, and the mate's on the larboard side. This arrangement was fortunate for us during rough weather; for the unlucky commotions, which often took place amongst the dinner equipage, seldom brought us into jeopardy; but far otherwise was it with our companions.

This day afforded many ludicrous adventures at our meals, which were, however, more pleasant to behold than to participate in. We had scarcely made ourselves fast, by propping and wedging our legs and sides in the most convenient way we could, when a wave, striking abruptly under the quarter, caused a good-sized piece of beef to leap as cleverly from the dish upon Captain Shafton's knees, as if it had been an immense bull-frog, while a fair round pudding bounced after its pot-mate, but being more light, sought the commander's bosom, where it burst like a shell, shedding its juicy contents "o'er all his glowing breast." Potatoes and biscuits followed in various groups, and our dinner disappeared more suddenly than if the Governor of Barataria's physician had touched it with his wand.

"The scramble" to arrest the flight of the eatables, and the reeking state of the sufferers, may be better imagined than described; nor should the unsatisfied yearning of the still empty bowels be forgotten. Many a time and oft has my palate anticipated the gust of a savoury morsel, which, in its way from my plate to my mouth, has been jerked off my fork by the violent kick of a merciless billow; and many a

horn of grog has drenched my visage with its unexpected moisture. Sympathise with me, ye bibbers and ye gastronomers, ye whose tender hearts can feel the loss of a glass of punch, or the perdition of a savoury mouthful!—Trust not your happiness to the melée of the hideous waters; for as sure as good eating is happiness, so certainly will a stiff breeze frustrate all your enjoyments! Quit not your steady, dainty-bearing, polyped table, for the heavy quadruped which rears its dishless surface in a dancing cabin; but take this salutary caution, and live upon, but seek not to live like, turtles.

Until about the middle of the following day there was little variation of weather; the temperature grew sensibly colder, as we approached the north, but at this time I knew not much of cold.—A kittiwake, a species of gull, followed the ship for some time, and was shot, but fell into the sea. At noon, our observation was 56°, 3′; and during the day we passed Aberdeenshire.

At night, the winds and waves renewed their cumbrous gambols, and our bark, like a battered shuttlecock, was tossed from billow to billow, with increasing agitation. Morning

brought no calm, and it was even too rough to allow William and me to hold our wonted converse, our whole attention being occupied in manœuvring to counteract the motions of the ship, which, ever and anon, tumbled us against the bulkheads of our cabins, as though we were inanimate matter. To foresee the waves which were about to strike the vessel was impossible; nor till the blow had been given could we tell what position to assume. We felt, however, some pleasure in marking the wrath of the angry ocean. For a moment there was a period of quiescence, our level was rather below that of the sea, and during the interval we heard the small waves gurgle and ripple along the vessel's side. Suddenly a mighty stroke lashed us up on high, or rather rolled us reeling down to leeward, while the wave opposed sprung up above the bulwarks, and fell over the deck in volumes of heavy spray. This bursting of the billow, like the fall of a waterspout, always gave me delight, though I presume the feelings of the seamen, whom it drenched unmercifully, were not in accordance with mine. Next followed the noisy flow and bubbling of the water, as it foamed along above our heads, in search of an outlet to

escape, and ere it had joined the yeasty main, another surge came pouring over the windward rail, and continued the uproar.

Still, let it not be supposed that I lay abed all the day—not so—but I was obliged to wait till our worthy captain had quitted the deck before I arose, lest he should think me rash, and confine me to my cabin till the following day; for I will do myself the justice to say, that I never attempted to counteract his positive orders, though I have often tried to elude receiving them. In truth, I began by degrees to doubt whether I had been so ill as we all at home had supposed, and I could not always resist the desire of looking "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea."

When we were near the Orkneys, which we passed this day, though we could not see them, solan geese flew round our vessel, and two thrashers swam to and fro beneath it. These are enormous fishes, who at times amuse themselves by beating the whale with their tails, a practice which the sailors have denominated thrashing.

About 7 P. M. we made Fair Isle, an intermediate or half-way island between Orkney and Shetland, and shortened sail. About midnight, a light, gleaming from the lofty summit of Som-

borough head, brought to my recollection the novel of the Pirate, and finding nothing more to observe I retired, expecting to awake at anchor in the port of Lerwick.

I was scarcely awake when I arose, early on the thirteenth, and hastening upon deck, found the ship abreast of Hancliff, a frowning precipice in the isle of Noss, beyond which rose towering to the clouds the lofty "head of Brassa," a mountain at the southern extremity of Brassa island. On the summit of the elevation I could descry something, which then appeared to me like a tower, surmounted by a flag-staff of large proportions; but I found, on visiting it afterwards, that I was partly in error.

Hancliff stands at the entrance of Brassa or Brassey Sound, a channel running between the island of that name and the "Mainland," opposing its dark bluff front to the waves, which hasten to pour through the narrow opening, while a thousand hoarse murmurs and foaming surfs roar and dash along its base in fruitless rage at the impediment. From its highest brow, where a slight streak of mossy peat forms its crest, a line of lessening cliffs descends, and winds round the island, till it appears to sink beneath the ocean; but like its chief, every rock

seems to bear the same rugged, brown, and fissured features. Every moment now offered new objects and new points of view to my sight, as the Leviathan proceeded up the sound. Hancliff, after appearing to turn round, as if to shew its rough broad back, passed out of sight, and the foot of Brassa hill advanced to meet us. This, too, was left behind, and the shore began to show some signs of human labour ; for hitherto all the coast had seemed as bleak and dark and barren as if the deluge had just subsided from its surface, and left the earth in all her native nakedness. Yet, let it not be thought that the signs of cultivation, which peeped from sheltered slopes and protected dingles, produced any alteration in the general appearance of the country—far otherwise: the patches of tilled land were so few, so small, and their hue so black and sullen, that they only served to render the wide expanse of hill and dale which lay before them, more wild and desolate. The total absence of animated beings, except a few solitary gulls, whose loud and melancholy cry resounded in the recesses of the rocks, along which they skimmed, added likewise a feeling of loneliness to the scene; nor, though I looked carefully round upon the sides of either shore,

could I perceive one dwelling, to say they were inhabited.

The sea rolled through the sound with much force, and bore us quickly on our way. Small points, and little bays, and creeks, succeeded each other, along the margin of the land, and here and there a smooth sandy beach opened its soft bosom to the caresses of the waves, which seemed to break in gentler and more playful ripples as they approached towards them. It, indeed, seemed strange to me that, although the water in the sound was pretty rough, and under the influence of a tolerably brisk wind, the spray that broke upon the shore was very light; and I accounted for the fact by a supposition, that a current set through the channel, which assisted the waves to pass onward, without allowing them to burst upon the banks.

At length a village was said to be in sight; but, on looking towards the spot, I beheld only a solitary hut, like a sheepcote, standing in a hollow formed by the lapse of part of a hill; a few plots of tilled earth lay around it, but its appearance indicated any thing rather than accommodation. The progress of our vesserl endered my views very various and momentary, and ere I had half satisfied myself with one object,

many others were brought before me. My eyes, nevertheless, at times anticipated our advance, and I could perceive, at a little distance ahead of us, several white chimneys appearing to grow from the ridge of a hill. By degrees, the summit of a house rose beneath them, while the earth seemed to sink, till at last an outline dwelling was completely visible. Whatever its interior might be, it bore a good outside, and was substantially built, of a whitish gray stone, which gave it an agreeable appearance; but it was furnished with few windows, and those of small dimensions, and stood amidst a parcel of barely cultivated, black and mossy strips of land, like those patches of soil which are turned up by the poor on English commons and waste tracts, to grow beans and potatoes. These may be called the fields of this country, though their size does not exceed that of a cottage garden, and their want of enclosure, in general, destroys the idea in the mind of a London cit, who thinks that a field without a hedge, and not skirted by a turnpike road, or at least a lane, is a sort of outlandish district, only to be met with in the wilds of Tartary. Here, however, meadows exist only in shape of moors; and cornfields, I should say oatfields, lie irregularly amidst oozy

marshes and beds of moss; wide gulphs, from whence peat has been removed for fuel, intersect the bowels of the land, and a thousand crags jut out their gray and barren faces from the surface. But, what Shetland would lose in the sight of a grazier, it gains in the eye of a painter or a poet, and its dark and dreary wastes possess all the sublimity of desolation.

We soon came in sight of the metropolis of these islands, which is named Lerwick, (pronounced Loerwick by the natives, and Larwick by the Greenland sailors), and the beauty of its profile from the sea compensates for the barrenness of the surrounding country. It is built entirely of white or gray stone, and stands on the declivity of a small hill, descending from the summit to the base, and not confined by the water's edge, many of its houses being erected upon foundations washed by the sea, into which they form numerous irregular and picturesque projections. A long street, or strand, constitutes the lower part of the town, leading to the quays and jetties, and appearing with good effect through spaces between the buildings towards the sound; and from this main way many small lanes and alleys mount up the steep side of the acclivity, and exhibit buildings in every position.

Among these, at the back or highest part of Lerwick, a few green spots bear the appearance of gardens, their protected situation allowing some plants to vegetate in them, uninjured by the cold winds of this region, while the contrast they afford is very striking and agreeable. Not the least beauty of this town is the whiteness of its houses, which is probably owing in some measure to the bleaching effects of the sea air on the gray stone of which it is constructed; but this fairness is far different from the hateful glare of our white-washed edifices. This specious exterior made me expect to find the streets and dwellings as clean and pleasant as they appeared—but I must not anticipate.

The Leviathan run along the sound till she came abreast of a small cove, at the northern extremity of the harbour, and dropped her anchor. On the shore a few houses surrounded a sort of quay and dock, in which was the frame of a little vessel on the stocks; the whole being, as I afterwards learnt, the speculation of Mr. Moody, from whom it has obtained the name of Moody's folly, an appellation which speaks not well of its success; but the cove has another title, being called, from the craft that usually frequent it, Whitbyman's bight.

Immediately after coming to anchor, the captain departed for the town, to inform the owner's agent of his arrival, and to complete our complement of men. I would willingly have accompanied him, had not a dense shower of rain, which had been long gathering round Brassa head, burst suddenly from the clouds, and threatened a thousand miseries to an invalid. It is one of the most disagreeable impediments to the investigation of highland regions, that the weather is subject to sudden variations. The lofty hills and mountains obstruct the passage of the clouds, and the dispersion of the vapours which arise from the bogs and marshes, and the air is continually filled with fog, and repeatedly deluged with rain. Yet, it must be allowed, that even under these advantages, there are some attempts made by nature to compensate the losses of gratification thus occasioned. If her elevated rocks, and ridges of barren peat, intercept volumes of dense mist, and attract showers of moisture, she clothes their bare summits with grandeur, and sheds picturesque torrents down their declivities. If at one time we are invited to climb their steep ascents only to find ourselves involved in obscurity, and drenched with water, at others we are raised above the level

of the earth into an atmosphere of delightful etherial purity, and brilliant with unclouded sunshine. Of such sort were my philosophical remarks to William, by way of consoling him for being obliged to remain on board the Leviathan by the state of the weather. It was, in truth, a mortifying occurrence, to arrive at an interesting country only to encounter the opposition of its climate, and it was equally unsatisfactory to be restrained from following our inclination by such a paltry adversary as rain.

Yet, though we could not enjoy an excursion among the dark bleak hills, which lay stretched out before our eyes, desolate in their misty shrouds, we could make an expedition to the town, where we should, doubtless, meet with some novelty, if only in the interior of a dwelling; and we were looking out for a "cazy boat," to carry us ashore, when the captain came up alongside, accompanied by about a score of Shetland men, whom he had engaged in the service of the ship. From him William learnt that he must not depart till he had "passed muster" a second time, before the authority of the customs localized in Lerwick; and, shortly afterwards, Mr. Macrae, the "comptroller, or muster-master," was ushered into the cabin.

It is the practice of the Greenland whale-ships, as well as of those proceeding to Davis Straits, to take a large proportion of their crews from the islands of Orkney and Shetland. Strong and enduring in their persons, and mild and docile in their dispositions, these natives serve in the lowest capacities in the vessels. They are the helots, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, to the English sailors, who treat them usually with that overbearing insolence and brutal cruelty, which we are so apt to attribute to slave-drivers in the colonies. Nevertheless, the Shetland men are not officially subordinate to the other seamen; but their simple hearts and unassuming spirits yield before the reprobate humours and violent tempers of their more southern comrades, who never fail to domineer over them on all occasions. The greater part of the English engaged in the whale fishery are Northumbrians, from Shields, and Yorkshiremen, from Hull; and, as far as my observations have led me, the bye proverb of a north-countryman hating a Scot is correct. Why this animosity should exist I know not, unless it has sprung from old antipathies, arising out of border feuds and depredations; but to me the northern English have ever appeared inferior in all respects to

their neighbours beyond the Tweed. Without being partial to Caledonians in general, I could not help observing the striking difference for the better exhibited in their behaviour, when in the same situations as the proud southrons; and though the Scotch may not possess the bold, daring and enterprising spirit of English sailors in general, they are superior to them in temperance and good conduct. But Shetland and the Shetlanders appear to be even several degrees lower in the estimation of the Northumbrians than Scotland and the Scots, and the same tone of derision is used in speaking of them, or to them, as is vulgarly adopted towards Jews or Negroes. They are, in fact, a proverb and a bye-word among Greenland mariners; and, with ten times more virtue, and twenty times less depravity, they yield like slaves to the audacious tyranny of their inferiors.

Such were the men of whom about twenty were "brought off," to be mustered as part of the Leviathan's company; and as they were singly introduced into the cabin, to be inspected and questioned, I had a fair opportunity of noticing their qualifications. I shall not, however, stop to characterize them now, because I became better acquainted with them afterwards,

but shall briefly state, that they were in stature either very tall, or somewhat short, mostly athletic, and active in their movements, excepting a few, who were round-faced, sleepy, fat-looking porpoises. Their physiognomy was rather foreign than British, and their whole demeanour seemed to belong to a race different from that of the Scotch, and in no way allied to the English. I remarked two or three whose features and persons led me to consider them as specimens of Norse sailors, though I drew my likeness from imagination, and others were gifted with tall gigantic frames, which reminded me of the Normans who followed the Conqueror into England.

The process of mustering these men consisted in writing down their names, heights, ages, and other such particulars; the English seamen having previously appeared as their names were called over. When this business was transacted, Mr. Macrae entered into a doleful account of the Bible Society, which he had attempted to establish at Lerwick, and to which he endeavoured to make the crews of the Greenland ships subscribe. "But when," said he, with a long face, "I got up to make the report of its progress in the kirk last year, all the congregation filed off,

and left me alone with the clerk; so the society does not now exist!"

Leaving Mr. Macrae to lament the premature death of his offspring, William and I went upon deck, where we found a busy scene of roguery going forward, between the sailors and the possessors of numerous little barks called "cazy boats," which crowded round the vessel. These skiffs were laden with eggs, poultry, fish, vegetables, lambs, mittens, and hosiery, which the Shetlanders exchanged willingly for beef, pork, meal, split-peas, and other commodities, but refused to part with for money, unless they could obtain nothing else.

A great quantity of eggs, salt fish, and some dozens of fowls, were procured in this manner, for the use of the cabin, and afforded us a continual treat at breakfast, for many weeks after our departure. The eggs were secured in a barrel of oatmeal, from whence some were withdrawn daily, till the severe frosts we encountered destroyed the remainder, and the fowls were hung up to the mizen rigging, where they became frozen, and kept sweet till they were consumed. And here I will mention what I should have stated before—that we took from London four quarters of beef unsalted, the greater part

of which was suspended from the main-top, in which situation it kept fresh, and becoming frozen remained so as long as we allowed it. Three months after the bullock had been slaughtered, I partook of a portion roasted, perfectly free from any unpleasant flavour, though a little more tender than any sirloin of which I had eaten before.

At length, having obtained a seat in a boat going off to the town, we set rain at defiance, and pushed away for Lerwick. A crew of beggars assailed us, at our landing at one of the stone jetties, which run down to the water, some of whom were horrid objects of deformity, particularly a boy with a distorted face. Dismissing these, we entered the main street, which runs rising and falling from the fort, at the northern extremity, to a hilly pathway, at the southern termination, and were struck with the strong contrast its interior appearance afforded, to a more distant external view from the Sound. The prospect, so agreeable in its diversity and promise of cleanliness, from the irregularity and the whiteness of the buildings, proved an illusion, or at least only an outward shew of beauty, when the objects were contemplated more closely. Still, though the houses were dirty, and the

alleys were narrow, and though here and there signs of ruin and dilapidation were manifest, there was an air of antiquity about the place which was delightful to me, who can sacrifice a little neatness for the sake of picturesque arrangement. There were a variety of objects to please me at every turn, which, perhaps, might not have given much pleasure to others. The town is built on rocks, many of which are mingled with the dwellings, along the margin of the water. Houses project out upon rocky ledges into the sea, which washes their foundations with its restless waves. The dash of water broke upon my ear as I paced the busy strand, and through a hundred openings between the buildings, I beheld the quays crowded with seamen and small craft, and the distant Sound filled with vessels of various descriptions. The strong massiveness of the walls, the narrowness of the windows, the intricacy of numerous passages from the main street, up the hill to the back of the town, the multiplicity of positions in which the houses are placed, and the strange faces which peeped out from every door; these, and numerous other peculiarities and eccentric attractions, opposed my judgment in forming a correct opinion of Lerwick, and I felt disposed

to be satisfied with many things which I knew could have been improved.

It will not be expected, I trust, that I should give more than a brief sketch of a place, in which I only spent a few hours; but of what I observed, the reader shall be put in possession. I saw several houses in progress of edification, though there were others falling to pieces, as if through want of inhabitants; yet I am told the town is increasing in population. There were some buildings which appeared of more ancient date than the others, and to which little walled courts and gateways gave an appearance of superiority, not diminished by coats of arms, cut in stone over the arches of the entrances. At one of these I found the post office, and deposited a letter for my family, in the care of "Magnus Hawick," the occupant of the dwelling, if I remember his name aright.

The Tolbooth is a wretched and crazy fabric, with a paltry kind of tower, like a watch-box set upon a barn, in which a bell rings on Sunday for prayers. One of the windows has iron bars, and on the door were affixed advertisements, notices against smuggling, and other papers. This prison stands near the water's edge; but the kirk, for which it does the duty of summon-

ing the congregation, is situated between two of the lanes leading up the acclivity from the high street. Yet, though on high ground, it is placed in a small boggy yard. There are a few monuments of several kinds in the enclosure, among which I noticed some triangular pieces of wood, supported by stalks, in place of headstones. These mementos are, I believe, erected as marks that Dutchmen have been interred near them; but there were three or four white marble slabs, belonging to natives, which displayed more wealth and vanity in the surviving friends of those they recorded. The oldest monument I discovered was of sandstone, bearing a chiselled escutcheon, full of devices, and inscribed with the name of "Milne," whose former condition and merits were amply set forth in Latin. The kirk itself is a quadrangular low roofed building, resembling very much in shape and exterior appearance a large gardener's latticed handglass for raising cucumbers, and with its oozy peat cemetery presents a miserable aspect.

The fort or "castle," is capacious, and strongly built with large masses of stone, on a site of which material it is elevated, so as to command the town. There are barracks within its precincts, apparently the best buildings in

Lerwick; but they are unoccupied by soldiers, and the walls are without cannon; but the minister has found a retreat within its dwellings, from whence he sallies forth, Bible (not sword) in hand, in a spiritual sortie against the beleaguering powers of darkness.

Having spent two or three hours in running through alleys of as little breadth as could well be devised, from which many small courts and be yards led to different abodes, and in one of which I observed a fountain, and in others small gardens, William and I resolved to explore our way into the country; for the afternoon had become smiling with sunshine, and we were growing weary of threading mazes of houses, in which we knew none of the residents. The destination we bound ourselves to reach was Scalloway, a place of which I knew nothing but the name, except that I was aware of its possessing a ruined castle, from having casually seen a sketch of it, made by a wanderer into these islands many years ago. Accordingly, we passed over the hill to the back of the town, and asked our way of the first person we encountered. The direction was plain and satisfactory, since it embraced the only road that existed in the islands, and which led

exclusively to the town we were desirous of reaching.

On descending towards a small loch, which lies behind Lerwick, between it and a lofty opposite hill, we were struck with the quantity of stone that lay scattered over the surface of the ground, as if rocks had been shattered to pieces and strewed around. There were many small spots of ground enclosed with dry stone walls, and manured with sea-weed, preparing for cultivation; and in one, a small plough, drawn by Shetland ponies, was at work. This was the only instance in which I beheld the earth thus broken; it is usually turned up with a little spade, like a spud, with a projecting bar, to receive the pressure of the foot, and the cultivators of the soil are mostly females. The prettiest and most engaging girl I met in these islands, was laboriously employed with one of these instruments, in assisting several others to dig a small field; and as I roamed about the valleys, I observed companies of women similarly engaged. This seemingly ungallant abandonment of toil to the softer sex, was probably the result of the enlistment of the men in the service of the whale fishery. It is their general practice to sow their land before their departure, that they may reap

the harvest on their return; but possibly every kind of crop would not allow of such an early deposit of its seed in the ground.

The view inland, from the rear of Lerwick, presents a series of high, long-backed mountains, brown, barren and desolate. Along the sides of the nearest, black patches of tilled land were visible, among wastes of dingy yellow moss and withered heather, and a few lowly, straw-thatched huts might occasionally be discerned, surrounded by such signs of cultivation; but by far the greatest portion of the surface of the country consisted of sterile untamed tracts of desert peat, from which the gray rocks, forming the bed of the island, raised up their hoary summits.

To contemplate objects at a distance, was not the mode in which we had resolved to spend our time, and we entered upon the road, which led us past the head of the loch, with hasty strides, and with great desire to increase our warmth by walking, for the wind was stiff, and the keen air of the country needed no such frigorific auxiliary in abstracting our caloric. We now perceived a long and marshy pool, stretching out towards Whitbyman's bight, above the level of the other loch, into which it discharged its

waters through a channel running beneath the road that lay between them; and, situated over this small water course, we noticed a little turf-clad hutch, to which we were at a loss to assign a character. It was so low that we might have cleared it with a leap, and therefore it could not be high enough for a dwelling, nor was it of dimensions sufficient for a stable. A sheepcote or pigsty it might have formed, but its position above the streamlet, which poured its slender waters through its stony basement, denoted that it was destined for other uses; and upon inquiring from a passer-by to what purpose it was applied, we learnt that it was a "mull." As a mill, it therefore became an object of greater curiosity, and we entered it to observe what machinery could find sufficient room for action within its narrow cell. By bending nearly double, we contrived to insinuate ourselves into the edifice, and saw, by the light which fell through a hole in the sod-covered roof, two circular flat stones lying on a paved compartment of the floor; that is, the lowest and largest stone was fixed into the ground on a raised surface of imperfect pavement, and the upper stone reposed upon it. From the rafters of the roof, was suspended a conical straw basket, like an inverted bee-hive, from the dependant

apex of which a little wooden spout projected over a small opening in the centre of the superior millstone. Across this orifice was fixed a small bar, and into this bar was inserted the extremity of an iron pin or spindle, which penetrated through the lowest stone, and became the axis to a small horizontal water-wheel, which was turned by the streamlet passing beneath the floor. Although the "mull" was not then at work, we imagined to ourselves the mode of its action to be thus:—the water being conducted by a trough against the wheel, the upper stone, to which the axis is fixed, revolves upon the lower one, which is stationary, and in the meanwhile the grain falls from the conical bag of straw, through the central opening, and gradually becomes reduced to powder. The meal falls out from between the edges of the stones, during the process, upon the paved elevation, and from thence is collected by the miller.

To travellers like us, there was little time to spare for many reflections, and we regained the road to prosecute our journey with speed, for we knew little or nothing of the distance from Lerwick to Scalloway, and the information we received on that point was so contradictory, that it rather increased our fears than satisfied our

doubts. Upon ascending the hill, up which our route now conducted us, we were encountered by several men and many women laden with peat, which they carried at their backs in baskets of the same kind as we had observed hanging in the interior of the mill. The fabric of these straw sacks was curious, and the mode in which they were fastened to the carrier was as pernicious as it was liable to impede their progress. This singular way of lightening a burden was by bringing a strap from it across the chest, which, instead of being free for the inflation of the lungs, was thus compressed by the weight of the load pulling upon the band; and it is needless to point out the difficulty this incumbrance must cause in traversing steep and rugged acclivities.

Although the face of the road was strewn with loose pieces of granite, and armed with projecting points of the rocky surface of the hill, many of the passengers walked barefoot, some bearing their shoes in their hands, and others not appearing possessed of such luxuries. The dresses of all, though coarse and ill-conditioned, were variegated with glaring colours, and in fashion much resembling the garb of the poor labouring Irish about London. Hard, withered, and weather-beaten features, toilworn frames, and

decrepid gaits, characterised those who seemed in the afternoon of life; but the children who accompanied them were a blue-eyed, chubby-faced, rosy-cheeked race, and shewed by the promise of their childhood, that their parents might not have exhibited such premature signs of exhausted nature in a climate more genial, and with labour less excessive.

When we reached the summit of the hill, we soon left behind us the troop of peat carriers, which, like a swarm of ants, kept passing to and from the town, to certain excavations near the highest part of the road, from whence the fuel was dug. This abundant material seems to cover the face of the Shetland islands, in various degrees of thickness and quality. It is a blackish oozy substance, resembling in general appearance the cakes of tanner's bark sold about the streets of the metropolis, under the name of "burning turf," but, on near inspection, appears more like old manure mingled with dark earth, and closely compressed. A youth, with whom we conversed on the subject of his country, told us, that Shetland was covered with woods till the Spanish armada destroyed the forests by fire; and, certainly, the soil appears as if composed of the ashes and half-burned fibres of trees, united

by time and moisture into a compact mass; but the most probable source of its formation is the excessive growth and decay of moss and heather, which gradually have left deposits of their withered remains, till beds of peat have accumulated, where at first the plants could scarce find tenure.

We now descended a gentle declivity, which led, winding romantically over a small bridge, to a valley, where the sea, penetrating through a deep voe, brought its waters to the foot of the village of Dell.

A village in Shetland is a cluster of eight or ten little huts, seated among a few spots of tilled land, which lie irregularly upon the waste of moss and oozy pasture that spreads along the glen. A bourne, collecting a thousand trickling rills which descend from the higher ground, wanders half hidden by its dark banks near the hamlet, and a "mull," such as I have described, is always to be found upon the stream. To him who is familiar with the neat cottages of the English peasantry, and with the air of comfort and attention to refinement visible in the habitations of the poor of southern Britain, the town of Lerwick itself must appear wanting in many accommodations, both general and particular,

which the same class of dwellings in England would have possessed; but when he views the villages in Shetland, with their little huts, built of loose masonry, their straw and turf roofs, bound down by haybands, fastened to the wall by heavy stones, lest the wind should blow them away; their interiors, *floored* with clay and canopied with soot, their beds, placed in boarded recesses, and their fires, smothering on raised hearths in the middle of the cabins, he bethinks himself of the Kraals of the Hottentots and the dens of the Kamschatdales. But yet in this wild and dreary land, where the eye may turn from side to side and behold nothing but long ranges of hills, bending their dark brows on heaven, and deep and desolate vallies, stretched out in sterile slumber, it is delightful to meet suddenly with such a slight indication of civilized humanity as a Shetland village.

The prospect of Dell, seated at the entrance of a glen, near a soft sandy beach, on which gentle waves were murmuring in playful brawl, with its lonely mull, and its tiny mill-pool, dammed up with a simple sluice gate, its low bridge of ragged stones, and its swift stream of dark brown water, rushing beneath the path-way to join the dancing tide, opened

upon our sight as we paced down the hill that bounded it to the eastward, and we were both equally arrested by the beauty it displayed. It was beautiful, because all around it was void of beauty; and spoke of home, because its cottages smoked amidst a desert: but when regarded without reference to its situation, it possessed no attractions, and its doors offered no temptations to the foot of the wanderer. There was, however, a simplicity about it that engaged the imagination, though it could not captivate the reason, and its primitive want of comfort told forcibly the few desires of its inhabitants.

Several females, and one or two men, were engaged in turning up the soil on the bare patches near the dwellings, as we passed, and children were loitering around, while on the hill side, up which we proceeded, a few small, shaggy, pot-bellied, short-limbed horses grazed amongst an equal number of miniature cows, whose sleek, fat, well-proportioned bodies, and soft marbled hides, offered a strong contrast to the appearance of their savage companions.

Along the edge of the eminence, a loose stone wall stretched its dreary gray front, to separate land and cattle. There was also a group of

dwellings, the appellation of which we could not learn, in consequence of the barking and yelling of a troop of restless dogs, which ran threatening around us, while a girl endeavoured to make us comprehend her answers to our queries. Hopeless of hearing her shrill pipe amidst the din of yelping curs, that were not to be silenced either by menaces or enticements, we paddled through a swampy heath, on which the cottages were placed, in the direction pointed out by the vestiges of former travellers, and, after turning to the left, and proceeding some way, we came to the banks of the Loch of Tingwell, on which we could perceive a white stone house, situated near a barefaced barn-like kirk.

The loch, or, as the natives pronounce it, "lochr," of Tingwell, is the largest piece of fresh water I have seen in Shetland; and its beautifully transparent fluid, resting on a sandy bottom, from which points of rocks rose up above the surface, attracted our admiration. Several gulls were sporting on its bosom, like beauties hanging over a mirror, and beyond it rose gentle slopes of moss and heather, forming one side of the range of hills, whose opposite declivities descended to the valley of Dell.

The Kirk of Tingwell is a paltry, oblong building, apparently formed of the materials of a more ancient edifice, the foundations of which still remain by its side. It has galleries and pews, and a kirk-yard, and within this inclosure is a rude mausoleum, in the form of a vault, but to whom appertaining we knew not. There are many tomb-stones, however, with inscriptions, both legible and illegible; and most of them are adorned with coats of arms carefully sculptured, a vanity very prevalent among Shetland graves.

Outside the gate of the cemetery we observed two large sepulchral slabs, bearing epitaphs in Latin, one sacred to the memory of a "Maubrai," but why excluded from the pale of the kirk we did not inquire, although a gentleman issued from the house hard by, and invited us kindly to enter and partake of some whiskey. But the afternoon was wearing away apace, and we were impatient to reach Scalloway, which we expected would afford us better food for our curiosity than we had hitherto collected; and we therefore at once skirted the loch.

Our progress was at length arrested by two objects, one of which was quite strange to us, the other being a "mull" of the usual fashion

and architecture, but possessing the pride and convenience of a wooden door. The novelty, however, engaged our attention most particularly, and we were at a loss to conjecture for what purpose it stood in its place. It was a large, erect, quadrangular stone, which, if cleared from a heap of rubbish that surrounded its base, might have measured in height six feet and upwards; but its irregularly fractured summit seemed to say, that formerly it had reared a prouder crest beside the waters of the Tingwell. An oblique vein, of a different kind of stone, traversed its centre, and an old man, approaching from some cottages that were situated at the feet of the hills, informed us, with a look of doubt, that he had heard that a "sealgh" or sea-horse, having been fastened with a rope to the "Standing Stane," the efforts of the animal to get loose had impressed that mark around it. He likewise told us, that there had been a large flat stone lying near the upright pillar, which was said to have covered the bones of the "overseer" of Scalloway Castle, who was interred here; but he assured us, that after breaking the slab to pieces, to form the contiguous mull, he had sought in vain for remnants of mortality. There was a look of peculiar

originality in the face and person of our ancient informant, as well as a singular tone in his voice, and while he conversed with William, I included his portrait in a sketch I took of the Standing Stane, which being completed, we again set forward, with the unwelcome intelligence that the town we sought was "twa moils mair ahead." On gaining a rocky eminence, however, we had the pleasure of beholding it within the distance of one mile, and we stopped to admire the ruins of its castle, and the beauty of the bights and headlands that adorned the sea beyond it.

Scalloway, the ancient metropolis of the Shetland isles, stands on the low grounds that form the bottom of a bay, to which many tall promontories and deep inlets, and several small islands, give an air of the picturesque highly interesting. It contains about twenty houses, half of which number seem to be the huts of fishermen, whose boats were drawn up on the beach, and whose nets were suspended to dry along the dismantled walls of the castle. A large portion of cultivated ground, in a condition infinitely superior to that which disgraces Lerwick, lay around the *town*, partially divided by low stone walls, and irrigated by little

streamlets, flowing from the neighbouring heights. The country, for some distance before we arrived at this spot, had lost the barren stony appearance that forms a feature so striking in the environs of the present capital, and we here found pieces of land, which, if surrounded by hedges, might have borne competition with the fields of more favoured regions. To us, however, the principal object of attraction was the castle; and, though the wind had increased in stiffness and rigour as the evening approached, I took a faithful sketch of its outline, (making use, by way of shelter, of a hay-stack, which opportunely stood near, tied down with bands lest the breezes should disperse it,) which being completed, I joined my friend in investigating the ruin.

The walls of this castle are so massive, that it might be supposed the building had been designed for a place of defence, were there not a range of windows nearly on a level with the ground, large enough for the entrance of an enemy. This seeming want of caution in its builder, Patrick Stuart, Earl of Orkney and Shetland, who was an extensive oppressor, and likely to be assailed by foes, is so striking, that I mention it, as I noticed it, before any thing else; though I should

have begun more systematically, by observing that the edifice consists of a square centre, and one wing, joined to it at right angles, and pointing towards the sea. Long hanging towers project from the angles of the body, and short pendant turrets are attached to the corners of the wings, while one other occupies part of the recess between the two portions of the building, which are united by only half of the breadth of the wing, standing in contact with the body. The roof is entirely gone, and the walls are dilapidated and fissured; yet their vast thickness has still preserved the greater portion of the fabric.

In the front of the building we found a small low entrance, situated in the wing, close to its junction with the centre, above which we perceived affixed to the walls the remains of tablets and escutcheons, from which the inscriptions and the devices were erased. From information which I received from John Scott, junior, Esquire, son of the Laird, an elegant and hospitable young man, who invited me to his house, and entertained me as well with his agreeable conversation as with the offerings of his table, I learnt that Earl Patrick was executed in Edinburgh Castle, for high-treason and cruelty to his vassals; and

that one of the counts in his indictment was, that he had placed the royal arms of Scotland over his door. That the blank shields before us were the remnants of this misdeed, I considered conclusive, from perceiving the vestiges of two unicorns, as supporters at the sides, and a knot of thistles beneath the escutcheon. A large blank space existed beneath the coat of arms, divided into three compartments, and on one of these were probably engraved the mottoes said to have been chosen by the earl from the scriptures.

Immediately within the entrance, the remnant of a flight of stairs conducts to a floor in the body of the edifice, part of which has fallen in, though formed by a strong heavy arched ceiling, to the apartment below. But the mason has mingled immense stones with the smaller shingles and fragments that cover the shores; and these, from not affording an uniform pressure, have gradually become detached by time, and the weight of the larger masses. A large block, that lay upon the ground, had but lately fallen; and a man who had been seated upon his horse, immediately under it, had providentially just moved a little way forward when it dropped down. The cavities, into which the beams of an upper floor have been inserted, were visible

along the walls, and the remains of small spiral staircases, which appeared to have led to the rooms above, still mouldered in the hanging turrets. Numerous windows perforated the thick masonry on either side, and the stone frames retained the holes which had formerly served for the fixture of iron bars: such, at least, was the use we attributed to the rows of small excavations which we observed. It is probable, that the greedy hands of plunderers have assisted in bringing this building more quickly to decay, than either its structure or its age would have allowed time to effect. The temptations offered by wood and iron to the needy inhabitants of these isles, may have led them to tear down the roof, the floors, and the window frames, of a building which could claim no protection, and which must have become an object of vengeance, as the retreat of a persecuting tyrant. The men of Orkney are said to have been compelled to bring boat loads of stone from their islands, for which the earl only rewarded them with one day's pay; and it is probable, that the men of Shetland were also forced to contribute largely towards its erection. There needed little other stimulus, after the execution of the oppressor, than the spirit of

retaliation, to excite the natives to destroy an edifice they had been severely tasked to construct; and to those who were wanting in feelings of revenge, there were other inducements in the appropriation of the materials.

The apartments on the ground are the receptacles of filth, and the repositories of old boards, pig-kennels, and rubbish of every description; but the approach of evening warned us not to spend much of that time, in investigating obstructed recesses, which we should require for traversing the wild heaths and deep peat bogs of the country. Although we had already explored the nature of the ground, in our route towards Scalloway, we did not wish to retrace it in darkness, and observing the dusky wing of night waving its forerunning shadows over the islets of the bay, and the hills of the mainland, we prepared to quit the ruined castle.

Mr. Scott had previously persuaded me to attempt a shorter route to Lerwick than that by which we had reached Scalloway, and had kindly furnished us with a guide to conduct us across the most difficult and trackless hills. Under his direction we bent our steps eastward of the town, crossing a bourne, which flows from the loch of Tingwell into the creek near the castle, and having

ascended an eminence on the opposite side, we soon lost sight of Scalloway and its delightful bay. After a little walking and clambering, we found ourselves involved in a labyrinth of dark rivulets, chasms, wide swampy marshes, black with oozy peat, and deep ravines, gray with moss and the hoary summits of protruding rocks. The shades of evening, sinking perceptibly upon these dreary objects, added solemnity to the surrounding desolation of nature; while the distant sight and sound of the sea, flowing into the voes which terminate the valleys through which we passed, and breaking against the headlands into which the mountains extend, gave a heightening finish to our romantic situation.

Although to me the savage aspect of an untamed desert, and the drear features of a trackless waste, are objects far more interesting than the trim prospect of well ordered meadows and smooth shaven lawns, I could not help regretting that these islands should have been inhabited by civilized beings for centuries, without showing more signs of cultivation than would have been bestowed upon them by the rudest inhabitants of the most distant regions.

With truth it may be said, that the eye can wander over leagues of barren heath and withering peat moss, without beholding one trace of human endeavour to clothe the nakedness of the land with verdure, or to render its surface passable with roads. The gloomy sterility of the soil seems to have communicated its sullen apathy to the feelings of its possessors, and those minds which should have taught the earth to bring forth evidences of their energy and application, have received from it the cold gifts of lethargy and indifference.

The first step towards reclaiming a wilderness from the savageness of nature is the formation of roads, by which its fastnesses may be rendered accessible, and its wants investigated. These are like the establishment of facts in studying a science, or the impression of principles in educating a young mind; positions from which difficulties may be assailed, and remedies made applicable. Yet, though Shetland abounds in stone, the removal of which from the surface would in many places be of great benefit to the land, and though the tempestuous condition of the sea, during winter, renders the navigation of the coasts extremely dangerous, there is but

one track improved by labour between the two principal towns of the mainland, and that extends only half way in a state passable by vehicles.

It might be urged in reply to reflections such as these, that there would be little use in forming roads through bogs and morasses, and over hills and plains, which afford nothing to transport along them when completed; but this objection may be answered by experience, as well as by reason, which shew that roads must precede cultivation, and that until the plough and the team can arrive at the ground it must remain unproductive.

The total neglect of planting observable in Shetland, is another reproach to the inhabitants, and their excuses of the severity and continuance of winds are best opposed by referring them to parallel latitudes and similar countries. Norway is covered with forests, and Newfoundland abounds in woods; regions more cold and tempestuous than Shetland, which, if once clothed with trees, would cease to feel every blast sweep over its unprotected surface with withering bitterness. A copse, raised with much care, would shelter the next plantation, and render less attention necessary to its welfare,

while every succeeding growth would rise in increasing security. The torrents of air, that rush along the wastes, would become broken and deprived of power, and every form of vegetation would assume a more civilized and protected aspect. The warmth of the climate would be retained, by the dispersion of the winds that bear it away in their icy bosoms; and the cattle, which now roam like wild beasts beneath an open sky, might find defence from the inclemency of the weather, while their breed would improve, from their being less exposed to its severity, and from the increased quantity and quality of their food.

While thus entertaining ourselves with projects, and exercising the traveller's privilege of finding fault, we occasionally questioned our guide, (a well-made, intelligent, communicative youth,) upon the state of the country around us. He told us, among other things, that the inhabitants of Scalloway had paid a "poll-tax" of a shilling a head, for the last seven years, towards making a direct road between their town and Lerwick, but that no steps had been yet taken for its commencement, although the contributors had each offered to work for a day

in forming it, in lieu of furnishing the money; a shilling being the hire of a labourer for that time.

Whether a taxation of such long continuance had not yet provided funds sufficiently ample for the undertaking, it is not in my power to state; but should that be the case, it appears more absurd to levy an annual tribute so small that many years will not produce a sum large enough to obtain the proposed object, than to abandon it altogether, and return the money to the disappointed townsmen. This restoration would both convince them that they were not the dupes of dishonesty, and that to gain the accommodation they desire they must increase their sacrifices.

After clambering up mountains, and descending into vallies, through a course of several miles, our guide introduced us to what he called the remains of a road, formed by the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell; but whether "old Noll," that great monopolizer of road making, was the cause of the assemblage of loose stones, I will not pretend to assert. There certainly was at times an appearance of artificial arrangement in the fragments; but, in many places, the summits of the rocks, of which the framework of

the island is composed, formed the course of the path, and in others stone was altogether wanting. Oliver's garrison may certainly have broken off lumps of the abundant peaks and blocks which rise above the surface of the peat, on the elevated grounds, but to me the "road" appeared more like the bed of a periodical torrent, which had worn away the shallow surface of the hill, and laid bare its stony entrails. It begins and terminates upon an eminence, where it is scarcely required, but in the low marshy glens, on either side, it is not to be seen; and if the produce of labour, it is a monument of labour misapplied.

Finding that this "Cromwellian way" would conduct us within sight of Lerwick, we dismissed our guide, that he might retrace his steps before darkness involved him in the oozy mazes of the peat bogs, and in a little while we found ourselves at the extremity of the loch near the back of the town, opposite to that by which we had passed in the morning. This end of the lake lies within a hundred feet of the sea, into which a little streamlet of its waters finds its way through the shingly beach. Amid the dusk of evening, we could perceive a rude pile of masonry occupying a little mound, or island, which arose from the bosom of the loch, and

we were at a loss to conjecture its character. An interrupted causeway of stepping stones led from the bank towards it; but on essaying to reach it, we found the greater part of the pathway covered with water, and we were compelled to abandon our discovery, but with a resolution to make another attempt to reach it by daylight, before we quitted the island.

Intentions, however, are more readily conceived than executed. Upon entering Lerwick, we found Mr. Shipley hurrying through the streets in quest of us, and learnt from him that a favourable breeze for the departure of the Leviathan, was springing up, and that we must convey ourselves on board within an hour, on pain of being left behind; a penalty we neither of us wished to incur; for greatly as we felt tempted to pursue our investigations of these islands of dreariness and hospitality, we promised ourselves far greater delights in contemplating the magnificent desolation and unmingled grandeur of the arctic regions.

The following hour was, therefore, employed in procuring from the shops of Lerwick such additions to our stores as we had conceived from our observations would be necessary; and, among other requisites, we purchased some bottles of brandy,

and others of whiskey, for an occasion which shall be related when it occurs; some wire, for the purpose of stuffing birds ; sundry pieces of Shetland mittens (the best knitted work in the world) ; night caps from Fair Isle, emblazoned with sun, moon and stars, and ten thousand other devices ; knitted worsted shirts, from Faro, and tobacco from Holland. We found a Danish coin current here, a thin bit of silver, of the value of five pence, several of which I brought away as memorials ; and we repaired to the quay, or landing place, in time to embark, with all our commodities, on board the Leviathan's boat, that was in waiting. A few minutes wafted us to our good ship, and we found a mixed company of visitors in the cabin.

Our heads were of course full of our journey, and of the wonders we had seen, and of the improvements we would carry into effect, were we in possession of moss downs and peat bogs ; but we could answer but few of the questions put to us in the affirmative. We had neither visited nor even heard of "Clickum Inn ;" nor had we formed acquaintance with any public characters of the female sex, a degree of unsociability which was barbarous in the eyes of seamen just come into port. We had not ridden races on obstinate

shelties, nor had we consulted "Auld Maggie," concerning the issue of the fishery. We were not even "half seas over," and, in fact, we were discovered to be real "green men," who ought not to have been trusted on shore without some one to show them the "rigs of Lerwick," and Mat Shipley promised, when we returned, to act the part of Mentor towards us.

However, we consoled ourselves with our sketches, and the information we had gathered of the state of the island, as well as with the captain's assurance, that such "good lads," as we had proved ourselves, should be entrusted with the whole of the time the Leviathan might stay in the sound, when she came back from Greenland, and we regretted not the losses we had sustained in not having enjoyed the society of "Nell Fergusson, nor the whiskey of the Clickum Inn."

From an intelligent youth, John Sinclair of Lerwick, we heard, that when Earl Patrick was sought for by the persons employed to apprehend him, he was discovered concealed in a hole in his castle, through the smoke of his pipe, which he had not sufficient prudence to relinquish. And of the "Standing-stone," he told us, that it was a monument of the death of the

earl's son, who, having rebelled against his father, and fled, was killed on the spot where it is erected, by persons commanded to take him, dead or alive; for which rigorous obedience to his orders, the tyrant punished them severely. Whether these anecdotes are founded on fact I am incapable of affirming, but I insert them as the traditions remaining among the people.

The principal theme of conversation in the cabin was the adventure of a smuggler, whose vessel, containing upwards of one hundred tubs of liquor, had lately gone to pieces during a gale, upon a sandy ledge running from the mainland to a small island. The crew escaped to the islet, but the sea broke over it with such violence, that they could not remain there in safety; and two of their number ventured, between the fits of the storm, to cross the isthmus of sand that connected their retreat with the main. One of these adventurers was drowned in the attempt, but the other reached a house three miles inland, where he applied for assistance for his comrades, and such aid was afforded them that they were all brought off, and secured as smugglers, and conveyed to Leith. Not long afterwards, a strange gentleman was observed in the island, who refused to account for being in a place so re-

mote, and was apprehended as the captain of the smuggling vessel, but released upon £100 being given as security for his appearance. Upon his trial nothing but suspicion was brought against him, and he was set at large, upon bail of £200, to appear in six months at Edinburgh, which period was not yet expired.

The interest of this case was excited by the report of his having, since his trial, landed two hundred tubs on Bamff Pier, in the middle of the day, before the faces of the custom-house officers, who either dared not or would not interfere, and also from the apprehension of his brother, on board a smuggler at the Faro Isles.

The wind, which promised to carry us fairly out of Brassa Sound, greatly subsided during the night, but towards morning it freshened, and at six o'clock A.M. on the sixteenth the sails were set. At seven we weighed anchor, and departed with a favourable breeze blowing through the sound; but we had not proceeded far before it nearly ceased, and a boat was fastened ahead to assist its feeble efforts. In this way we passed several small islands and voes, till a dead calm completely stopped our progress. A small anchor was then dropped, to retain the ship in one position; and that we

might profit by our misfortune, the captain took William and me in the boat, to examine a small peninsula attached to the northern extremity of Brassa, in hopes of finding rabbits, or pigeons, which are said to frequent the isle, or at least of shooting a wild-duck. But, after ranging over rocks and hillocks, and watching a seal, that swam without the reach of our guns, we were fain to content ourselves with several handkerchiefs full of perriwinkles, two crabs, two or three echini, half a dozen hermit crabs, (Cancer Bernhardus, Linn.), and a pippit lark, which we shot while just pushing off. There are great numbers of these common birds in Shetland, and skylarks never ceased singing from morning till night, all the while I remained in its vicinity. Of other small birds I noticed many linnets in a cliff, some starlings on Scalloway Castle, and several wrens among the peat and heather on the hills—but I am digressing—let us return, then, to our ship.

A slight wind, a mere "catspaw," carried us slowly onward during the remainder of this day, and the whole of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth; but of the numerous islands we passed, during that time, I have only preserved the names of the "Skerries." They all,

however, wore the same appearance of hills, cliffs, and brown declivities, with at times a variegating patch of yellow moss. Small islands or rocks, detached from the larger ones, smiled upon the smooth face of the ocean, as if risen to enjoy the serenity of the skies, and gulls skimmed over the reflective water, as though in sportive emulation of their own images gliding along beneath its surface.

In the evenings, when darkness shrouded every other object, I amused myself with watching the phosphorescent streaks and spots of light, which broke upon the waves around the vessel. These little phenomena appeared whenever the seas burst against the sides of the ship, among the contending "lipper," that danced in minute billows along our course. The water seemed suddenly to become gilded with a patch, or small stream of yellow brightness, which, in a moment, was dispersed, and renewed in another place; but I did not notice this occurrence, excepting where there was agitation among the fluid. The source of this effulgence is, I believe, unknown, but it is supposed to arise from animalculæ.

The twentieth of April brought us a fair and fresh wind, which bore us along at the rate of

nine knots an hour. The weather was warm and dry, and our crew in good spirits, like huntsmen approaching towards the covert from which they expect to start their game. Hope sat on every look, and sounded in every voice, and the relation of former exploits in the capture of whales, and the pursuit of bears, contributed to whet the mental appetite for fresh encounters.

The cabin mess, or "the members of the cabinet," as we jocularly styled ourselves, were peculiarly happy in the association which circumstances had formed; for each of us was fond both of hearing and detailing the tales and anecdotes which had come to our knowledge. The time between supper and "turning in," was usually occupied in "story telling," for our mutual entertainment; and I never failed, when any tale thus introduced seemed interesting, to draw out my note-book, and follow the speaker with my pen. This practice, indeed, had now become almost requisite, as a kind of compliment to the narrator; for it was looked upon as a mark of the merit of a tale when the first lieutenant, (as I was humourously called), thought it worthy of being taken down in "harpoons and ice anchors," the name given to

my short hand by the sailors; and I was not a little amused by the literary vanity of many of the men, who used to ply me with relations of all kinds, in hopes that I should inscribe them in these wonderful characters.

From this motive, as well as from the fashion set by their superiors, our whole crew became a company of tale-tellers, and it is now my delight to peruse the numerous anecdotes which I was then almost compelled by courtesy to collect: some of them, indeed, I consider interesting from their own deserts; others, because they relate to persons with whom I became acquainted during my voyage; and others, again, from the characteristic touches they afford of man placed in a situation for which he seems not to have been intended—that of a seafarer. Human invention and art alone have assisted him to dwell upon the water, for nature formed him to live upon the earth; and it is when placed in circumstances which must be considered as extraordinary, since they are unnatural, that he exhibits habits and feelings as singular as his condition.

Customs become necessities by frequent indulgence, and the evening tale was as regularly expected as the grog, and, in accordance with

the manners of the parties, the relation of the story became a sort of duty, regulated by the discipline of the crew.

The accession of the Shetland men had allowed of three watches being instituted, and the officer of the watch for the time being was always considered bound either to tell an adventure himself, or to provide some one to supply his place.

This practice in no way interfered with the progress of the voyage, for the harpooners are usually capable of taking care of a ship, and it was only at hours of leisure that "spinning long yarns" was permitted; besides, as I was considered a spare hand on these occasions, I was always solicited to make good the interruptions, when the speaker was called away, by relating an anecdote, to fill up the interim till his return. William was obliged to take his turn, *ex officio.*

To illustrate our social enjoyments, as well as to record the tales which contributed to them, I intend to transcribe several of the narratives which fill my note-book; and, indeed, I have often thought of publishing the whole, under the title of Horæ Pelagicæ, or Noctes Navales. At present, however, the few that follow shall suffice.

After our departure from Shetland, those

islands afforded many themes to the recollection of our mess, and the inhabitants had supplied in their own conversation tales which were now remembered and repeated. Mr. Ridgway, the first mate, related the following story, which he had heard from the mouth of an elderly laird, with whom he had fallen into company at Lerwick, who had received it from another, who had obtained it from a third, who knew the parties to whom it related; for its genealogical descent was accurately preserved.

THE NIKKUR HOLL.

In one of the outer Skerries, there dwelt, many years ago, two fishermen, who, from their having both been left when young without parents or protectors, had formed an intimacy which subsisted throughout their lives. By their joint exertions they had managed to possess themselves of a boat, which led to a mutual good will or partnership, extending itself over all their other property in trade; for, as each inherited the cabin of his ancestors, there were two separate domestic establishments, though these existed more in appearance than reality. The difference in the ages of this pair was not great, but their persons and tempers were as unlike as a sealgh and a sillock. Petie Winwig was a thickset, Dutch-built, heavy-headed calf, with a broad, swollen, grinning countenance. His cheeks rose like two lumps of blubber on each

side of his nose, almost concealing that, as well as his little eyes, when he laughed. A perpetual smile of good humour and acquiescence sat upon his face, and his well fattened limbs and body shewed that care and discontent never prevented his stomach's doing its duty in an able manner. If, instead of having been born in this needy land, he had been the son of an English trader, he would have become one of those sleek, oily, full-bottomed swabbers, whom I have seen marching down Wapping High-street as if they were heaving an anchor at every step; and who, when they come aboard to look after stores, oblige us to lay a double plank from the quay to the gangway, for fear they should snap a good two inch deal asunder with their weight.

"Ay!" said Captain Shafton, "I know one who could raise a ton at least—perhaps you have seen him—old Fodder?"

"Fat Fodder!" cried Shipley, laughing, "I know him well—they say he measures three yards round the waist. I have seen the watermen refuse to take him across the river, for fear of swamping their boats.—I wanted him to let them tow him astern, like a dead fish, for there would be no fear of his sinking."

"I can tell you a merry jest of old Fodder,"

said the first mate, "if you'll put me in mind of him another night—at present I'll continue the laird's story."

Petie Winwig was not only fat, he was lazy and sleepy; and, had not his station compelled him to daily exertions and nocturnal watchings, he would have been the greatest though the most harmless drone in the islands. On the other hand, his associate and partner was a perfect wasp, both in appearance and activity. He was "a lean and hungry looking" rogue, a complete "spare Cassius" in his way. His figure was tall and bony, with a length of arm fit for a king, and an eye as quick as a "donkey's." His looks were prying and inquisitive, and the shrewdness of his features was greatly heightened by a long and hooked nose, which obtained for him amongst his countrymen, who had been, (as most of them have,) in the Greenland seas, the designation of the Mallemak.* This title he indeed well sustained, for he was as rapacious, and as constantly on the wing, as that unwearied bird; but he might as justly have been called a Solan, or a pelican, for if he could not poise himself in the air and plunge down, like one of them

* Pronounced "Mollymawk."

on a shoal of fishes, he knew no bounds to his desire to obtain them; nor would the possession of all the inhabitants of the deep have satisfied his covetousness. His real name was Daniel, but he was most commonly called Spiel Trosk, the hardest driver of a bargain who ever brought goods to Lerwick; and, if he did not openly cheat and delude his customers, it was only because he had not been brought up according to the newest and most liberal system of education. He was, indeed, as much in the dark in this particular, as if he had lived through the whole of one of the dark ages, and though Petie Winwig, his comrade, as well from indolence as from stupidity, never questioned his dealings, but left the management of the money entirely in his hands without suspicion, he was not enlightened enough to think of swindling him. This ignorance was indeed deplorable; for Petie preferred sitting in doors, making fishing lines and mending nets, to plying in the market, and was, besides, fully convinced both of his own incapacity for business, and of his companion's talents; so that, but for this want of illumination, Spiel might have bilked him out of the profits of their mutual labours. There were, however, no unfair

dealings between them, but, on the contrary, perfect confidence and friendship.—They tilled one plot of ground, and sowed it with the same seed; they assisted each other in digging peat, and in making or repairing every shed or utensil which the necessities of either required; and they knew no need of asking when they wished to borrow. In fact, the division of their huts was the only distinction that existed between them, and as these were situated close together, on a slope lying under the lee of a rocky hill, apart from the rest of the village, this separation was merely nominal.

To their lonely and isolated situation may perhaps be traced the commencement of their union; and in such islands, where every want beyond the capacity of the individual to supply, must be obviated by the assistance of a neighbour, close intimacies must necessarily be produced. Similarity of temper and inclinations may be essential to matrimonial connections, but the friendships of either sex exist most strongly between those of different dispositions and pursuits; and he who considers that jealousy, envy, and avarice, are the rocks on which most friendships are wrecked, will not be at a loss for the cause.

The love of gain, which Spiel Trosk nourished as the dearest affection of his heart, increased, like all other inordinate desires, in strength and magnitude, till it became a monster. He grew discontented with the spare profits of his occupation—a creel of sillocks brought him but a trifle, hundreds of ling and tusk were sold without filling his purse, and the mittens and caps, which he and Petie knitted at spare hours, or whilst watching their lines, hardly repaid the cost and the labour, and to dig and carry peat was absolute waste of time.—In fact, his thoughts were directed towards obtaining large sums of money, such as he had heard were amassed by the southrons, whose ships passed occasionally before his eyes. He had sailed in a Greenland-man, in his youth, and he now dreamed of the wealth the owner must have possessed to fit out such a vessel; he thought of the shoals of bottle-noses he had seen killed in his native voes, and he calculated the produce which the laird had enjoyed—Money became the only theme of his thoughts, his idol, and he might be said to worship Mammon in his heart. At length he became possessed with a strange idea, he fancied that he was destined to be rich —not rich like Magnus Horrick, the fish salter,

who traded to Spain; nor like Davie Steinson, the spirit dealer; but rich as Gilbert Maclure of Leith, who, it was said, could buy all Shetland; or as a merchant of London, whose ships came yearly to Lerwick, on their way to the whale fishery, and returned, in their homeward course, laden with the ransom of a monarch.

For sometime the idea which Spiel had conceived, of his approaching state of affluence, was of great benefit to the firm of Winwig and Trosk; for the fisherman had believed that his riches were to be the result of unparalleled exertion and success. He had accordingly become more energetic than ever, and he began to attract much notice at this period, from his constantly going about in search of gain. He knew no rest by land or by sea, his nets and his lines were always in the water, and his fish were never wanting in the market. Petie now was of greater importance than he had ever been before, and his hours were well engaged in netting and twisting lines; for Spiel had doubled his demand for tackle, and employed two sets of fishing gear instead of one.

But it was not from fish only that Trosk expected to obtain his wealth; he became a speculator, and at the close of the summer

bought the surplus grain of his neighbours, and added it to an extraordinary quantity which he and Winwig had raised by their own exertions. This he intended to carry in his boat to the surrounding islands, when corn might be dear, and he talked of stretching over to Orkney, if he could hear of a good market. At the departure and return of the Greenland fleet, he was one of the most diligent visitors to the vessels in Brassa Sound, whither he always repaired in due time, with lambs, poultry, eggs, mittens, hose, and every other saleable commodity; but, unlike his brethren, instead of preferring to receive the value of his merchandize in meal, split pease, and pieces of beef or pork, he would never part even with a muscle unless for money, for the only delight he knew was the possession of cash.

Another source of revenue to the firm was down, collected during those times when the weather rendered fishing impracticable, and Spiel was soon known as the most adventurous climber amongst precipices who had ever plundered a nest. Even the eagles of Sumburgh were not safe from his depredations, when engaged in scaling the heights of the mountains —no man could strike down a shag or a gannet

like the Skerry fisherman, nor could any one boast of having killed so many wild swans.

With all his diligence and dexterity, after a year and a half spent in anxious labour and peril, Trosk found that the accumulated profits of twice fifty such terms, would not prōduce the wealth he had allotted to himself in his dream of avarice; and, instead of questioning the justness of his impression that he was to become rich, he concluded that some strange and unprecedented good fortune was to befal him. This fancy wrough t in the mind of Spiel till he could not contain it, and it was spread abroad through the medium of Winwig, who, finding his friend did not mean to make it a secret, took delight in telling what he began to believe as truth, for his opinion of Trosk's sagacity was great, and his own weakness of mind was not trifling. To the simple declaration which Petie made, the neighbours added their own comments, and incorporated them with the text. It was said, that Spiel had been visited by his infernal majesty himself, who had offered to make him a rich man, on certain conditions, and that only the consent of the fisherman was wanting to render him wealthy. Several even recollected the time of the proposal, and were almost sure they had

seen the evil one pull the latch of the cottage, and enter during a storm. A description of the Devil became familiar with the gossips of the Skerries, and from thence found its way to Lerwick; and at length "Mess John, the pastor," made some allusion to it in the kirk on a Sunday. Others had a different way of accounting for the foretold riches of the fisherman. He was the orphan of an orphan, and that was sufficient to ensure him luck. This assertion, however, did not contain enough of the wonderful to give general satisfaction; and, accordingly some declared that Trosk had discovered the means of propitiating the lost race of brownies, and of obtaining their long withheld kindness; while still another party said, that the prophet, who had predicted the future riches of the fisherman, was a being without name or description, which had risen up from the bottom of the sea one moonlight night, when Spiel pulled his line, thinking he had hooked a large fish, and which had told him explicitly, that he should possess more pieces of gold than he had ground "aits in the mull."

Which of these reports is correct, is not for me to state, but an occurrence soon took place which induced Spiel Trosk to believe and hope

in secret, that that portion of them which referred to the quantity of gold he should amass would prove correct. It is one of the attributes of superstition to give credit to relations which are totally at variance with our own experience and knowledge, provided they promise something improbable and supernatural; and, although the fisherman at first declared that he had neither seen the devil, nor propitiated a brownie, nor fished up a demon from the depth of the ocean, he suddenly altered his manner, and hinted that the report of his having communication with beings of another world was not altogether without foundation.

The desire of wealth, which at first had prompted Spiel to exert every muscle in the pursuit of profitable occupations, now rose to a height which rendered it, like all other overstrained passions, injurious to its entertainer. By his unrivalled diligence and foresight, and the obedience and docility of Petie, Trosk and Winwig were already spoken of as the most flourishing fishermen within the isles. On them Magnus Horrick, the mighty fish curer, depended for a greater supply than on any four others, and from their nets and lines the gastronomes of Lerwick obtained the choicest

offerings of the seas. Their fame, too, began to be attached to other articles of commerce; Spiel had disposed of his barley and oats with great success, having carried them to the neighbouring isles at a season when they were greatly needed, for which the laird of Calk had presented him with a fizgig, or small harpoon.

Petie's mittens and caps were in great esteem amongst traders and sailors, and were thought equal to those of Fair Isle, and their boat was always welcome alongside of every ship in the sound, since, as I have said, they were not civilized enough to know how to cheat. In this thriving condition, when they were considered as the most monied men in the Skerries, and had contracted for more land for raising barley, and feeding sheep and horses, than any other tenants of the laird, Spiel Trosk became discontented, and possessed with the belief that his riches were to be the result of some fortuitous circumstance. His mind grew uneasy and anxious, and instead of wearing the air of an active man of business, with a keen and decisive glance of the eye, he shewed the restless and haggard countenance of a person bereft of his property. He began to prowl and roam about now, more in hopes of meeting with the gifts of

chance, than in pursuit of any determined object, and his looks grew rapacious from avarice, and angry from disappointment; still he did not neglect any of his former occupations, though he performed them with less alacrity of spirit and gratification than before; but he was wont to fall into reveries and calculations upon the nature of the event which was to fill up the measure of his covetousness, if, indeed, such a desire can be satiated.

Dangerous is the precipice that hangs over the gulph of futurity, and fearful is his situation who attempts to look steadily down it. The meditations of the fishermen, on the possibility of gaining money without labour, gave birth to strange fancies and desires in his mind. The gossip of the old women often recurred to his thoughts, and when at night the wind whistled around his cabin, and the sea poured into the voe near which it was situated, and broke among the rocks, his ear listened, almost without his consent, for some unusual and portentous sound. What it was he expected to hear, or to behold, he knew not, and wished not to think, but the heavy pattering of rain often sounded to him like footsteps, and when a gust shook his door, he looked at the latch, with the fixed yet hag-

gard eye of one who firmly awaits the arrival of a terrible visitor.

The mind of Spiel was likewise perpetually disturbed by the recurrence of a singular circumstance, whenever he sought repose on his pillow. At the moment of dropping off to sleep, he was awakened by a word whispered in his ear, which, notwithstanding all his endeavours, he could not perfectly recollect, although it seemed as if the mention of one letter of it would have enabled him to remember the whole. It was not a word he had ever heard before, nor uttered in a tone like the voice of any being he knew; but, to whatever language it belonged, or however it was spoken, it was distinctly pronounced, and nothing but the want of a cue to begin with prevented his repeating it. He held it in his mind, and felt it as it were at the end of his tongue, but all his attempts to give it utterance were unavailing, and he might have forgotten it, but that, when he least thought of it, the same syllables were repeated near to him—not constantly, but from time to time, just as his eyes closed, and he lost the consciousness of his situation.

Still this was a circumstance of no consequence, and he strove to look upon it as a curious annoy-

ance, which caused him more uneasiness than it deserved. It was the omen of nothing; for nothing took place that had not happened before. No good or evil fortune crossed his path, but the neighbours, with natural malignity, remarked that success had not made Trosk happier, and pithy hints, about the blessings of poverty and contentment, were dropped in his presence. But the malicious insinuations of his countrymen were less heeded by Spiel than the froth of the sea; his thoughts were on bags of money, and his attention was engaged with things to come.

Winter had now fairly set in, short days succeeded the long nights of that season, and the northern ocean was dashed in huge billows upon the shores. The blasts, which swept the icy sea of Spitzbergen, came laden with triple coldness, and withered the vegetation of the vallies through which they passed. The spray no longer merely whitened the rocks along the beach; it rose in showers upon the breeze, and smote the face of the wanderer far within the land. The wild fowl forsook the coast, and gathered together upon the sheltered lochs and pools among the hills; and squalls of hail and sleet drove along in rapid succession.

At this season little opportunity offered to the fishermen, to pursue their avocations; they were, for the most part, confined to their cottages, and employed themselves in refitting their tackle for the ensuing spring. Not so Spiel Trosk: if the sea would yield him no fish, it might give him drift wood, or the spoil of a wreck, or curious shells for the Greenland doctors, or even sea weed, or he might light upon a seal sleeping on a rocky nook, or surprise a solan within reach of a stone, or he might find something which would add to his possessions, and eventually be converted into money; for, like Ben Franklin, he well knew that, after lying by for seven years, many things at last turn to account. With this view, Spiel was accustomed to make a tour of the beach early every morning, and he seldom returned without a trifle of some kind in his hand.

In one of his rounds he stopped to observe a speck floating on the water, which, as it drew near, he found to be a seal by its diving. He stood for a little while, in hopes it might crawl out upon the shore, and give him an opportunity of striking it, and whilst thus engaged, just within the verge of the flood tide, which was rising, he occasionally turned his eyes upon

the pebbles that were driven forward by the force of the waves. A billow, more heavy and more angry than the rest, rolled towards him, and as it rushed up the strand, it brought, amongst a cluster of wreck and sea moss, a yellow pellet, which it left at his feet. From habitual inclination to appropriate every thing to himself, the fisherman at first picked it up as an uncommon stone; but his fingers soon contracted with spasmodic firmness, when he discovered that he held in his hand a piece of pure gold. After a momentary ecstacy, he again looked at it, and saw that by the action of the water it had been rolled to and fro at the bottom, till it had become as round, and about as large, as a musquet bullet.

From ruminating on his wishes, and on the reports that had been framed concerning their accomplishment, the mind of Trosk had acquired a tinge of superstition. He gazed again and again at the golden pebble, and thought of the bullets of precious metal which he had heard in his childhood were sometimes shot at witches, and he felt a slight thrill through his frame, when the idea of a bait being laid for him by the infernal foe crossed his brain.

The consideration of the weight and value

of this little ingot, however, soon put weak fancies to flight, and he sat himself down to form some conjecture as to the manner of its arrival on that coast, while he carefully watched the waves for another such gift.

Long and abstract were the meditations of Spiel Trosk, as he patiently awaited the ebbing of the tide, in hopes the retiring waters would leave a second ball of gold for his reward. He reflected that, unless his prize had been cast into the form of a bullet, a supposition which he would not seriously entertain, it had probably formed the centre of a large piece of gold, which had been worn away to the size he now found it; and, with a sigh, at the loss of so many precious grains, as deep as if they had been drawn from his own pocket, he strove to estimate what might have been the bulk of the original ingot.

I cannot tell you how he set to work; but he was interrupted by a heavy squall of rain, hail, and snow, which drove with blinding fury over the ocean, full in his face, and though he cared little for weather, he thought it as well to seek shelter in a kind of cavern in the rocks, not far from where he was standing, foreseeing that the tempest would not last long. Hither,

then, he retreated, not by entering at its mouth, for the sea constantly poured in at that opening, but by descending down a wide gap in its roof, which led by craggy steps to the cavity within. A dark and dreary retreat was this cavern, and of unusual formation, for it was not a blind cave, penetrating directly into the cliff, but a vast gallery or tunnel, which opened on one side of a steep headland, and pierced through to the other, allowing the waves to rush and tumble along its gloomy gulph, till they foamed out at the end opposite to that at which they entered. From the position of the external rocks, a constant succession of waves were directed through it, and a perpetual roar reverberated in its hollow bowels. Few but adventurous and thoughtless lads had ever ventured within its interior, and their curiosity led them not far; while the more mature, who had no motive for encountering its difficulties, were contented with warning their children not to fall down the rift that led to it, which gaped amidst a cluster of heather at the back of the promontory, and with handing down its name of the Nickkur Holl, as they had received it from their fathers.

Trosk left the low beach, and hurried round

the hill, to the opening that conducted to the chasm; for the storm came pelting down more angrily than he had expected, and so thickly fell the sleet, that he could scarcely see to pick his way through the peat bogs, that lay at the foot of the acclivity, deluged as they were with the little rills that descended into them. He had not sought "the yawn," as the mouth of the rift was called, since he had been a youth, but he found it with little difficulty. On entering, however, he perceived that its gulph was much less practicable to him now than he had been used to consider it, when younger and more venturesome; and though he was the most expert climber within the Skerries, he felt no inclination to penetrate farther within its abyss, than was requisite to screen him from the driving of the tempest. At about ten or twelve feet below the edge, there was a shelf formed by the projection of a ledge of rock, and to this he let himself down, and having seated himself, at length, under the lee of a block of stone, he drew out his piece of gold from his pocket, and renewed his contemplations.

His chief endeavour was to recollect if he had ever heard of a vessel having been cast away near the Skerries; for to some such occurrence he attributed the presence of the golden

bullet, and he wished, besides, to flatter a hope he had conceived, that this prize was only the harbinger of a greater treasure; but, with all his retrospection, he could recall no tradition of a shipwreck near his native isle, and he remained lost in amazement and doubt. Meanwhile, the face of the heavens became less obscure with clouds, the wind no longer howled over the mouth of the gulph, and the deep echoing bellow of the troubled surge within the Nikkur Holl was the only sound distinguishable. The fisherman, however, did not awaken from the reverie into which he had fallen, but remained sitting, almost unconsciously, on the ledge within "the yawn." He was calling over in his mind the names of several old persons, from whom he meant to inquire what vessels had been lost on the coast within their memory, and was scarcely aware that he was not seated by his own hearth, when a voice whispered slowly in his ear, "Car-mil-han." "Good God!" cried Spiel, starting up and looking fearfully down the abyss, from whence the sound seemed to come, "this is the word that haunts me in my sleep! what can it mean?" What is Carmilhan? he would have said, but he felt unwilling to pronounce the strange term, though he now recognized it as that which he had so

long endeavoured to utter. He continued a few moments gazing into the dark void beneath, and listening to the roaring waves, which seemed to wrestle unceasingly within the craggy entrails of the hill, till a degree of alarm overcame him, and he turned to ascend the sides of the rift; but, just as his last foot was withdrawn over the upper edge, a slight breath of wind passed out, and muttered "Carmilhan." "Carmilhan!" repeated Trosk with violence: "Gracious Heaven, why is this unknown word thus spoken to me!" He then rushed down the hill, and stopped not till he had hastened a great way towards his cottage.

It must not be supposed, from this behaviour, that Spiel was a coward; he was, on the contrary, one of the bravest of his countrymen, but the singular coincidence of the same sound, ringing in his ears at unexpected moments, and the dreary place in which he had last heard it, combined to agitate his mind. He felt, too, a degree of nervous irritibility gain upon him, as his desire of wealth grew stronger; for that powerful impulse was opposed by a consciousness, that the encouragement he gave it was criminal, and he had, besides, constantly remarked, that the word which annoyed him

always followed his reveries and dreams of riches.

By the time he reached his cabin, which he did at a swift pace, Trosk felt inclined to smile at his own folly, at scampering through burns and bogs at the rustling of the air from an outlet in the rock. He now half doubted that he had heard any thing more than a gust of wind; for, though he was confident that "Carmilhan" was the word he had fancied spoken to him in his sleep, and which he had in vain endeavoured to recollect, he attributed the supposed repetition of it in "the yawn," to his having remembered it unexpectedly, at the instant the "sough" rose up through the tunnel. In fact, he burst out into a laugh, as he looked at his breeks, splashed with the oozy puddles through which he had hurried, and he fondled "Sealgh," the dog who guarded both the cottages, in a more playful manner than was natural to him. Not having been at home to light his fire, he went to Winwig's hut, in hopes of getting some warm burgoo for breakfast, and, on entering, he found Petie fast asleep, sitting with his back propped against a chest, by the side of some smoaking peat, that lay amidst a heap of white ashes on the raised hearth, in the

midst of the room. In each hand he still held a knitting needle, with which he had been at work, and a kitten was playing with the worsted ball attached to them, whilst Petie's head occasionally nodded forward, as if in mute approbation of its antics.

The fisherman entered the cottage of his comrade, with the intention of shewing him the piece of gold he had found, but Winwig did not awake with the noise he made, and Spiel seated himself by the fire, and warmed his pannikin to prepare his meal in silence. At another time he would have roused Petie, who had fallen into a doze, as he was wont when unengaged in any very active employment; but now he felt some doubts of the prudence of letting his friend know his good fortune, since that harmless and simple being might take delight in spreading the news among the neighbours, who would be continually on the watch for other prizes of the same kind, and who might also adopt a measure he had contemplated himself. At length he resolved not to make his partner acquainted with "his luck," but to pursue his own counsels, till he had satisfied himself that there would be no danger in risking

the disclosure; and he continued eating his crowdie with good appetite, and admiring the full, sleek, and torpid countenance of Winwig, and wondering how any being capable of making money by exertion could resign himself to such a state of unprofitable inaction. There was, however, in the blubber swollen cheeks and massive double chin of Petie, an air of contentment and happiness that offered the best reply to the sarcastic reflections of Trosk; and could a stander-by have beheld the broad, smooth, rounded features of one, half smiling in sleep, while his head nodded at ease, unable to sink far, from the rolls of fat that encompassed his neck and pillowed it up, and at the same glance could have viewed the sharp and care-marked visage of Spiel, with its deepening furrows, its wrinkled front, its thin projecting nose, curved over its compressed lips, while its hue of livid brown was rendered still more lurid by the gleams of its haggard eye, which shone behind its contracted brow of stiff black hair, like the glance of a tiger through a bush, he would have required no time to decide which person he would have chosen to be.

Petie's slumber was ended by the kitten,

which, after taking sundry gamesome wheels round the room, ran scrambling up his clothes, till it mounted his head, from whence, when the "man mountain" moved, it leaped off in alarm. Not less alarmed was Winwig, who, clapping both his hands on his crown, where the beast had left several scratches, started up and staggered about, with his eyes half open, and his senses yet asleep; but a loud laugh, which Spiel was provoked to utter, recalled his recollection.

"Heigh! Spiel," cried the drowsy loon, rubbing his eyes, "I am very glad you are safe; for I have been dreaming strange things about you."

"About me, do you say?" replied the other.

"Ay, indeed, hinney," said Winwig, "I but now thought I was yourself, and, though I knew I was not you, I still fancied I was, and at the same time I thought I was a fish, and that I saw a bait which I wanted to take, though I knew there was a hook in it, that would lay hold of me. It was a yellow bait, and the more I looked at it the more I longed for it, and something seemed to mutter 'take it, take it,' in my ear, till at last I snapped at it,

and was caught, and I felt as if being drawn along by the hook when I awaked; but all the while I thought I was you, and not me, though I imagined I was close by at the time."

"Pheugh! dreams are but dreams," said Spiel: "you felt the cat's claws in your head, and you imagined the rest to account for it. Has Steenson been here to-day?"

"No," replied Petie; "I think the squall has kept him away. It was so thick for a time that I could not see, and just then I dropped off."

"Where were you in the storm?"

"I was under shelter of a rock," said Trosk, turning the conversation, and, shortly after, he left the cabin.

From this time Spiel became more moody and discontented than ever. The sight of the gold, which he used to contemplate several times a day, seemed to infect him with an insatiability and restlessness, that kept him constantly from home. In spite of frost and snow, and storms and tempests, he was always on the beach; and whenever the boat could live on the sea, he put off shore, on pretence of fishing, though many old craftsmen made it their business to inform him that it was not the season for catching fish. But Spiel gave them some evasive answer, and

they grew tired of imparting wisdom to no purpose to a self-willed adventurer.

Trosk's real object, in pretending to fish, was to use a grapnel he had constructed, in hopes of laying hold of something at the bottom, which would prove of value, or, at least, confirm him in his idea that some ship had foundered near the spot where he found the piece of gold. He had in vain inquired, of the oldest inhabitants of the isle, whether any vessel had been wrecked at any time near the Skerries. No one knew of a loss so near; and, though many could tell him of all the catastrophes of the kind that had happened amongst the Shetland Islands, since the time when the Spanish Armada appeared off them, he could hear of nothing that had taken place where he expected.

Spring appeared, and yet Spiel had met with no second piece of gold, although he had paced the beach till he had almost numbered every stone that lay upon it. He had raked the bottom with his grapnel, for a mile along the coast, and for the depth of ten fathoms, but had found nothing. He had watched when the waves were most rough, and the surf most violent, in hopes of seeing another rounded mass of precious metal thrown on the strand, but in vain, and now it was

time to return to his usual duties—to drain the land, to till and sow, and dig peat, and set his tackle in order. Yet, without neglecting the business of the firm, he resolved to continue his researches for more gold. He felt convinced, that one lump of that substance could not have come alone to where he found it, and he persuaded himself, that he had not hitherto struck upon the place where the wreck had happened. To avoid wasting the time necessary for his other occupations, he regularly went out at night with his boat, and this he did for a long time in private; but, when his proceedings were noticed, he still continued the practice, declaring that he could not sleep, and that it was better to run the chance of catching something, than to be awake and idle in bed. By degrees, however, he let his desire for acquiring the supposed lost treasure overcome his prudence, and, instead of returning ashore to renew his labours in the field, he remained, pretending to fish, for the greater part of the day. Unfortunately, the place near which he had found the bullet was notorious for its want of fish; and, when his countrymen saw him toiling in such a barren spot, they were amazed at his pertinacity in dropping his lines where no prey had been taken for years. This obstinacy

was the more conspicuous, because quantities of sillocks, herrings, mackarel, cod, ling, and tusk, were to be met with in other places; and the sagacity for which Spiel had formerly been remarkable began to be questioned, while the property he had accumulated daily dwindled away. At the same time, in consequence of all these meditations and considerations, and painful watchings, Trosk himself grew leaner, and more avaricious, without becoming more rich. Indeed, he was now much poorer; his features put on a more greedy and sharpened appearance, his eyes seemed capable of piercing through every thing at which he looked, and his cupidity was without controul. Instead of Spiel Trosk, the money-maker, he was now called "Dan Bottlenose;"—not that any one dared apply such a name to him in his presence, for his blows were never tenderly given, nor slow in forthcoming, but his wilful folly in "fishing for blobs," as his neighbours used to term his labours, had become the jest of the island.

He was not, however, forsaken by Petie, though he brought home no fish, nor struck down wild swans as before; nor though Gustave Guckelsporn and Chriss Mienkel endeavoured to persuade him that Spiel was daft or possessed, and that it was sinful to have any thing to do with him,

while there were so many other good fellows in the island, to whom he could unite in partnership, as he had done with him. But so well was Winwig persuaded of the superior sense and conduct of his companion, that he adhered to his fortunes as firmly now as when they were more prosperous, and never even questioned Trosk concerning his motions.

Spiel himself, at length, began to doubt the rationality of his conduct, and looked back with regret on the months he had wasted in vain; yet, the poorer he became, the more earnest grew his attempts to recover some of the hidden wealth. He now loaded a large stone with tallow, and let it sink quickly to the bottom, in hopes of bringing up a pellet of gold attached to it, as stones and shells are found clinging, by the same means, to the sounding lead; but he drew from the bottom nothing but pebbles, starfish, and sea urchins, and this contrivance proved as unsuccessful as his grapnel had formerly done.

Whilst labour and disappointment exhausted the strength and the patience of the infatuated fisherman, a more obscure and indefinable misery preyed upon those moments which he was constrained to allow for rest. Still, from time to

time, as he resigned himself to sleep, the same strange unearthly voice whispered in his ear the unknown word, to which he could find no interpretation, and still he doubted the evidence of his drowsy senses, and endeavoured, when awake, to persuade himself, that by continually thinking of a sound, which had been at first only the creation of his fancy, he had rendered its recurrence habitual. Yet, while his reason strove to contradict his feelings, his mind became influenced by superstitious misgivings; he listened to tales of kelpies and water fiends with attention, and began to attribute his torment to a call from an evil spirit. He now could account for his hearing "Carlmilhan" repeated in the "yawn," by believing that the Holl was haunted by these beings, and he thought of applying to the minister for advice. Then, he paused to consider whether charms would not drive them away, and would have taken council of an old woman, famous in those isles for her necromancy, had not his better feelings told him that the practice was unchristian; but an occurrence took place which overthrew his scruples, and brought him to the brink of the deep pit.

The moon appeared one night, when he was prosecuting his research with his grapnel. It

rose full from behind a deep black cloud, whose skirt rested on the horizon, while its upper edge floated like a vast black pall in the mid heaven. The wind had gone down, and left the sea unruffled, but heaving with a heavy ground swell, rising and falling in large smooth billows, like the dance of a host of hills. Spiel continued his occupation, in spite of the uneasy motion which the water communicated to his boat; not without some hope, that the agitation of the ocean might lay bare or detach some portion of the treasures for which he was seeking. The position he occupied at the rising of the moon, was not far from the entrance to the Nikkur Holl; for he had investigated almost every other station, and when the moonlight threw the broad shadow of the cliffs upon the water, he could not help turning his head to mark the grotesque image of the noss, or headland, through which the tunnel ran. Its shade was stretched upon the surface, like the figure of a huge monster, while the roaring of the surge through the cavern seemed to imitate its bellow. Around it spread a field of brilliant light, but, far beyond, the sea was buried in the deepest gloom, beneath the sable cloud from which the moon had glided. Trosk, while his boat drifted, and drew the

grapnel along the bottom, gazed first at the fanciful shadow of the Nikkur Holl, and then at the promontory itself, till his attention was fixed by his seeing something move on its summit. What it was he knew not, but at first he thought it was a pale flame, then it looked like a winged creature, dancing with extended pinions, and he fancied he could see its features, which were human. He looked to see if its shadow was reflected in the water, but nothing was visible on the image of the noss. He turned his eyes again towards the top of the cliff, and a chill sweat crept out of his skin, when he beheld the little being leap up distinctly from the brow of the hill, and fall down repeatedly on its taper legs.

A thousand strange and superstitious feelings arose within the mind of the fisherman, as he gazed on this realization of the gossip tales he had once despised. This, then, was a sea sprite or kelpie, and was no doubt the demon that tormented him with its unceasing whisper. This it was, which had muttered Carmilhan in the yawn; this was the little imp, Still Spraakel, which had always been said to dwell in the Nikkur Holl, and whose visits boded both good and evil, though no one could tell which till it

happened; this was the moonlight in which it loved to appear. Spiel was running on thus in his fancy, while he looked at the object of his conjectures, till it made a third vault and vanished, and at the same time the grapnel caught hold of something at the bottom, and brought up the boat. The fisherman forgot the spirit for a moment, in the hope that this might prove some part of the treasure, and he began to haul with care upon his line. He pulled with force, but the hooks still clung firmly to the bottom, and though the swell of the waves jerked hard upon the rope, it kept its grasp. Spiel pulled still stronger, and brought his skiff close over the spot by his tugging; but the grapnel kept its hold. He grew uneasy, and feared his line might break, and he looked back to the noss, to see if the apparition was there. It was not there, but he beheld the black cloud advancing on all sides from the horizon, while the moon looked pale in the space in which she yet shone, in the centre of the heavens. The shadow of the headland was gone, and darkness was fast closing around him. The wind began to rise, and the bowels of the Nikkur Holl roared more loudly than before, while the heaving of the sea grew more troubled. His boat rocked, and he leaned

over its side, and pulled with violence, resolved upon breaking his rope, or bringing up the spoil, be it rock or kist of gold. Again he strained hard, just as the clouds were about to shut out the light of the moon; the impediment gave way, and he believed the line had broken, for he felt no weight; but, in an instant, something large and dark rose up above the surface of the water, over which he bent, as if disposed to spring into the boat. He fixed his eyes upon it, with his hands extended to grasp it, whatever it might be; and as the water, which had now assumed a sparkling appearance, separated to give it passage, he saw inscribed upon a round black mass of something, though what he could not define, the hateful word, "Carmilhan." It stopped scarce half an instant above the surface, and again sunk, as quickly as it had risen; but Trosk, rendered desperate by this repetition of his torment, plunged his arm swiftly after it, and caught it by its hair. This gave way, and the rest was gone. He drew back his hand, but the moon had disappeared, and he could not see what sort of slippery matter remained in it. A groan of despair, urged almost to madness, burst from the lips of the fisherman at this defeat, and he

gnashed his teeth and tore his hair with vexation; but, presently, loud claps of thunder, followed by heavy drops of rain, foretold the onset of a storm, and he was compelled to take to his paddles, and make for the shore. A raging tempest succeeded, and Spiel, though cooped beneath a ledge of rock, was drenched with rain and spray; but, notwithstanding his situation, and the occurrences he had witnessed, he fell asleep before the day dawned over the ocean. His dreams were but a repetition of what he had shortly before beheld while awake, though aggravated by the wild delusions of unbridled fancy, and he was disturbed from his repose by an imaginary disappointment, similar to that which he had really suffered. When he opened his eyes, the first rays of the sun were gleaming over the waters before him. The billows had dwindled to little waves, leaping and dancing along the surface, with glittering crests and pale blue bosoms. A soft mist occupied the horizon, extending towards the island, and gleaming in many places with imperfect rainbows, which gradually seemed to melt away in the morning sunbeams. Of wind there was scarcely a breath, and one small black cloud floated alone upon a sky of milky azure.

The fisherman lay for some time looking at the mild features of the new-born day, and comparing them with the hideous scowl of the preceding night. His view stretched over a wide expanse of sea, swelling in joyous motion, from the foot of the rocks, in which he had found protection, to the light veil of vapour which hung before the distance. He saw, at intervals, the restless gulls glide along the face of the deep, and the glittering fishes leap from its bosom; but yet he did not stir, and he wondered what feeling of idleness now bound his hitherto unwearied limbs.

After remaining a little longer thus stretched at ease, he was about to arise and take to his boat, when he fancied he could see, at the utmost verge of vision, something floating on the water. It was, indeed, but a speck, but it was a speck of hope, and Spiel never neglected the slightest chance of acquisition. It was something, and it might be something valuable, and that idea was sufficient to engage his attention. He resolved, therefore, to make towards it, lest any one else should have it in his eye, and secure it before him, and he was every moment on the point of creeping from his recess, but yet he felt willing to stay an instant longer.

This instant was spent in a fresh conjecture on the nature of the floating body, and the succeeding instant was similarly occupied. In the meanwhile, the object of his consideration drew sensibly nearer, and became more visible; and as he concluded, by its progress, that it possessed more means of making way than the action of the winds and waves, he began to suppose that it might be a skiff. That it was a boat, he in a short time became convinced, for he could mark its outline, and descry a figure sitting in it; but his surprise at the rapidity of its advance was increased, by his not being able to descry either the sails or oars by which it was propelled.

Having determined to remain where he was, Spiel drew himself as far back as possible within his hiding place, and kept his eyes fixed upon the bark. He now fancied that its quickness of motion had decreased, and that it came forward very slowly indeed. This he considered natural enough, as it evidently had no source of motion but the uncertain action of the waves, and he attributed his former supposition to the incorrect vision caused by the fog; but still he was astonished to observe it glide on, on end, with the stem towards the shore, instead of driving along with its broadside to the wind; because

he could see that the person aboard payed no attention to the rudder, if it had one, but was seated rather more forward than aft. He noticed another circumstance, that excited his wonder, which was, that a small string of petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens, followed the wake of the bark, and flew at times around the head of the stranger; though it is well known that these birds never appear except in storms, of which they are considered both the harbingers and the spirits; yet just then the weather and the ocean were remarkably calm. Again, he was at a loss to account for the boat being directed immediately towards the spot in which he was secreted, for there was no inlet or landing place for some distance along the coast, but a bluff, rocky margin, till you come to Dummafrith's Voe.

This circumstance, however, he attributed to ignorance of the shore, or want of power to manage the boat, and he had time to form a thousand speculations while he lay ensconced in his nook.

At length, Spiel could make out something of the features and figure of the person who occupied the bark, and he found him to be a little withered old man, who sat quite stiff and

upright on the rowers' bench, and neither moved his head nor body to the right nor to the left. His face was thin and sharp, and covered by a dry, wrinkled, tawny skin, stretched tightly over the stringy muscles which formed his cheeks and lips. His dress was of bright yellow canvas, or something like it, and a red nightcap covered his head, with its point sticking upright in the air, while in his hand he held a kind of instrument, that resembled a harpoon at one end and a blubber fork at the other."

"This is a very odd little fellow," thought Trosk to himself, as the boat came up towards him, "he looks as old and as stiff as if he had been dead and dried like a salted tusk for this fifty years—he certainly is not alive now."

This conjecture, indeed, seemed true, for the skiff having run up against the boat of the fisherman, which lay beneath his recess, remained stationary, and Spiel could see plainly enough, that the eyes of the little figure were closed, and that its mouth was shut, as if a long time had passed since it had been opened, and that there was no perceptible respiration going on.

Spiel, having advanced to the edge of his retreat, sat for some time looking down upon the immoveable little figure before him, in won-

der at the situation and attire of the man, and at the kind of boat which had brought him; for the whole was unlike anything he had ever before beheld or heard of. But, after striving in vain to account for what he saw, he became impatient, and in a tone somewhat influenced by a kind of awe, which he felt creeping into his mind, he called out to the stranger to know if he was asleep. He might as well have called to the Nikkur Noss for any answer he received, though he repeated the question several times, each louder than the last. But, growing more bold or curious, he descended into his boat, and grasping the boat hook gave the little oddity a smart push. This was of no avail, and he pushed again harder than before, to as little purpose; and he was about to fasten a rope to the head of the skiff to tow it round to the voe, by the side of which he resided, thinking it fit that the authorities of the island should take cognizance of the dead body, for such he now considered it to be, when it slowly began to move. Its eyes opened, but at first they were lifeless, and void of sight, and turned in their sockets with a ghastly rolling, which, if it did not terrify the Shetlander, made him push off the strange boat from his own with a feeling of horror.

Shortly after, the lips quivered, and were drawn apart into a fearful grin, which shewed gums large and toothless, and expanded into a frightful gape, from whence a deep sigh, or rather groan, issued, along with a blast of vapour, more like the smoke of gunpowder than the steam of breath. Upon seeing this, Spiel mechanically shipped his oar over the stern of his boat, and began to skull her a little way off; but, reflecting that he was acting like a coward, he put her head about again. In the meanwhile, life seemed to have taken possession of the stranger, and he turned his eyes towards Trosk, and said, in a voice of uncommon expression, "Where am I?"

This was uttered in Dutch, and the fisherman, who was partially acquainted with that language, from having associated with whale-catchers and traders from Holland, exclaimed in the same tongue, "Who are you?"

"I am one sitting in a boat," answered the stranger, somewhat sharply, "to whom it would have been better for you to have given an answer than a question."

"Why?" said Spiel drily, for he was not a man to be lectured.

"Because," said the other, "I could have

satisfied questions you might have liked to ask."

"You have not satisfied one which I asked just now," cried the fisherman; "but I have no mind to wrangle with you. You are at one of the Shetland isles—one of the outer Skerries—whence do you come? and why do you come in this strange fashion?"

"What is strange to you is not strange to me," replied the little man.—"I came over the sea to look for the Carmilhan."

"For the Devil!" ejaculated Spiel.

"I have no need to look for *him*," said the stranger.

"In the name of God! what is the Carmilhan?" cried the fisherman fervently.

"I answer no questions put in that manner," exclaimed the little man, wriggling about as if in pain, and groaning as if he growled.

"I say what is the Carmilhan?" repeated Spiel, not heeding the anguish of the stranger.

"The Carmilhan is nothing now," said the other; "but once she was as brave a ship as ever bore a mast."

"A ship!" cried Trosk.

"Yes, a ship," repeated the stranger; "and when she was lost among these islands, she carried more gold than had floated in any vessel before her."

"Where was she lost, and when?" exclaimed the fisherman.

"It is nearly a hundred years since she was wrecked," replied the little man, "and it was in the night: so that, though I was on board her at the time, I know not the precise spot; but I am come hither to discover it."

"A hundred years ago!" cries the Shetland-man—"You on board a ship a hundred years ago! Pray, how old are you?"

"Old enough to have sailed in the Carmilhan," replied the stranger.—"But why do you marvel?—Pray how old is Chriss Mulrill?"

"A hundred and ten, I am told," said Spiel; "yet how come you to know her?"

"I knew her when a child," said the other.

"What can you want with the treasure?" cried the fisherman—"what need has a man of your years of money?—Teach me how to find the gold; I will take the trouble of raising it, and we will share it between us."

"Yes, and how shall I be sure of your keeping your engagement?" said the little man, sneeringly.

"Be always with me," answered the other. "We will divide the money as we obtain it; and should I offer to wrong you, do you reveal the secret to my enemies. The fear lest another

should learn the situation of the wreck, will be a bond sufficiently strong to ensure my fidelity."

"Well, be it so," replied the stranger. "But art thou a man of courage? The first step requires a strong heart, Spiel Trosk."

"You know my name, old carl!" cried the fisherman, in amazement. "How comes this?"

"I knew your father, though you did not," answered the little man in his evasive way; "and I know more than you could demand, though you sat here to question, and I to make replies, till another century were added to my age. I ask you—are you a man of courage?"

"Try me, and learn," replied the Shetlander.

"You must try yourself," said the man in the red cap; "and if you follow my directions you will learn the spot where the riches of the Carmilhan lie hidden. You must go, just before midnight, to the most remote and desolate place in yon island, and you must take a cow with you, and having killed it, you must get some one to wrap you up in her fresh hide. You must then be laid down, and left alone on the wild heath, and ere the clock strikes the first hour of morning your desires will be satisfied."

"That is how old Engrol's son was lost, body and soul!" exclaimed Trosk, in a tone of abhorrence. "Thou art Satan!" continued he, again skulling his boat away—"Thou art Beelzebub, old tempter, the Prince of darkness—Aroint thee, demon!—I defy thee!"

"Thou art an utter fool," bawled the old man to Spiel, as he fled hastily from him. "A bubble-blinded bottlenose!—May the curse of avarice hang over thee! May the thirst of gold choke thee. May the——" but the fisherman, having taken to both his oars, was soon too far from the little man to hear his exclamations, and he gained the point of the Nikkur Noss before he checked his way, or turned to look after the detestable being he had quitted. When Trosk did look for the object of his terror, he perceived him sitting as motionless and as rigid in his skiff as when first he approached to the island, and with as little signs of animation. The boat was moving forward, as if in pursuit of him, and round it flew the petrels, whose presence was so singular, as though in attendance on the little being. Although the Shetlander was by no means deficient in courage, but gifted with rather more than the ordinary race of men, he did not feel willing to have another meeting, alone,

with one who seemed possessed of supernatural powers; and, after making himself certain that the strange creature was actually running down upon him, he set up his sail, and again plied his oars with vigour. In this way he shot swiftly round the Noss, and stood down to the bottom of the Voe; but, though he kept a keen eye upon the promontory, he never saw the little man's skiff come past it.

Spiel Trosk had now passed the summer in dragging for ingots and ducats; but, as I have already said, instead of becoming richer, the wealth he had before accumulated was greatly diminished. With his property his reputation for sagacity and success likewise began to decrease, and his countrymen attributed to nothing less than infatuation his obstinacy of persisting to fish in places which were well known to be unfrequented by the inhabitants of the deep. It was in vain that he heard of shoals of herrings, ling, and tusk, being seen and caught in unusual quantities, round various points of the islands; his pertinacity yielded to none of his former objects of avidity, and his boat nightly returned to his cabin as clean of fish as it had departed in the morning. "The Skerry fisherman" had for some time ceased to be the principal con-

tributor to the market of Lerwick, and no one had supplied his place, for no one possessed the energy and resolution which had led Spiel to cast his nets by night and by day, because probably no one was urged by the same incentive—avarice. Instead of daily adding to their store, the necessities of the partners had daily subtracted from it, till no store remained. Want succeeded to comparative affluence; and, from the want of the conveniences, they soon sunk to the want of the necessaries of life. But, though this painful alteration was evidently owing to the strange obstinacy of Trosk, Winwig never for a moment deserted or upbraided his partner: he still placed the same unbounded reliance upon his superior powers as he had done when his exertions were successful; and, though now the whole task of supplying the means of existence had devolved upon him, he was never heard to complain.

These circumstances seemed to add another pang to the torments Trosk already endured, and his feelings were still more embittered by a belief that now began to infuse itself into his mind, that he was, as his neighbours declared, wasting his time; yet such was his madness, that the poorer he became, the longer and more strenuously did he continue his luckless fishery for gold and

jewels. To add to his mental misery at his want of success, the fiend-like whisper of Carmilhan still annoyed his hour of sleep, at intervals, though it would leave him for a time; but it did not fail to return when he had begun to hope he should never experience it again.

At length poverty and disappointment, combined with avarice, actually unsettled his brain; for to nothing else than insanity can be attributed the desperation which determined him to follow the instructions of the little man, who had accosted him on the morning before-mentioned. The charm proposed by this strange being was not unknown to the islands of Scotland, but it was known as a snare which had entrapped many to their fearful destruction, and the tales connected with it were of a kind appalling to the listener. But nothing now could influence the fisherman against his resolution to retrieve his fortunes, or perish—not even the pagan origin attributed to the spell; for it was alleged, and perhaps truly, that the slaughter of the victim was a sacrifice offered to the powers of darkness, as a propitiation for their goodwill, and all the abomination of a heathen and an idolater was imputed to the deed.

It was in vain that Petie Winwig, who was, (for a fisherman,) a devout kirk-going man, especially when it is considered that he loved to sleep on Sundays, endeavoured to dissuade his friend from pursuing his purpose. Useless were his representations, that they should certainly manage, somehow or other, to get through the winter, and that it was sinful to tempt Providence by sleeping all night wrapped up in a cow-hide in the open air, when he might repose comfortably in bed beneath a rain-tight roof. Neither his arguments nor his entreaties had any effect upon Spiel, who seemed to grow more obstinate in proportion to the endeavours made to convert him from his design, and the fat good-natured fisherman's persuasions ended in his yielding to the violent harangues of his associate, and agreeing to accompany him to the desert place where the charm was to be effected.

The hearts of both were wrung with pain when they fastened a rope round the horns of a beautiful cow, which they had brought up from a calf with all the kindness usually shewn to a favourite. She was the last remnant of their former prosperity, and had been retained till now, though they had frequently wanted a meal, which the sale of Luckie would have supplied.

They could not part with her, they could not see her the property of another, but the delusion of Trosk made him ready to sacrifice every other feeling, and his overruling spirit damped the opposition of his comrade.

It was now September, and the long nights of the long Shetland winter had commenced. The clouds of evening rode heavily on the gusty winds, which rolled them around, like huge icebergs eddying in the Maelstroom; deep shadows filled the glens and vallies between the hills, and the moist peat bogs, and the murky channels of the rills, looked black and fearful, like yawning gulphs and gaping crevices in the earth. Spiel led the way, and Winwig came after, shuddering at his own temerity, and following his companion more from habit than from inclination. A thousand looks he spent upon the beautiful cow, which walked to execution like a young criminal, shewing more youthful as his death draws nearer. It was of that small and graceful breed, whose sleek fat sides, and glossy coats, offer so strong a contrast to the shaggy lank limbs and pendant pot bellies, of the savage horses that browse on the Shetland hills. Her face wore the quiet and confiding expression which domesticated animals shew towards those

who caress and feed them; and when she turned, as she sometimes did, towards Petie, as if in expectation of a root, or a tuft of hay, his feelings overcame him, and a tear passed across his eye, if it did not trickle from it. Often was he on the point of begging Spiel to spare their favourite beast, and exchange her for one less loved; but an awe, which never before had chained his tongue, now bound it, and he mechanically traced the footsteps of his friend, as though he had been his slave.

The spot to which the desperate fisherman bent his course was as desolate as his soul could desire. It was a shallow valley, between two hills, but it was a mountain glen, and was elevated above other vales, which led descending from it towards the coast. The summits of its barren sides were shrouded in dull gray mist, and the patches of hether, and the blocks of stone which lay scattered along the slopes, were imperfectly visible in the gloomy light, which entered rather from the dell beneath than from the sky above; many slow creeping streams stole darkling down the hills, and fed a boggy rivulet, which flowed oozing and slumbering through the swampy bottom, till, gathering in volumes, it fell into the succeeding dales, and terminated

in the sea, which, by day, was visible at the end of the range of highlands, though now the waves could only be heard bursting furiously over the rocks and headlands that opposed it, or rolling mournfully among the pebbles that formed its bed on the level shore.

The only route which would allow the cow to attain the scene of her intended slaughter was along the edge of the stream, which brought its darkened waters from the upper glen. When the fishermen first joined it, near the beach, it was a full and headlong current, tumbling from the little basins it had worn among the rocks, with a quick pace and a brawling sound. In some places it wore its way through beds of disjointed stones, and gushed, in varied forms, between the opposing fragments; in others it sped unseen between banks of bright green moss, which hung over its silent course, almost concealing it; and, again, it appeared bursting out from a black cavity in the peaty soil, to fill a murky pool, or spread through a swampy hollow. Further up the valley, its progress was less distinct, and its voice scarce more than a murmur; but the verdant hue that marked its path along the glens, and the deep brown tint of its sometimes stagnant surface, offered a strong contrast to the

pale, withered purple of faded heath, and the yellow mosses of the surrounding hills. No vestige of man was seen in these wild solitudes, and silence was only broken by the noise of water, and the cries of birds. The hoarse bellow of the ocean rose at times upon the blast, which rushed, but spoke not, through the barren dells, and the last late shriek of the fierce sknaw was mingled with its echo.

Not more unwilling could have been the march of the victim, had it known the fate to which its progress tended, than were the steps of Petie Winwig, as he followed the crooked track which the bogs and rivulets compelled his comrade to adopt. Opposing feelings of every description rose in his mind against the deed to which he lent himself an accomplice. Friendship exclaimed, that he was aiding the companion of his youth in the worst species of self-destruction—the destruction of the soul; humanity and gratitude upbraided him with abandoning the harmless animal, which he had taught to look upon him as a protector, and which had returned his kindness with its milk and its offspring; and religion whispered, that even he himself was about to participate in an unhallowed and fiendish sacrifice!—a rite of Baal!— a pro-

pitiation of the grace of Satan!—an offering of blood on high places! All the denunciations he had heard or perused against the sin of worshipping idols, and bowing to Beelzebub, came across his mind; all the stories to which he had listened, of the fatal ends of those who dabbled in the damned mysteries of witchcraft, rose fresh, but more terrible, upon his memory; and when his feet sunk, as they often did, in the fresh loose peat, that sometimes formed their path, his soul shook with fear, that the earth was about to gape and swallow him. But Spiel Trosk strode steadily forward, leading the unfortunate "Luckie," with the air and energy of one who deems that nothing which may follow can exceed the misery that has passed.

His tall gaunt form, and long swift stride, gave him the look of a sorcerer, stalking supernaturally along to the perpetration of some devilish action, and could any uninitiated eye have seen the little procession which wound and mounted up the wild defile, leading from the sea to the highest glen, it must have considered it, (as it really was), hastening to perform in secret some infernal ceremony of necromancy.

The Skerry fisherman entered upon the last stage of the m[illegible]llies, with the firm

step, and the daring feelings, which accompany the untamed criminal to the scaffold. With all his usual strength and nerve, he turned to help the breathless victim, whose unassisted efforts could not enable her to climb over a rocky ledge, that separated the lower from the highest glen; and without heeding the tottering gait and pallid countenance of Petie, he led her away towards the centre of the area, with a pace quickening as he proceeded. Winwig, though he trembled, followed; and well might it have been supposed, from his drooping and abandoned aspect, that he too was about to be sacrificed with his favourite. As he crept onward, he felt the earth shake beneath him, and he perceived that Spiel was proceeding over a quaking bog, whose wide surface of closely woven moss seemed floating on a pool of water, and vibrated at every step, with a motion truly symbolic of his own sensations.

Even Luckie now seemed fearful to proceed, and looked back, and lowed with a hollow sound, which was as unlike the rejoicing bellows she used to utter by the side of her native voe, as was her situation and her destiny. If any thing were wanting to fill to the brim Petie's cup of misery, it was a [illegible] from his beloved

knowt:—a gush of tears forced themselves to his eyes, and started over the lids; but, though they fell like rain drops on the ground, he did not speak. He was, with all his weakness, resolved not to oppose the measures of his friend, nor to add, by the expression of his own sorrow, to the high wrought agony of mind which he knew, from what he saw, Spiel was silently enduring.

In a few minutes Trosk reached the place where he had resolved to make trial of the efficacy of the charm. It was a small circumscribed spot, in the midst of a wide morass, whose trembling treacherous carpet spread around over the greater part of the valley—I call it a valley, because it was enclosed by hills, but it was rather a vast platform, near the summit of the mountains, whose highest ridges surrounded it like an amphitheatre, leaving open one side, which looked down into the dells beneath, and over them out to sea. The streamlets, that trickled from the acclivities, had penetrated the bed of moss, which had been gathering in thickness over the peat for ages; and the tough dense matwork quivered above the moist ooze, without permitting the foot to pierce it.

The gloom of evening had greatly increased,

whilst the Shetlanders had been making their way up the ascent of the long defile, and its obscurity was augmented by the blackness of a cloud, which had slowly floated above their heads, till it had settled round the neighbouring eminences. The mist, which ever accumulates about the tops of the Zetland mountains, had begun to fall in a thick drizzle, and there was so little light to help them, that they advanced close to a large gray stone, which stood up from the bosom of the marsh, without perceiving it to be tenanted. The moans of "Luckie" gave the alarm, and were answered by the loud scream of an eagle, which slowly spread its dusky wings, and swept off from the rock on which it had been seated. Petie started, but Spiel approached, and laid his implements on the rough fragment. Winwig turned round, and cast his eyes down into the valley, at the extremity of which the sea might be heard, tumbling and roaring among the crags of the coast; he looked up to the sky, and along the summits of the hills, and saw that the dim atmosphere was darkened by the overhanging volume of heavy vapour, that seemed increasing above him; he listened to a low rumbling sound, that issued from the murky cloud; he turned again

and found that Trosk had drawn the rope, that held the head of Luckie, round the base of the stone—he beheld him raise a poleaxe over his head—he could not bear this!—With his hands clasped, or rather clinched, he fell upon his knees, and exclaimed—"In the name of God, Spiel Trosk, spare yourself and Luckie! Ay, hinney, spare her!—spare yourself, and me!—spare your soul!—spare your life! and if this deadly sin must be, wait till the morrow, and bring some other creature than our own dear kine."

"Petie, art thou daft!" cried Spiel, staring upon him with the eye of a madman, and with the weapon still uplifted in the air. "Shall I spare Luckie, and perish?"

"You would not perish," answered Winwig, rapidly—"you would not perish! Whilst I have hands, Spiel, what need you fear to perish? Stay, hinney! stay! and let me work from brea[illegible] of day till fall at night, rather than plu[illegible]ur soul into perdition, and slay the [illegible]b beast."

[illegible]n take this axe," exclaimed Spiel, with [illegible]ence, "and drive it through my brain!—[illegible] not quit this spot again, unless I have [illegible]ill—Can your hands work up the riches of

the Carmilhan ?—Can your fingers supply more than the vilest necessaries of life ?—But let them end my misery !—Here, take my place, and I will be your victim."

"Spiel," cried Winwig, starting on his feet, and in an agony, "Strike !—spare nothing !—But ah, Trosk, it is your eternal life for which I fear !—know you not that this is the 'Peghts' aultar stone ?'—and that you are about to offer up a sacrifice to the demon they worshipped ?"

"I know no such thing," cried the other Shetlander loudly, and with a grinning laugh, that shewed he was determined to know nothing, or to think of nothing, contrary to his purpose. —I know no such thing—I mean no such thing, Petie Winwig, I tell thee.—You are mad, man, and you will drive me mad.—But Luckie shall not die—you shall have her instead of me !'—and he dashed down the axe, and clutched the knife from the stone, with the intention of plunging it into his bosom.

Petie, the feeble-minded Petie, w[...]n instant at his side ; he wrenched the i[...] from his grasp, and in the next mo[...] seized the poleaxe, and whirling it rou[...] head, he let the blade fall full on the sk[...] Luckie, with such force that he cleft it in [...]

and she rolled dead, without a struggle, at the feet of her masters.

A flash of lightning, accompanied by a clap of thunder, followed this action, and Trosk stared at his companion, as a man would stare if he beheld a child accomplish what he should fear to attempt. Not that he could not have shewn as much bodily strength himself; but that the mild and passionless Petie should have assumed a part so energetic, and so contrary to the spirit of his former life! But Winwig neither started at the thunder, nor looked at his companion, nor spoke, but instantly made use of the knife he had seized, to flay his favourite; and he proceeded as quickly and as dexterously as if she were only a seal. In this occupation he was joined by Spiel, after he had recovered from his surprise, though he felt as much reluctance now as eagerness before, and his heart sickened at the hot steams that arose from the carcass. Ere the hide was taken off, the mist had gathered so densely around the hills, that the fishermen were both enveloped in clouds, and drenched with rain. The g rolled along the little plain in revolving ws, but slowly; for, though the wind was rushing through the dells below, and

struggling with the distant surge, it was not yet amongst the mountains. The rumbling of thunder grew louder around them, and came nearer at times, exploding among the highest eminences, and descending at times upon the plain. Bright flashes and corruscations darted across the moss, and played about the "Stane," appearing to settle for a moment upon its summit, and then gliding swiftly over the surface of the swamp; and more than once the Shetlanders started, and looked up, as they fancied they heard the flap of a wing close above their heads.

At length, the skin being stripped off, it was stretched out upon the ground, at a little distance from the carcass, and Spiel laid himself upon it. Without breaking the silence that had been maintained since the fall of Luckie, Winwig proceeded to envelop his companion in the covering, still warm from the body, leaving only his head unswathed. He then bound the rope round the outside, and, having completed the operation as fully as he could devise, he stood for a moment looking down upon Trosk, whose features were now scarcely visible through th darkness of night. He then spoke—"Sp said he, "can I do any thing else for you?"

"Nothing more," replied the other, "fare thee well!"

"Farewell!" returned Petie, "and may God protect and forgive you, as I do."

These last words were uttered in a less firm tone than that in which he had before spoken, and in an instant he was gone from the view of his associate.

The simple fisherman had scarcely left his more daring partner exposed upon the wild peat bog, than, as if his departure had been a signal concerted with the demons of storm and desolation, a tempest broke forth, to which neither the experience of Spiel, nor his recollection of the reports of others, could find a parallel. It began with a glare of lightning, which exposed to his view, not only the crags and hills in his own neighbourhood, but the vallies beneath, and the sea, and the small islands which lay scattered out beyond the bay. He saw them but for a moment, but he could perceive their rocks whitened with the foam of tremendous billows, which were bursting over them; and he believed he beheld what appeared to him the vision of a large strange-built vessel, driving along, dis-[illegible]asted, upon the ocean. He scarcely did [illegible]eve, and half doubted, that he had seen this

latter object, for its figure and its crew, (whose frantic gestures he had also imagined he had distinguished,) were such as were to him before unknown. But if this sight were a mere phantom, what could have brought it before his eyes? The darkness that succeeded this wide gleam was of the deepest dye, and the peals of thunder that broke around him were as loud as though the heavens had burst in its discharge. A shower of fragments was scattered from the mountain tops, and poured down their sides, with a din and clatter more terrible than the noise of the elements. Spiel expected every moment to be crushed to pieces, or buried beneath a mass of rock, and his helpless state was now to him a source of the greatest anguish. Some of the pieces dashed nearly up to him, and others bounded past, and rushed headlong over the declivity into the dell beneath, where he could hear them rolling and splashing through the deep morass. It rained when Winwig had left him, but now a body of fluid fell down upon him scarcely divided into streams, for of drops there were none, and in an instant the surface of the quaking bog on which he lay became deluged. He suddenly found himself surrounded by water, which covered his lower extremit

leaving his head and shoulders free; for Petie had raised them on a tuft of moss, which, had he not done, Trosk would have been totally immersed. Still he felt the inundation rise, for the waterspout, or whatever else it was, continued to descend, and as he was unable to stir, either hand or foot, he gave himself up to death. He would have called upon heaven, but the reflection of the iniquity in which he was engaged, choked his prayer. He would have invoked the powers of darkness, but a deep-felt horror thrilled through his frame at the idea. He endeavoured to struggle, but the hide of Luckie seemed to cling more closely to him, with an avenging embrace. He thought of Petie—where was Petie? He shouted Petie! Petie! with all his strength, but his voice was drowned in the rush and turbulence of the flood, and he strained it till its sound was only a hoarser scream. A hoarser scream replied to him, or was it echo? He screamed again, in greater agony, half hoping, half in terror; but the water filled his ears, and he knew not if he were answered. "Gracious God, I perish!" murmured Spiel as the fluid touched his lips, and passed over them: but, in the next instant, a rush, like the hurried tumble of a cataract, faintly reached his hearing, and he felt

the deluge sink from him, and leave his mouth uncovered. It subsided, however, but a little, yet enough to give him hope, and his dismay grew less. The pouring down from the clouds likewise diminished, and the pitchy blackness of the atmosphere was less intense. Gradually the fall of water became converted into a heavy shower, which continued to grow less, and glimpses of dull light broke through the mass of darkness. Spiel blessed the sight, and found his courage return; but he felt as exhausted as if he had been struggling with death, and he longed to be released from his confinement.

Still the purport of his sufferings was unaccomplished, and with reviving life he felt his avaricious desires re-enter his heart, and this even whilst the water was still above his shoulders. He was sensible, however, that it passed away, and he conjectured rightly that its sudden rise had been owing to one of the fragments of stone having rolled to the outlet of the stream, and stopped its passage into the glen, through the rocky ledge: but the weight of the accumulating body of water had moved it from its position, and allowed sufficient opening for the stream to escape, and this drew off the inundation by degrees.

Midnight passed, and Trosk, though he knew not the time, began to doubt the efficacy of the charm. He was tired and weary of his situation, and he would have preferred an incantation of a more busy kind. Rest with him was only appropriated to sleep, and that he granted with reluctance; but, now that he was compelled to be quiescent, he felt a sense of drowsiness. Whether this was the effect of habit, or fatigue, or cold, I cannot say, but so it was, and it so overpowered him, that, in spite of his situation, he lost at times all consciousness. The ebbing of the flood had nearly left him dry in the space of half an hour, and, believing morning to have advanced two hours at least, he resolved to give himself up to sleep, as the best way of passing the hours till he was released.

He closed his eyes, and slept; but how long he knew not. He was awakened by what at first he thought something passing across his face, but he was soon sensible that it was a violent gust of wind. It was again nearly as dark as before, and repeated blasts rushed past him, with an angry murmur. There was but little rain now falling, and that came more like spray upon a gale than a shower, but he felt even more chilled

than when he was surrounded by water. He heard the rage of the ocean more distinctly than he had done, and he fancied that it forced its stubborn waves much further into the valley below than the beach. An inexplicable turbulence seemed mingled with the usual uproar of billows bursting on a rocky shore, and the dells seemed more the seat of the confusion than of the echo. He could have imagined that the sea had overcome its boundaries of ages, and was taking possession of the conquered land. A rush of water was certainly coming towards him—he longed to be able to see. Another glare of lightning, like the first, lit up all the horizon, and he saw for a moment the ocean and the islands looking more fearful than before. Even in that instant he strained his eyes to catch one glance of the ship he had thought abandoned to the fury of the elements, and he again believed he beheld it, raised on the back of a huge billow, which dashed it down at the foot of a distant promontory, and closed over it. The headland was the Nikkur Noss, which he knew well, as the scene of his mis-spent labours. He might, perhaps, have looked longer, for the lightning continued to flash so fast that there was scarcely an interval of darkness, but

with a tremendous gush a column of foam rose up, from beyond the craggy ledge of the platform on which he lay, and, whirling round in the air, came towards him.

What passed during a few succeeding moments, Spiel could not well remember. He felt himself raised from the moss, and borne along above it, and he saw the Peights' Aultar Stane twisted out of the earth. He heard a raging struggle, as of wind and water fighting for mastery, and he was hurled against a bank with violence, and deprived of his senses.

When he recovered, the tempest had ceased, the heavens were clear and bright with a vivid illumination, and the air was still. He was lying, not where Petie had left him, but at the foot of the ridge of eminences, bounding the little plain, and his frame seemed shaken and more powerless than before. He could now distinguish the roll of the waves on the shore, flowing as they were wont in calm weather, and he attempted to discover the time by the rise of the tide; for there was not the least sign of dawn, though the sky was brilliantly enlightened. He listened attentively, and heard not only the brawling murmur of the sea pouring among the shingles, but a burst of solemn

music mingled with it—yet so faint that he was not convinced of its reality. A pause ensued—again a strain of harmony floated on the untroubled air—and again it was lost as a gust of wind swept up the dell. Again he heard it louder than before, and he fancied it approached him, and, as it continued, he believed he could distinguish the tune of a psalm he had heard sung by the crew of a Dutch herring-buss, which had been off the Skerries in the preceding summer. Nay, he fancied he could perceive voices occasionally join the notes, and sing the very words he had formerly heard; for, as I have said before, Trosk understood the language. Although, when the winds rose, he always lost the sounds of this singular concert, yet, whenever there was a lull, he was satisfied that it gradually drew nearer, and he could now trace its advance, winding slowly up the glens from below, towards that in which he was extended.

At length it was so distinct, that he was persuaded it must have crossed the ledge that bounded the brink of the plain, and he endeavoured to raise his head, so that he might gain a view of the source of this extraordinary melody. There was a loose fragment of stone

near him, and by dint of wriggling and pushing himself along like a seal, he contrived to elevate his head upon it, and, looking forth, he beheld a long and gleamy procession approaching towards him, over the quaking bog on which he had at first been laid. Sorrow and dejection were marked on the countenances of the beings composing the troop, and their habiliments appeared heavy with moisture, and dripping like fresh sea weeds. They drew close up to him, and were silent. First came the musicians, whose instruments he had heard so long and so anxiously, but he could not scrutinize them much, for, as they advanced opposite to him, they wheeled off to the right and left, and took their stations on either side. The front space was immediately occupied by a varied group, who appeared, by their deportment, to precede some object of great distinction, which, when they parted and filed off in the same manner as the band, presented itself to view.

This was a tall, bulky, though well built man, whose capacity of belly was properly balanced by the protuberance of that part which honour has assumed to herself. His head was not little, and his face appeared rather swollen. His shoulders were wide, and were clothed in

a full coat of broad cloth, fashioned after the manner of the fourth generation past. Its skirts reached below his knees, round which they curved. It was collarless, but sleeves, vastly deep, hung from the arms, the cuffs of which were adorned with cut-steel buttons, of great circumference and brightness. Broad bands of rich gold lace covered every seam and edge, more glorious in the eyes of the beholder than the setting sun, and the lappels of a quilted vest hung down from the immense orb of his bowels, heavy with the precious metal that braided them. His thighs were arrayed in breeches of scarlet velvet, silk hose disguised his legs, and large square-toed shoes covered his feet, and lent their thongs to support gold buckles of great breadth, which glittered with precious stones. On his head was placed a long, flowing, flaxen, curling wig, surmounted by a small three-cornered cocked hat, buttoned up with gold bands, and a long, straight, basket-hilted sword hung, suspended in a broad buff-embroidered belt, by his side. In his hand he held a gold-headed clouded ground rattan, of great length and thickness, and close by his side walked a black boy, bearing a long, twisted, grotesquely fashioned pipe, which he

occasionally offered to his lord, who stopped and gave a solemn puff or two, and then proceeded.

When he came immediately opposite to Spiel, he stood still and erect, and a number of others ranged themselves on his right hand and on his left, whose dresses were fine, but not so splendid as their superior's, and they bore pipes of common form only. Behind these drew up a group of persons, many of whom were ladies, some bearing infants in their arms, others leading children by their hands, all dressed in strange and gorgeous apparel, though of fashions unknown to him who beheld them; and, lastly, came a body of men and lads, with big loose trowsers, thick heavy jackets, and red worsted night-caps, whom Trosk instantly knew to be Dutch sailors. Each of these had a quid of tobacco stuck in his cheek, and a short blackened pipe in his mouth, which he sucked in melancholy silence.

The fisherman lay still, and saw this grim troop assemble around him, with feelings of mingled alarm and wonder; his heart did not sink, for it was kept alive by fearful curiosity, but cold sweats gathered upon his brow. Presently, the principal figure looked round, and seeing his attendants all in their stations, he took his long twisted pipe from the hands of the

negro, and began to smoke in long and deep-drawn whiffs; and this seemed as a signal to the rest to follow his example, for, immediately, every mouth was in action, and which ever way Spiel cast his looks, he beheld nothing but glowing tubes and gleaming eyes turned towards him, while wreaths of smoke rose up from the multitude, and formed a dense cloud-like canopy above them. Nevertheless, though he could plainly distinguish the features and the dresses of this ghastly crew, he could also see the stars clearly glimmering through them, and now gleams of fire and electric flashes began to shoot across the heavens, and the sky grew more vividly bright than it had been. Still, though Trosk could behold all these appearances through the bodies of the phantoms, he could also perceive that his ghostly visitants were closing slowly upon him, that their ranks grew more dense, and the space between him and them more narrow, while their puffs became more violent, and the smoke rose up with redoubled velocity.

The Shetlander was naturally a bold and, indeed, a desperate man, and he had come to the glen with the desire of conversing with beings of another world; but when he beheld this fearful, strange, and unintelligible multitude

crowded round him, and pressing nearer and nearer, as if about to overwhelm him, his courage yielded, his frame shook, and the sweat ran copiously down his face. The appearance of the black boy occasioned him more terror than all the rest; for, never having seen a negro in those far distant isles, he believed him to be a little devil, and his white teeth and whiter eyeballs looked terrific against his sable face; but his terror redoubled, when, on turning his eyes up to look at the sky above, he perceived close behind his head that little dry withered man who had accosted him in the skiff, sitting now as rigidly upright as before, but with a pipe in his mouth, which he seemed to hold there as if in grave mockery of all the assembly. Trosk started convulsively, and a choking sensation seized upon his throat; but, summoning all his energy, he mastered it, and directing himself to the principal person before him, he exclaimed, "In the name of him ye obey, who are ye? and what want ye all with me?"

The great man gave three puffs, more solemnly than ever, upon this adjuration, and then, ...ing the pipe slowly from his lips, and giving it ...attendant, he replied, in a tone of chilling ... "I am Aldret Janz Dundrellesy

Vander Swelter, whilome commander of the good ship Carmilhan, of the city of Amsterdam, homeward bound from Batavia, in the east, which being in northern latitude, 60°, 10″, and 17°, 5′, longitude east, from the island of Ters, at 12 P.M. on the night of the 21st of October, 1699, was cast away on the inhospitable rocks of this island, and all on board perished. These are mine officers, these my passengers, and these the mariners forming my gallant crew. Why hast thou called us up from our peaceful bowers, at the bottom of the ocean, where we rest softly on beds of ooze, and smoke our pipes in quiet, listening to the songs of mermaids?—I say, why hast thou called us up?" Spiel had expected to commune with spirits, good or bad, but he had not anticipated a visit from the captain of the vessel he wished to rifle; and, indeed, the question he had to propose was rather an awkward one to put to Mynheer Vander Swelter, for ghosts are in general tenacious of hidden treasure, and a Dutch ghost was likely to be more tenacious than any other, and, in particular, the spirit of a commander in whose charge a treasure had been placed, since he might still thi[illegible] had a right to preserve it for the true ow[illegible] at least for their heirs lawfully beg[illegible]

duly qualified. But this was no time for deliberation, and the prospect of gaining his wishes poured like a reviving cordial over the soul of the fisherman, and washed away his terror. "I would know," replied he, "where I can find the treasure, with which your ship was laden."

"At the bottom of the sea," answered the captain with a groan, which was echoed by all his crew.

"At what place?" said Spiel.

"In the Nikkur Noss," replied the spectre.

"How came they there?" inquired the Skerryman.

"How came you here?" answered the captain.

"I came here," said Spiel.

"'Tis false!" exclaimed the Spirit, "you came no further than the Peghts' Aultar Stane."

"I did not think of that," cried Trosk, whose eagerness for wealth did not allow him to think of anything else; "but how shall I get them?"

"A goose would dive in the Nikkur Noss for a herring, thou idiot," answered Mynheer Vander Swelter; "are not the treasures of the Carmilhan worth a similar exertion?—Would'st thou know more?"

"Yes, how much shall I get?" said Spiel.

"More than you will ever spend," replied the

captain, and the little man grinned behind Trosk's head, and the whole company laughed loud.

"Hast thou done with me?" said the commander.

"Yes, I have," answered Spiel Trosk. "Thanks, and fare thee well!"

"Farewell, till we meet again," said Mynheer Vander Swelter, facing about and marching off, preceded by his musicians, and followed by his officers, passengers, and crew, all puffing their pipes in majestic solemnity.

Again the grave music was heard winding down the dell, accompanied by the words of the psalm, and the fisherman marked the notes grow fainter and fainter, till at length they were lost in the murmur of the waves.

All the rest of the night Spiel spent in struggling to get free from his envelope, for he was anxious to commence his search for the treasures by the break of day. At length, towards dawn, he extricated one arm from its confinement, and with that unbound the ropes that encircled the hide.

The pleasure with which he once more rose upon his feet was considerable, but it was lessened when he perceived an eagle tearing open

the bowels of the ill-fated Luckie, and recollected the grief of Petie for her death, and his strange behaviour on the occasion. The intention, however, of enriching this friend of his youth, seemed to him ample compensation for his loss, and he looked for the Stane, which was not now by the side of the carcass. He saw nothing but fragments of rock lying around, and supposing that it had been shattered to pieces, though scarcely waiting to think at all, he hurried towards the cabin of his partner with the greatest precipitation.

Petie was lying on the ground, in a state of stupefaction: he was clothed, and Trosk, from a glance at his bed, perceived that he had not been in it during the night, and imagined that he had sunk on the earth the instant he had re-entered the cottage. It was not without infinite difficulty that the impatient fisherman recovered his gentler partner, and, when he did revive him, the joy of Winwig knew no bounds. Even Luckie—poverty—every thing, was forgotten in his delight at seeing Spiel alive and well. But the narrative, or rather the broken and disjointed sentences uttered by Trosk, soon dissipated this glimpse of happiness. "Dive in the Nikkur

Noss!—dive like a cormorant in the Nikkur Noss!" was all he could exclaim, while his cheek resumed its paleness, and his teeth again became set firmly against each other. "I would dive into a whirlpool," cried Spiel, looking round upon the bare walls of the cottage, now deprived of all the marks of humble affluence they had formerly shewn, "rather than see *this.*—No," he continued, "whether you follow or desert me, I will go;" and with these words he seized a torch, a tinder-box, and a rope, and darted forward.

Petie immediately set out after him, calling to him not to obey the counsel of the fiend, and reiterating all he had said on former occasions; but to little purpose, for Spiel resolutely kept so far ahead of him as not to hear his arguments, and, having reached the yawn, he leaped down to the shelf, where he had formerly rested, and pulled off his jacket. He then lit his torch, made fast the rope, and by its aid was beginning to descend, when Petie arrived. By this time the resolution of Winwig had again given way to the haste and energy of Trosk, and, without speaking, he also was prepared to descend; but he was stopped by his companion,

who, in his usual commanding manner, bade him stay where he was, and aid him to go down by holding and steadying the rope.

A man less daring and determined than Trosk, would, under any circumstances, have found the descent impossible; the crags were slippery, and the rocks crumbled in his grasp, but avarice was his spur, and hope his guide, and by dint of perseverance and resolution he passed by every obstacle. The Nikkur Noss was at all times a retreat for turbulent waves and murmuring winds, which seemed to seek its obscurity, to vent their rage in secret; but now unusual quiet reigned through the long tunnel, and when the Shetlander alighted on a projecting ledge, just above the level of the water, there was less uproar echoing through the vault than he had ever known. He immediately trimmed his torch, and looking down upon the stream that poured through the channel, saw nothing but a dark flow of water, eddying along, covered with froth and large bubbles. For a moment he considered how he should proceed, and he looked up to the high rough arched ceiling, in wonder at its craggy surface, and at the pendant stalactites that hung dripping from every point. He turned again to the water, and saw along its edge large

sea-nettles, whose red and blue tentacula glittered in the light that he held in his hand. At length, with the impatience that had brought him there, he resolved to dive and search the bottom, through the whole of its length, and he laid his torch on the rock to prepare himself. Whilst stripping, he fancied he saw something gleam through the water, beneath where the link was placed, and being ready he plunged at once, and grasped a heavy body which he brought up.

It was a small iron bound box, but the rust had eaten into its hinges, and, applying force, the lid came off, and discovered a mass of golden coin. There was enough to have enriched the finder and his partner for their lives, and Petie loudly entreated Spiel to ascend, and tamper no longer with danger; but Trosk only looked upon what he had gained as the first fruits of his long labours. He drew in his breath for another dive, though a rush of angry waves had rolled through the gulph, and the wind had begun to bellow. He stepped down to the water's edge, but started, for he heard the word Carmilhan uttered with a titter, as he had often heard it whispered. He looked round, and saw nothing, and smiled at his own imagination. He cast his eyes on the casket of ducats, and felt reanimated.

Again he disappeared beneath the surface of the water—but he never rose again. A wild laugh re-echoed through the vault as he went down, and only a few bubbles came up at the place where he had plunged in.

Petie returned alone, but he returned an altered man. His mind had given way under the repeated shocks it had received, and he gradually sunk into a state of idiotcy. He paid no more attention to fishing, or to husbandry; every thing about him went to decay; he sold his boat, and all he possessed, to support himself, and his only pleasure or recreation consisted in wandering about the sides of the Voe, or ascending the Nikkur Noss, muttering to himself, or looking anxiously into vacancy, as if he expected to see the spirit of Mynheer Vander Swelter start up from behind every stone. From this conduct he soon acquired the name of daft Petie, and he became an object both of pity and of terror to his countrymen, who, however, quickly abandoned the coast, to which he used principally to resort, as a place infested by beings of another world.

Now comes the most singular part of my story; for it is so well attested that I know not how to doubt it, though it is so improbable that my

reason will not allow me to give credit to it. One dark and windy night, a fisherman had been driven by stress of weather to take shelter in the Voe, near which the cottage of Winwig was situated. He had just moored his boat, and was preparing to cross the heath to the village, when he saw a vessel bearing down towards the coast, avoiding all the rocks and shoals, and standing as boldly in as if she could sustain no damage from those dangerous and secret enemies.

The fisherman stood amazed at this unexpected sight. Heaven only knows how many ideas of storm ships and flying Dutchmen crossed his mind. At length, he recollected himself sufficiently to be aware, that, whatever the stranger might be, he had time enough to get out of the way, and he was preparing to fly when he saw a figure, which, notwithstanding the darkness, he recognized as Petie, moving along in the path he intended to have pursued, brandishing his arms, and muttering to himself, as was common with him in his nocturnal wanderings.

The superstition of the islanders had attached a degree of terror to the person of Petie, which, certainly, his still portly form and mild countenance could not otherwise have inspired; and the fisherman, alarmed and hesitating between

the two objects of horror, had only sufficient sense left to throw himself on the ground, and crawl behind a small rock, which stood up on the shore, at a little distance from the foot of a cliff, where he hoped he might lie concealed till the danger was over. From this confined situation he could neither see nor hear any thing for some time, during which the winds arose, and the sea became more agitated. At length, he, too, fancied he heard voices on the air, and shortly he found himself surrounded by a ghostly crew, who encircled him with glowing pipes and gleaming eyes, but in unbroken silence.

For a long time this sight so terrified the Shetland fisherman, that his tongue so cleaved to the roof of his mouth, that, though he longed to mutter out a prayer or an adjuration, he felt himself unable to articulate, and, when he did speak, he could not recollect one word of the exorcism he had been meditating, but could only inquire, in the most brief and hurried terms, who his visitors were. He was answered immediately.—A figure, which he instantly recognized as Spiel Trosk, followed by another, which he knew to be Winwig, stepped before the rest and said,—"I am Spiel Trosk, boatswain's mate of the good ship Carmilhan—will you

enter among our crew?" At this instant, and before the Shetlander could find words for his intended refusal, a loud laugh resounded behind his head; he turned his eyes involuntarily, and beheld the little figure in the yellow jacket and red cap, grinning diabolically—This was too much—he could not bear it, and he fell back in a swoon.

When he revived the morning had broken, but there was no trace left of the Carmilhan and her crew. The man, who is always described as a sensible and steady fellow, was so well convinced of the reality of his vision, that he voluntarily made oath of it before the proper authorities; but he was not believed, or at least he was supposed to have fallen asleep, and dreamt of ghosts, till it was observed that Winwig was missing. This, indeed, made some stir, and the strictest inquiries were set on foot for him; but he could never be found; and it was supposed by the judicious, that in a fit of insanity he had thrown himself into the sea; but the superstitious maintain that he, too, was at length, persuaded to dive for the treasures of the Carmilhan—that he perished, and that his ghost now forms one of the spectral crew; and, in proof of this assertion, it is said that both he and

Trosk, together with a motley crowd of Dutchmen, have been seen more than once haunting the Voe and the promontory of the Nikkur Noss.

Here Ridgway ended his tale, and a number of animadversions were made upon it, which were only terminated by the necessity of retiring to rest. I omit them all, however, as I shall have occasion, before the conclusion of my voyage, to recur again to the Carmilhan and her crew.

THE VOYAGE,

CONTINUED.

THE evening of this day, (20th April,) presented one of the most splendid sunsets that ever lingered over the horizon. The glow of red and yellow round the sinking luminary, was such as no human eye could rest upon. The sea and sky seemed filled by one vast blaze of brilliancy, issuing from the sun as he descended behind the isle of Fulla, the long round hills of which were suffused with a deep orange hue, and their dull brown surfaces converted to the splendor of melted gold. Very little imagination could have supposed the island consuming in a vast fire of the purest element, and its rocks and its summits glowing red-hot amidst the flames. All the glory of the heavens seemed poured out upon the ocean, and well could I then comprehend that there

are joys which it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive. Never, in all the enthusiastic reveries of poetry and painting, in which I have indulged, has a scene so transcendently brilliant been presented to my eye or my imagination. The extreme western horizon was lost in effulgence, and streams of light stretched out along the calm mirror of the water, as if to illuminate its blue depths and display their treasures. For a long time I sat absorbed in the contemplation of this scene of grandeur, in silence, and, I will confess, in wonder; for I had not believed such an earthly vision possible, and I obeyed with reluctance the summons to supper, though prudence and duty persuaded me to comply. It was after this meal Mr. Ridgway related the story I have given above; and when I took my last look at the sea, before burying myself in the obscurity of my bed cabin, I was surprised to see indications of rain gathering in the atmosphere.

Wise men, and their deputies, declare that a red sun at night is the shepherd's delight; meaning thereby, I presume, that the following day will be fine and free from rain. Now, without stopping to inquire the correctness of disturbing the sun's rest, to make him shine at

night, as these wise men and others do, contrary to all precedent, I will only say that the red sun of this evening was no sign of dry weather on the subsequent morning. The twenty-first began with an inundating shower, which continued with little intermission throughout the day. There was no danger of our being overflowed, it is true, but we idlers were kept off the decks, and compelled to pass the hours of impatience below. Nevertheless, with the assistance of a slouched hat, a pea-jacket, and a pair of canvas trowsers, drawn over my ordinary dress, I braved the deluge to get a look at Unst, the most northern isle of the Zetland cluster, which we passed in the afternoon; and sometime afterwards, I absconded from the cabin, to gaze at some fulmars, or mallemuks, birds somewhat resembling gulls in their general appearance, but differing from them in their generic characters. As I shall have frequent occasion to mention them, after I became better acquainted with them, I shall only observe now, that their scientific name is Procellaria Glacialis—that they are of the same family as the stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chicken, though six times as large; and that those who wish to become personally acquainted with

them, may see a specimen among the birds in the British Museum, in the small room at the extremity of the suite, from which you descend to the gallery of antiques. These wanderers are said, by the sailors, never to come as far to the south as Shetland, and certainly it was not till after we passed Unst that I first beheld one. Natural historians, however, bring them nearer Britain.

We had enough of sun at noon to find ourselves in lat. 61°, 10′; which, London being in 51°, 30′, made us in round numbers seven hundred miles from our famous city. A long distance, thought I, for one who had scarcely been ten leagues from his fireside before, and yet I felt no disinclination to double and treble it.

"Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark," was ever in my mind, though not in the spirit of the song; for I had neither wish nor hope to come to better shores than those I had quitted. Mine was that strange and nameless desire to see new and distant parts of the world, which has led hundreds to quit substantial happiness for the fleeting shadow of casual enjoyment. The very act of passing onward, though the whole scene be one wide expanse of floating cloud

and dancing billow, is pleasure to me; a feeling for which I can give no reason, much less one in accordance with the rest of my habitudes. Certain of the wise men, of whom I have already made mention, have decided, that the love of revisiting our country is a disease, and they have bestowed upon it a hard name in their systems of sicknesses. Now, should not the desire to quit our native land be considered in the same light, and bear a title too? No, say the wise men, love of country is more intense than dislike to it, and produces bodily illness, if not gratified, which restlessness of station does not effect. There is love-sickness of another kind, but who has heard of hatred-sickness of any description? Be that as it may, impatience of staying at home is in most instances an irrational propensity, and in direct opposition to the interests of the individual afflicted with it. It cannot, therefore, be considered in any other way than as a malady of the mind, and those who meet their deaths, in consequence, deserve to have a verdict of "lunacy" recorded for or against them, as may suit the wishes of their friends. But what am I saying? I whose health has already received so much benefit from this very disease!

The twenty-second came in with fair wind and favourable weather, which bore us along at the rate of ten knots an hour during the fore part of the day, declining in the afternoon to eight, six, and five. As the evening closed in, a pigeon was observed about the vessel, but it eluded the vigilance and agility of the sailors, who delight in showing their cunning in surprising visitors of this kind. During the night, however, it was caught, and proved to be a tame one, supposed to belong to the Alexander, a Greenland ship, which usually takes a variety of birds, even canaries, with her. The evening following was extremely fine, warm, and agreeable. Fulmars floated unceasingly round the vessel, not on the deep blue sea, which here rose into a grand swelling surface, of the purest azure, but through the more subtle air, in which they glided with the ease and silence attributed to a spirit. What a luxury of motion must these creatures experience, as they sail inactive over trough and billow, like the down of a thistle borne softly along upon the breeze!—an union of repose and progression, which, could it be imitated by man, would add another source of enjoyment to his existence.

Mallemuks were not the only birds we saw to-

day. In the afternoon, a snow-bird was caught on the deck by "Tom," from whose clutches I unjustly rescued it, and a pippet was seen among the rigging.

The power of traversing immense spaces on the wing, which small birds possess, (perhaps only occasionally), is one of the most unaccountable facts in natural history. The snow-bird, (Emberiza Nivalis), is scarcely as large as a yellow hammer, of which it is a congener; and the pippet, a species of lark, is one of those common little field birds which flit across the meadows, swamps, and heaths round London; yet at the time I saw them, they were at least two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest land. In their proper situations, neither of them is remarkable for keeping on the pinion for an extraordinary length of time, nor do their habits require it. It is, therefore, fair to conclude, that, if birds, which may be called short winged, can take a flight of five hundred miles and upwards, swallows, whose mode of living and natural conformation requires them to be continually in the air, may accomplish a transit to Africa, without distress, especially as they can obtain food on their passage. The snow-bird is migratory to Greenland, and has wings

rather longer than is usual with its tribe; but I have not heard that the pippet lark passes from one country to another, nor are its primary quill feathers peculiarly lengthened. That which I saw, might have been driven out to sea by a hawk, or a squall. On shore, it is rather remarkable for its inclination to settle at short distances, when disturbed, and may be put up repeatedly before it will fly out of sight.

Although we passed the sixty-fifth degree of north latitude to-day, the air was serene and warm, and not the least indication of a northern clime could be discovered, unless in the presence of the fulmars; but I doubt much that more delightful weather was experienced fifteen degrees further south. For my part I have often shivered at this season at home, and have been glad to take up my abode by the fireside through the day, while here I can constantly expose myself to the atmosphere with pleasure.

As if to check my unpatriotic reflections, the twenty-third began chilly and wet, but the cold was not disagreeable, and my occupation of stuffing my bunting kept me below out of its reach.

In the afternoon, an unusual bustle commenced throughout the vessel, arising from the

first preparation for the whale fishery, called "spanning the harpoons." Most persons know that a harpoon is an iron instrument, somewhat in the shape of an arrow; but to those who are not acquainted with its special configuration, I will detail its proportions, although the late publication of works expressly treating on the apparatus, and "modus operandi," of the craft of whale-catching, leaves me free from the necessity of minutely describing its mysteries. I shall not, therefore, stop in the course of my narrative, to give a dry catalogue of instruments and processes, which have already been repeatedly laid before the public. Mine is more a display of my own enjoyments, and of the social and domestic œconomy of the nursery of British seamen, than an official account of their transactions, and I shall assume the privilege of passing by, or noticing, as much of the "matter of business" as suits my purpose.

A harpoon is formed of soft ductile iron, and comprises three portions: The barb, which resembles "the king's broad arrow," with wethers or flukes, which make it about six inches broad; is massy internally, and sharpened round the exterior edge. From its centre proceeds the shank, diminishing in size till it becomes not

much thicker than the little finger, and again gradually growing larger, till it terminates in the socket—a cavity something wider than a modern wine-glass, and twice as deep. The whole is about three feet long, and is the harpoon *propriè dictum*; but a stock, or staff, six feet in length, is fitted into the socket, by means of which the weapon is thrust into the back of the whale. This stock sometimes gets loose, after the fish is fast; but that occurrence is of no consequence, as the line is fixed to the harpoon, and this attachment of the line to the instrument is the "spanning," which took place to-day.

The commencement of business was preceded by a ceremony, which will no doubt maintain its ground, when other more pompous observances shall have become the tales of old wives and antiquaries. The harpooners were invited into the cabin, bearing the harpoons they had selected for their boats, and each was compelled to drink a bumper of rum, from the socket of his weapon, to the success of the fishery. The compulsion found necessary to oblige these officers to quaff a quarter of a pint of real Jamaica, was by no means so great as that occasionally requisite to force a culprit to receive the fatal noose

round his neck. Indeed, I thought they bore the infliction of their sentence with becoming meekness and resignation; and, though the length of the shafts, appended to their drinking vessels, gave them a most ludicrous appearance when turned towards the sky, and caused much merriment and many jokes, it was endured with christian fortitude. Some affectation to be sure was manifested in the management of their *glasses*, but, in palliation of this offence against common-sense, let it be remembered that the goblet was a full yard long. On this occasion all the Englishmen had the favour of draining the harpoon socket granted to them, whilst to the Shetlanders drams, or ordinary glasses of liquor, were distributed; nor was this the only time that I found the men of Shetland were considered as inferior to their comrades, though I could not discover why; unless, (as Robinson Crusoe would say,) because they were inferior in rascality and low manners. After this began the spanning, which is accomplished by splicing a piece of new untarred rope round the shank. This rope is called the foreganger, and is made from the best hemp, unsoiled by pitch of any kind, that it may bend freely with the weapon

It is about the length of thirty feet, and the loose end is spliced to the end of the whole line when wanted.

After the spanning, the harpoon is hooked on to a loop, and the foreganger is bent to the capstan, and stretched taught with some force, while several blows are struck with a mallet on the weapon. This process is intended to try the goodness both of the rope and the harpoon; which being ascertained, they are folded up, and put by in a dry place, with oiled rope yarn wrapped round the barb.

This duty being completed, Jock, the cook, was called down, and a fiddle was placed in his hands, upon which he performed several airs, with all the conscious superiority of a Mori or a Spagnoletti. Nor was he less urbane in devoting his talents to the decantation of several horns of grog, with which he was liberally supplied; and after regaling our ears with sundry airs, among which the "fisher's boy" was most in favour, he was sent upon deck for the amusement of "all hands."

All hands met Jock more than half way; and, notwithstanding the heaving of the deck, a sudden dance commenced, which shewed the

right merry humour of the volunteers, if it did not display their accomplishments. I do not mean, however, to insinuate, that there were not several who evinced themselves to be active and gay professors of the fairy science; but the greater part of them seemed to consider the vigour of their motions the best proof of their skill; and these shook their limbs at each other with a remorseless fury, which would have dislocated the joints of any one of our fashionable waltzigyrizing generation.

The Shetland men, in general, expressed in their faces, and in their movements, far more delight and agility than their southern messmates, and their evolutions were as rapid and fantastic as the most desperate Highland reel could encourage, and the rolling of the ship increase. They danced to the tune of "Scalloway Lasses," a quick monotonous air, which one of them scraped upon the violin, for Jock had resigned it to enjoy (though more than a sexagenarian) the mysteries of Thalian worship. The swiftest repetition of the following lines may give some idea of the excessive velocity and confusion of the tune, which, as I heard it played, required the foot of a true

reeler to beat its time with any thing like precision.

"Nay, softly, Jenny, I'm no such ninny,
To care a doit what passes:
'Twixt you and any, there are full many
Right bonny Scalloway lasses:
So cease your flouting, and ease your pouting,
I'll o'er the hills to-morrow;
And you may vex whose heart you can,
Mine was not made for sorrow."

Many of the Shelties are tall men, but Jock, the cook, a lofty, gaunt, bony, broad-shouldered Scot, looked like a tottering tree shaken by an earthquake, amidst a group of shrubs. His steps and his air excelled those of the rest, and he moved with some degree of grace, but every joint seemed stiffened by age, and the violent gesticulations of his comrades strongly contrasted his unbending majesty of motion. It afforded great sport to the mischievously disposed to dance over that part of the deck above the heads of the harpooners belonging to the ensuing watch, who had *turned in*, and now and then a heavy stamp was given, accompanied by a burst of glee, that shewed the wicked pleasure of the miscreants. About ten, the festivity was closed, and those who could retreated below.

Whilst this scene, as politic as ludicrous, was going forward, the ship was pitching from eight to ten feet. The sea was bursting with violence against the bows; and the wind blowing pretty cool in 70° degrees N. L. Daylight lasted clear till nine o'clock, and at ten every thing upon deck was visible.

We of the cabinet did not spend all the night in gazing at the outrageous mirth of the crew, but after supper enjoyed our usual conversation and our grog. I say *our* grog with a sort of vanity, for the captain declared that he saw so much amendment in my health, that he thought I might be taken off the sick list, and admitted to the privilege of sipping "old puncheon" at discretion. I believe the increasing coldness of the climate had some influence in obtaining me this indulgence from my worthy guardian; but it is true that I was rapidly recovering my health, and the unbiassed evidence of the sailors tended unequivocally to assure me that my appearance was improved.

It was the captain's watch during the evening, and the duty of entertaining us with a tale devolved upon the officer for the time being, as I have already stated. Of all persons under this regulation, the captain was least likely to be

excused from performing his task, since his ordinary services upon deck were always executed by the second mate, who was his lieutenant of the watch.

This night, in particular, we were extremely clamorous when he attempted to get off by a sham plea of hoarseness, and our threats of giving up the custom altogether, unless he maintained his part, and a hundred other mock compulsatory exclamations, at length prevailed.

"Well, gentlemen," said he with his usual preface, "if you oblige me to torment you with my dull prosing, let the punishment be upon your own heads; I shall feel pleasure in inflicting it for your obstinacy."

Upon this notice, the pipes of those who used them were replenished, and the horns received new cargoes of diluted nectar, for I maintain that the beverage of the ancient deities was nothing but brandy and other ardent spirits, with which the mortals of those days were unacquainted. In the meantime, I had adjusted my note-book, and mended my pen, and seated myself, with the official air of a reporter in a court of law; at least I fancied so—and it is sufficient for the imagination to

become possessed with an idea of that kind, to make one suspect that every body else thinks the same.

"I think, Ridgway," said the captain, after a few moments consideration, "that I will give you and your friends here some account of the fortunes of that gentleman, whom you received on board this ship in the Pool one day, whilst I was on shore. Do you recollect him, and my promise to tell you some adventures, in which we were both engaged?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the mate, "I do—you mean Mr. Woolcraft, do you not."

"Woolcraft is his name," returned the captain; "and so it was his business, by a singular coincidence, but this is not the only instance of such occurrences. I have known several persons whose surnames were descriptive of their professions."

"So have I," cried Shipley: "I knew a schoolmaster who was called Horsham, which his scholars always pronounced Horse'em; and when a boy I used to join with others in plaguing an old German tailor in Hull, who went by the name of Snipshears; though I have since learnt that the appellation his father brought into England was Schneipzer."

"Those were rather twisted to suit the purpose," observed Ridgway; "but in walking through London you will notice many names inscribed over shop doors, which exactly correspond with the trades of their owners, such as Baker, Carpenter, Taylor, and so forth."

"I could point out many such," said William, "among the rest Doctor Pellet."

"Let me listen to the tale while I can," cried the second mate: "Mr. Shafton is going to begin."

WOOLCRAFT.

"You are aware, I believe," said the captain, "that I was not originally brought up to the sea; and, in fact, I was much past twenty when I first set my foot on board a ship. My destination, as designed by my parents, was widely different from what it now is; but the failure of their kind endeavours was unavoidable, either by them or by me. I will, however, let you see the cause of my want of success when I come to its place in my story; for, first of all, in order to explain the extreme familiarity that grew up between Mr. Woolcraft and myself, I ought to tell you, that I was brought up with him from the time I was fourteen years of age. My father had made some money in trade, he had retired from business before I was born, and as soon as I was capable of receiving instruction, he placed

me at a free-school, in the vicinity of his residence, the master of which was accustomed to take boarders, and was celebrated for the excellent manner in which he prepared his pupils for the University. I believe the intention of my father then, was to bring me up to one of the learned professions; but, when I arrived at the age of thirteen, losses, or early habits of thinking, or perhaps both combined, induced him to alter his resolution. He took me from school, to my infinite sorrow, and bound me apprentice to Mr. Woolcraft, the father and partner of the gentleman whose story I am about to relate to you.

"Mr. Woolcraft and his son differed as widely from each other as the old and young courtier in the ancient ballad. The advantage, however, was on the side of the young citizen. The character of the elder Woolcraft was strangely compounded of selfishness and generosity, expanded ideas and ignorance, and his manners were coarse and unpolished. Robert (for such was the name of his only son,) seemed to inherit all the brighter parts of his father's mind, without any of his harsh or illiberal feelings. He was generous, in the most extensive meaning of the word, his comprehension was power-

ful, his manners gentle, and his mind highly polished, an advantage he owed, indeed, to his father, who often lamented, in the latter part of his life, that he had received no instruction beyond what he had obtained at a country day-school, and who, therefore, spared no expense upon the education of his son. About the time I became an inmate of this family, the elder Mr. Woolcraft gradually relinquished an active part in the business. He had been all his life attached to the country, and at an early period he had hired a cottage in Surrey, where he was accustomed to pass his Sundays, the only holiday the careful citizen of that period allowed himself to enjoy. As his fortune increased, he suffered his wife and family to reside there the greater part of the week, and at length, having become attached to the spot, he had purchased it, together with some lan adjoining. Every year, while it added to his income, added to his purchases, until, imperceptibly, he found himself possessed of a large landed estate; and, shortly after I was bound to him, he filled the measure of his ambition, by becoming lord of the manor in which his property was situated.

"For a long time Mr. Woolcraft had neglected

the city for the country; now, he resolved to withdraw from business altogether. He discovered that the confined air of Watling-street did not agree with him, that his gout never troubled him at his villa,—that his duties as a magistrate would not allow him to attend to trade; in fact, as he had now acquired a handsome fortune, and had only three children, one son and two daughters, for whom he was able amply to provide, he resolved to pass the rest of his days in ease, and in improving his estate, though what these improvements were to be, I believe neither he nor any other person could imagine. He immediately put his determination in practice, and resigned his business into the hands of his son, who thus, at the early age of two and twenty, became possessed of a concern which had cost his father nearly forty years of successful labour to acquire.

"The constitution of Robert was delicate, and his health far from equal to the fatigues of an extensive traffic. Confinement really had on him the effect his father supposed it to have upon himself, and he began to droop almost from the day he became independent. Still he struggled with his weakness. He knew that the happiness of his father depended on seeing

him flourish in business, and he applied himself to it with unremitting assiduity, neglecting even the scientific and literary amusements he had formerly allowed himself; for, harsh and over-bearing as was the elder Woolcraft, he doated on his son, and Robert returned his affection, and would have sacrificed any thing to please him. Now, therefore, that all the affairs of a large concern rested on the son's exertions, his whole attention was occupied; and whether it was that his mind was worn out by incessant activity, or whether confinement undermined his strength, he gradually became languid, and manifested many very dangerous symptoms.

"Still he adhered closely to business; perhaps more closely than was altogether necessary, because he knew that, by so doing, he should oblige his father, who seemed to think that Robert had no right even to the most trifling amusement; alleging that, for the first ten years after *he* had begun business, he had no country-house, (his only pleasure;) and, therefore, laying down as a rule, that his son ought to deny himself recreation of any kind during the same period. Indeed, he required of his son the closest attention; perhaps the more so, because he began the world

with a good business; for every one knows that those who commence with a connection ready formed are frequently less attentive than those who have to lay the foundation of their fortunes. Although he had now, virtually, no concern whatever with the affairs of his son, he took upon himself the office of overlooking all his transactions, and he used to come to town, occasionally, merely to hold a sort of inquiry into the conduct of Robert, and to find fault with every thing and every body in the place; for his disposition seemed now, when he had reached the very summit of his wishes, to have grown sourer than ever. To this hour I can recollect the alarm we all used to feel, as the periods of these inquisitorial visits approached, and the dismay every countenance was wont to exhibit, at the sight of his awful person; for, from the highest to the lowest, we were all sure of being somehow included in his displeasure; and to be upbraided and threatened by a man to whom you acknowledge no obligation, but who has unbounded influence over one on whom you depend, is extremely galling to the feelings.

"Of course, Robert himself always came in for a share of these ill-natured observations; but he bore every thing with the greatest good humour,

and never failed to atone to his dependents, for the harshness of his father, by some act of kindness. Indeed we all deserved praise rather than blame from our former master. Robert, since he became proprietor of the business, had enlarged it considerably, and his energy and activity seemed to pervade every department of his concern. In fact, he managed his establishment with so much firmness, yet with so much skill, that everyone felt obliged to exert himself to the utmost, and yet no one could complain of being overworked or unrequited. This I consider no trifling praise, for nothing is more difficult than to combine and direct the abilities of a number of persons, held together by a bond so slight as that which unites dependents to their employers in a commercial city.

"Never was any business conducted with more regularity than that of Robert Woolcraft; and, indeed, everything seemed to answer to the very utmost of his wishes; but, notwithstanding the success of his undertakings, it was evident that he laboured beyond his strength, and after he had been about three years sole proprietor, every one perceived that his health was rapidly failing. Indeed, both his figure and countenance gave unequivocal symptoms of approaching consump-

tion. Still, he neither complained nor relaxed in his exertions; for, notwithstanding the harshness and boorishness of his father, Robert was so much attached to him, that he would probably have rather died at his post, than have resigned it, unless ordered to do so by him. But although his illness was now apparent to all, his father, for a long time, affected not to notice it, though I could see that his very soul was tortured by concealing his sorrow. Yet he could not confess that he saw the full extent of the danger, without desiring Robert to relinquish his business, or diminish his activity; and the idea of giving up a concern that seemed likely to be so profitable, was in his eyes most horrible. All the friends of the family now exclaimed against the brutality of the father, for they naturally imagined that he chose rather to see his son die, than relinquish his business—but they did not know my old master. Much as he loved money he loved his son more, and at the time he pretended to imagine Robert was only nervous, or slightly indisposed, I have often seen him shed tears in private; an event which never failed to make a powerful impression upon me, for I naturally concluded, that if the illness of my young master was sufficiently dangerous to

draw tears from one so harsh and unfeeling as his father, it must be of the most fatal description. Alas! I could not then understand the feelings of a parent.

"At length the disorder of Robert arrived at such a height that his father could no longer avoid taking notice of it, and it now became a question, whether he should die a martyr to traffic, or whether he should retire from trade altogether. Some palliatives were, indeed, imagined; but none of them met the approbation of the elder Woolcraft. That is, it was proposed that Robert should admit a partner to his concern, who should undertake the laborious part of the business,—but his father declared that he had made his money by his own efforts, and that he did not approve of partners;—then Robert was advised to diminish his trade, and consequently his fatigue; but to this his father would by no means consent. 'It looked,' he said, 'as if he was reduced by failure;' and rather than such an opinion should become current, he preferred sacrificing the concern altogether. He, therefore, ordered him to dispose of the business, and to dedicate all his time to the preservation of his health.

"It had been my fortune to attract more of the

notice of my young master, than any other person in his large establishment. Perhaps, my youth made me a favourite, or, perhaps, my domestic and retired habits pleased him; for I was fond of reading, and, when the business of the day was over, he used to send for me to his sitting-room, to which he was latterly entirely confined, and employ me in reading to him the newspapers and other light productions of the time; repaying my attention by keeping me to supper, and by innumerable acts of kindness which, by degrees, obliterated the distinctions that generally exist in the city between master and apprentice, and placed us on the footing of two friends.

"The business which Robert Woolcraft was compelled by illness to relinquish, was so considerable, that it allowed of being divided into three shares, and my father strained every resource, to enable him to procure one for me. This object, however, he would not have been able to accomplish, but for the liberality and kindness of my young master, who offered to take the purchase money by such instalments as my parents could afford, and he even had the bounty to tell me privately, that he would wait till I could pay off the obligation from my own

receipts, and he desired me not to let my father distress himself for my sake.

"This generous treatment inspired me with the greatest ardour, and I spared no pains in promoting the prosperity of the firm of which I had become a member; both for my own interest, and that I might be able to return a full measure of gratitude, if possible, to my benefactor. The partners with whom I was associated were active and intelligent men. One had, like myself, been brought up by the Woolcrafts, though he had finished his time under the elder gentleman: the other was from Lancashire, into which country his connection extended our concerns with great success. My department was the export trade, and, from that having been the branch in which my father had been engaged when in business, I received great assistance from his experience: while Mr. Sedgwick, (my fellow apprentice,) managed the home consumption and the day-book.

"Fortune has often been likened to the sun, and, certainly, at the beginning of our partnership, she smiled on us like the luminary in an unclouded sky. Our establishment grew like a young tree, planted in a rich soil, and favoured by a genial climate. Every day added strength

to our roots, or length to our branches; we budded, and blossomed, and bore fruit, with rapidity; and were considered in the city as three thriving young men, who could not fail to become rich, and who would uphold the honour of commerce. Our prospects and desires took wider scopes, and I, in particular, had the good luck to get largely engaged in the shipment of manufactured goods.

"Although, of course, I had now no longer any connection with Robert Woolcraft, the confidence he had hitherto placed in me was not diminished by our separation, and I, consequently, became acquainted with and a party to many of his transactions, which I should not otherwise have known; and, with the thoughtlessness of youth, I counselled and assisted him in an act, to which he was but too well inclined, but which he might have avoided, had he not been advised by one to whom he trusted, and whose opinion he was too ready to take, without examining the judgment of the giver, because it fell in with his own inclinations.

"The elder Woolcraft, when his son was obliged to relinquish business, resolved entirely to discard the tradesman, and, from that time forward, to live and think like a gentleman

and a landed proprietor. He consequently, adopted a variety of opinions, somewhat at variance with those he had professed in early life. One idea, however, which perhaps was a modification of the principle from which all his industry and all his riches had sprung, was ever uppermost in his mind; this was a constant fear of poverty. He had observed, (what is indeed pretty notorious,) that land in the vicinity of London seldom remains more than one or two generations in a family, and he, of course, concluded, that the change of owners arise sfrom the extravagance of the proprietors, many of whom he knew to be the descendants of persons, who, like himself, had accumulated money by trade. As Robert was now incapacitated from carrying on business, he feared that this might be his case, and he cast about for the means to prevent it; but he could only discover one method of indemnifying Robert for the fortune his ill-health had obliged him to relinquish. This was by marriage; and he began to consider the qualifications, that is the fortunes, of all the widows and maidens of his acquaintance; but none were equal to his wishes; and in this difficulty he resolved to consult a friend, a bill-broker, or rather usurer, with whom he had had many pecuniary transactions, and who

was, he imagined well acquainted with the fortunes of the city heiresses. He stated his case, as a mere matter of business, and the usurer, who saw it in the same light, after a few moments consideration, replied, that he thought he could procure him thirty thousand pounds on moderate terms—that is, for moderate settlements. 'But,' he added, 'I shall of course, expect five per cent. for my trouble.'—'You shall have it,' replied Mr. Woolcraft.—'And a bonus of ten per cent.,' added the usurer.—'Making in all,' said Mr. Woolcraft, hesitatingly, 'fifteen per cent. Fifteen per cent. on thirty thousand pounds, will be four thousand five hundred pounds—a round sum, which, with the law expenses, and other expenses, will reduce the lady's fortune under twenty-five thousand pounds. However, if she does not require enormous settlements, you shall have it. What sort of person is she? for Robert is young, and, of course, her value will rise or fall, in his opinion, with her beauty.'—'I can't exactly say, at present,' replied the usurer. 'I have two or three parties in my eye, who may close with your proposals; but a good deal will depend on the income you intend to allow Robert during your

lifetime, and the settlement of your estate at your death.'

"'Oh, I shall make excellent settlements for him,' replied Mr. Woolcraft: 'I shall portion my daughters out of my funded property, which will then leave a residue of thirty thousand pounds, three per cents., for Bob, together with the estate, worth two thousand a year, exclusive of manorial rights, and highly improveable. I have some thoughts of building myself, and applying for an act to enclose the common; but, somehow, I do not like to shut out the prospects I have been used to for so many years. Bob will not be so squeamish.— His income during my life, by the bye—that shall be the interest of the thirty thousand in the threes. I'll make it up a thousand, not to mention the interest of the money he received for the goodwill of the business.—Ah! my friend, what a noble opportunity of making an immense fortune has he lost, through this cursed, cursed illness!'

"Although Mr. Woolcraft had thus opened a negociation for the marriage of his son, he did not mention it to him, till his broker informed him, that he had found a gentleman, who had enter-

tained his offer, and who was willing to treat. He then told Bob the circumstances, that they might attend together at an interview, which the zealous usurer had appointed.

"My old master was one of those half selfish, half generous, rude and uncultivated beings, so frequently found among the citizens of the last generation, and he opened his purpose to his son in a manner little calculated to conciliate one of his delicacy and feeling. Robert, besides being averse to taking a wife as he would an article of traffic, of which he was not in want, merely because it was a good bargain, had a still more powerful reason for declining the proposal of his father. He was sincerely attached to another, a distant and poor relation, who returned his passion, and with whom he had entered into the most solemn engagements, which were not to be fulfilled till after his father's death; for Robert knew that he would never give his consent to them, and he would not give him pain by disobeying him, though he would not sacrifice his happiness by suffering himself to be entirely governed by him.

"Robert, at first, hoped to prevail upon his father to relinquish the treaty he was so anxious to conclude, by telling him candidly the state

of his affections; but this avowal only made him endeavour to drive forward his bargain with still greater rapidity; for now, he imagined that his son stood on the brink of destruction, and that nothing but this rich marriage could snatch him from utter ruin, and he hoped by precipitation to oblige him to comply, by not allowing him sufficient time to take measures for opposing him. He, therefore, continued his negociation with the father of the lady he had chosen, and he was not a little urged onward in his resolution by his wife and daughters; who, for some reason which they did not, and perhaps could not disclose, hated the unfortunate girl on whom young Woolcraft had placed his affections.

"In a short time, matters were brought so near to a conclusion, that Robert perceived it was necessary he should take some decisive method of signifying his resolution to be free. He waited upon the father of the lady, and explained his circumstances to him, hoping that he would break off the negociation; but this gentleman, like the elder Woolcraft, was one of those who think the consent of the parties most immediately concerned of little consequence in marriage, as long as the parents or guardians are agreed;

and, in a positive, though complimentary, manner, he informed Robert that he could not think of breaking his engagements with his father; and, indeed, it afterwards appeared that both the parents had bound themselves not to break off the treaty, under forfeiture of one thousand pounds.

"As he was returning from this unsuccessful interview, he met me, and his heart being full of vexation, he, to soothe his sorrows, recounted them to me. I know not what spirit of mischief inspired my thoughts, but I interrupted him in the midst of his lamentations, by saying, 'Were I you, I would put it out of my own power to obey my father, by marrying the object of my affection.' He was silent for a moment, and then he endeavoured to shew me why he ought not to follow my advice; but I saw that his heart was on my side, and that he argued weakly, and, perhaps, from the mere vanity of carrying my point, or for the pleasure of thwarting my old master, I had recourse to every method I could imagine, to convince him that he was bound to secure his own happiness in this affair at any hazard. Agitation had in some degree deprived him of his self-command; and, although not convinced by my arguments, he yet complied with my wishes;

while I, finding he resigned himself to my direction, urged him forward with so much precipitation, that within three days the marriage was privately celebrated. This hasty measure was, I may say, dictated by me, and I afterwards bitterly lamented the advice I had given; but, at the time, I was very young, and felt all the hatred of youth for what I imagined to be paternal oppression. I was animated by the most sincere wish for the happiness of my friend, and I was too inexperienced to examine into future consequences.

"The marriage was to have been kept a profound secret; it was merely a precautionary measure, and was not to have been noticed, till every other means had failed of avoiding the match proposed by Mr. Woolcraft, senior. An officious friend, however, discovered it, and immediately made it public. This was the only act of disobedience Robert had ever committed, (if it could be called an act of disobedience, in a man of six and twenty, to marry the woman he loved, in preference to one for whom he had no affection); and it was followed by what was to him sudden punishment. His father, upon receiving intelligence of it, burst into a paroxysm of rage, which terminated in a fit of apoplexy;

and although, by prompt medical assistance, he was rescued from immediate danger, it was evident that his constitution had received a shock which would eventually overthrow it.

"The misfortunes of Robert may now be said to have commenced, for he had a most feeling heart, and he was perpetually goaded by the reflection that he had shortened the days of one whose greatest error had been a mistaken desire to serve him. It is not necessary to enlarge upon his sorrow at this event; the sensitive mind will readily conceive it, and the hardened heart will not comprehend it from the most elaborate description.

"The happiness of the elder Woolcraft seemed now blighted for ever;—he had no longer an object in life, and with him every thing had lost its interest. He no longer delighted in the country; he was accustomed to walk to town, and to visit his former establishment, to wander over the shop and warehouse, and to lament the days when they formed his pleasure and his pride. All his anger, against both his son and myself, had now given place to a deep seated and ever-present melancholy, which neither amusement nor argument could remove, and he used to give vent to his sorrows, by complaining

to me and to Sedgwick. 'I will not disinherit Robert,' he would say—'I cannot—I have toiled for him, and my only wish was to keep him from poverty. Besides, if I leave what I have to his sisters, they will marry, and I shall only have laboured to enrich other men. Yet, after the step he has taken, no dependance can be placed upon him, and my estate, like those of so many other careful fathers, will be brought to the hammer. This ill-fated marriage seems to have been destined to cause my death, and his ruin. He has no family; if he had a son, I could yet find means to preserve him from destruction.'

"I do not wish to mingle more of my own history than is absolutely necessary with that of Mr. Woolcraft; yet I deem it proper to digress for a moment, to think of myself. I have already told you, that I conducted the exportation trade of our house, and that I was very largely concerned in shipments of goods. One evening, when about to return from on board a vessel, lying some miles below bridge, I missed my footing, as I was descending the side; and, although by good luck I fell into the boat, I so violently sprained my leg, that I imagined it was broken. All the sailors who came to my

aid were of the same opinion, and, as it immediately began to swell, I desired to be carried to the nearest tavern, that it might be examined by a surgeon. I was literally obeyed, for I was landed at the termination of a narrow alley, in Rotherhithe, and conveyed, almost senseless from extreme pain, into a public-house, where I was put to bed, and attended by a medical practitioner. Although my leg was not broken, my surgeon recommended me to remain where I was for a few days, and I followed his advice; for I feared that motion would increase my agony, and I found in the landlord and his niece very careful and gentle attendants, although, from their appearance and occupation, the reverse might have been expected. As I shall have hereafter occasion again to make mention of this public-house, and its inhabitants, I will now interrupt the progress of my narrative to describe them.

"Perhaps the only part of the metropolis that can give any idea of what London was, previous to the great fire, is a portion of Rotherhithe, in the vicinity of the Thames. There, the curious observer may yet behold narrow streets, blind allies, and dark courts, filled with wooden

houses, covered with pitch, and adorned with lofty roofs and curious gabels. These houses are, for the most part, small and gloomy, jammed and wedged together, as if the principal object of the builders had been to exclude both light and air. The outsides of many of them yet retain the ancient jutting out of the floors, each beyond the other; while, within, they show that odd confusion of rooms, passages, and stairs, jumbled together without order, which modern architects so carefully avoid.

"The inhabitants of these antique dwellings are, for the most part, a simple or rather an uneducated race. Solely intent on their traffic, which is generally connected with the water, they seem to give themselves but little concern with the business of the land. All their conversations, manners, customs, thoughts, and dealings, owe their origin to the Thames. That beneficent river is the source of their existence, and they, in return, may be said to extend the celebrity of their parent; for, at the period of which I speak, scarcely a vessel quitted the metropolis which was not in some degree indebted to them for building, repairing, or finding in naval stores; and many of them were

actually engaged as sailors in that hazardous branch of adventure in which we are now occupied.

"In one of the narrow lines, which here lead down to the river, was situated the public-house to which I had been carried.—It was known by the name of 'The Jovial Sailors.'

"A modern tavern keeper might have been content to have written this title on his door-post, but the respectable proprietor of this place still retained the customs of his ancestors; and, knowing that a sign was intended, as its name imports, to convey intelligence to those who canont read, he had caused one, the production of an eminent artist in this line, to be suspended from the front of his mansion. In the back ground of this symbolic representation was depicted a number of mariners, enjoying themselves in various manners; smoking, drinking, or listening to the notes of a fiddle, while, in the centre, the principal light fell upon the figure of a youthful sailor, indulging in the height of marine joviality, dancing a hornpipe, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other; beneath whose feet, still further to display the animating powers of liquor, music, and dancing, was inscribed a doggrel legend, too long

for repetition, the object of which was, that 'Jack was now really alive.' The landlord of this place was an 'ancient mariner,' who had faced danger in almost every shape in which it can encounter a sailor, and who had sought it in almost every place where it was to be found. He was the only son of the former proprietor of the house; but, at an early age, he had quitted his paternal roof, and had gone to sea, and nearly forty years of his life had been spent in traversing the ocean. During this time, his father had died, his mother had re-married, and conveyed the house to another person, and died also; and, when he returned, he found that he was utterly unknown, and that a niece, nearly his own age, the daughter of his eldest sister, was his only living relation.

Years had effectually cooled his blood, and allayed the thirst of adventure that had caused him to quit his parents, and go to sea. He had become prudent and regular, and he was, when discharged, entitled to a large share of prize-money, the accumulation of many years. He resolved, therefore, to remain on shore; and, by way of settling himself for life, he purchased the house in which he had been born, installed his aged niece behind the bar, and commenced

business with all the regularity to which he had been accustomed in his early youth.

"I have had considerable experience in the characters of English seamen, and I am far from believing them to be that open-hearted, generous, thoughtless race of men they are imagined to be, by those who are not intimately acquainted with them. On the contrary, I know them to be, like all uncultivated beings, knavish, selfish, and malevolent; and I am well aware that their apparent generosity, when on shore, is only the lavish expenditure of ignorance. From this unfavourable character my host of the 'Jovial Sailors' was an exception. His manner was somewhat stern and positive; but, if he had about him none of the thoughtlessness of the sailor, he had none of the duplicity which thoughtlessness, (as it is termed) usually conceals. He was strict and correct in all his dealings, and he expected the same in all who dealt with him; yet he was really kind and generous, whenever an opportunity offered for exercising those virtues. These particulars of his character and history I gleaned, while confined for about a week in his house, during which time I experienced the greatest kindness and attention from him and his niece.

"I had scarcely been returned home ten days, when our prosperity and all my hopes were utterly destroyed, by an unexpected event, which involved more than ourselves in ruin. To meet the bills which we had given for several extensive orders on our manufacturers, we had collected almost the whole of our debts, and placed the money, as it came in, in the hands of a banker of great credit and long standing. It would, perhaps, have been impossible, at any other time, to have found the property of the firm so entirely out of our hands. We had a vast consignment of goods afloat, the greater part of which had sailed; and, indeed, the last vessel in which we had made a shipment was below the Hope. We had executed many commissions from the country, which had exhausted the remainder of our supplies for the time being, and we had not long furnished most of our London customers with fresh assortments. Just at that critical moment, the bank of Messrs. B—— stopped payment, and all our money was sunk in that gulph, which swallowed so much city wealth, and spread so much consternation among merchants.

"I shall not describe the distress of our minds,

at finding our hopes blasted by this fatal bankruptcy; for I do not wish to think again of my own state of mind at that time.—We, too, became bankrupts, and every thing, household and stock, was given up to the commissioners. I am happy, however, in knowing now that our creditors lost nothing, for our bankruptcy was ultimately superseded; but, long before our affairs were settled, I had given up all wishes to renew business. The shock I felt was intolerable, and, whilst suffering under its violence, I hurried to the 'Jovial Sailors,' as to a retreat in a time of misfortune. I felt desirous of hiding myself from all my former friends and acquaintances, as if I had been guilty of a crime, and, though I heard that Robert Woolcraft was inquiring and seeking for me, I remained secluded in my lodgings, not even letting my father know the place of my residence, though I informed him of my being in London.

"At the Jovial Sailors I formed a thousand extravagant plans for my future disposal, and relished those most which were least concordant with reason and practicability. At last my landlord, who knew my situation, and who had become the only confidant of my wild schemes,

came to me one day, and told me that Capt. P——, of the B——, Greenlandman, wanted a steward and clerk for a voyage, and asked me if I should like the birth. The idea of going to Greenland was to me at that time much what sailing to the East Indies was two hundred years back, an adventure full of risk and difficulty, and I caught at the proposal somewhat, (I am afraid) as a man snatches up a pistol with the intention of blowing out his brains. I was delighted, in my desperation, with the prospect of encountering danger, and of adding bodily suffering to my mental agony, and I engaged myself to do every thing required, for the pay that was offered, without consideration, and without desire to render the situation better than I found it. My little stock of ready money I mostly exhausted in fitting myself, or rather in letting my landlord fit me out, with necessary clothing; and I sailed on my first voyage to these seas more miserable and desolate than if I had been a convict torn from a starving family. I must here tell you of the great kindness of my landlord, which I did not discover till I had nearly completed my expedition. I had given him my purse, requesting him to deduct his own due for my board and lodging first, and

then to procure me what he thought I might require at sea, as he had volunteered to do; and so he did, as I imagined; but when we were making Shetland, on our way home, I looked for my purse, intending to buy some trifles on the island, for my parents, and I found in it all the cash, excepting what had been laid out for my equipment, together with a receipt for my expences at the Jovial Sailors, and a note, in the hand-writing of my host, begging me not to be angry, and informing me that he would not take a farthing from me, until I was as well off as before, if he were to go on board the tender for want of it. This benevolence I have not forgotten; and it has been my happiness to be the means of introducing this worthy man to a friend, who will ever stand betwixt him and misfortune.

"I spent four years in the Greenland service, and one and a half in a voyage to the South Seas, during which time I became boat-steerer, harpooner, and mate; for I took great liking to the sea, and I had conceived a violent disgust against the land. I never returned to London, but with a feeling of hatred towards the place, as if the scenery had been an accomplice in my loss; and I always set off immediately to M——,

whither my father had retired, taking a boat up the river, that I might avoid setting my foot upon the detested ground that bore it. One motive was, I believe, to avoid the chance of meeting my old associates, when I was in business; and I even feared to encounter Robert Woolcraft, though he never ceased trying to reclaim me from my vagabond life, and told my father he would set me up again in the woollen trade, if I would relinquish the sea.—This offer, however, I refused; for I had formed new habits, and any thing referring to my former state was displeasing.

"Upon my return from my fifth voyage, I called, as usual, first of all upon my landlord of the Jovial Sailors, with whom I always stayed one night, before I went any where else. Next morning, I hired a sailing-boat, and took my course up the river to M——, and landed early near the lane that runs up to my father's cottage. I had proceeded but a few paces when I found myself caught by the arm, and on looking round I saw Robert Woolcraft. I could not look upon him and be angry; nor had I any reason for being so, but my foolish bitterness of spirit towards every thing that reminded me of my downfall. In a few minutes, we were all as we

used to be, and I regretted that I had before avoided him; though not that I had refused his proffered assistance, for I could not have brought myself to renew my business.

"He accompanied me to my father's, and told me that he would get me appointed commander of any vessel I would name, within the sphere of his influence; and he begged me not to deny him the pleasure of at least bettering my fortunes. I could not have refused him, when I heard him speak, even if the request had been to my disadvantage; and by my choice I was made captain of the H———, from which, after three years, I got removed into this ship; and now, begging your pardons for troubling you with this long digression concerning myself, I will show you what it has to do with the history of my friend.

"Before I proceed, however, I must inform you, that Mrs. Robert Woolcraft, after remaining for four years without children, had at length borne a son, to the great delight of the elder Woolcraft, who, on this occasion, became reconciled to his daughter-in-law; but his happiness was but of short duration, another apoplectic stroke carried him off, within six months after the birth of his grandchild. The reason why

he had so earnestly desired that Robert should have a son now became visible, for, by his will, written but a few days before his death, he settled his estate upon this grandchild; or, in case of his decease, upon any other son Robert might have. Robert he appointed trustee, allowing him to retain, in that capacity, four-fifths of the annual income of the property; so that, though the estate was nominally left to his grandson, Robert had every advantage of possession, except that he could not alienate it. Indeed, the intention of the elder Woolcraft was nothing more than to entail the land upon his male descendants; for he willed that, failing Robert's, it should be equally divided between the eldest sons of his daughters, supposing them both to have children, otherwise to the eldest son of her who had a family. Female descendants he entirely barred, unless there was no male representative; for, as I have already said, he disliked leaving property to females, because, upon their marriage, they convey it into other families.

"To each of his daughters, however, he had already given a handsome fortune, and the remainder of his funded property he devised to his widow, for her life, and Robert he left residuary legatee.

"Unfortunately, though signed and witnessed in such a manner as to render it a legal instrument, this will, having been drawn up by the testator himself, was wanting in legal precision, and admitted of many constructions; that is, in case Robert's son should die, and he should have no other male children; for, otherwise it was sufficiently explicit; but at that time its obscurities were little noticed; it was proved and acted upon, and Robert took possession, without any suspicion of future difficulty.

"During the life of his father, Robert had occupied a house at the west end of the town, and he still continued to inhabit it after the decease of his parent; for he was a man of elegant feelings and accomplishments, and London had charms for him, of which the country could not boast. Nevertheless, he generally spent the summer at his estate; and as his mother was now dead, and her property had devolved upon him, he devoted the greater part of it to the improvement of his land; and he not only adorned his residence and grounds in a magnificent manner, but he erected several houses, which, as his estate was situated in a healthy and beautiful part of the county of Surrey, let to great advantage; so that the rents bade fair in a few years

to double his income. Having thus brought up the story of my friend to the time when we again met each other, I shall now proceed, with but one other digression concerning myself.

"I was very fortunate in the first voyage I made as captain, and brought home a full ship; the fullest that had been known for many years. We came back late, however, and had much difficulty in bringing our cargo safe into port; for the wind blew furiously all along the coast, and more than once I feared we should go down. We got her up at length, and cleared her, and put her into dock, and Mr. Woolcraft, finding me at leisure, invited me to spend some time at his house. I agreed, on condition he would let me have the honour of attending him and Mrs. Woolcraft on an expedition down to Woolwich, in my own boat, as they had promised before I last left England.

"To this no objection was made, for Mr. Woolcraft was desirous of seeing the dock-yard, and his lady purposed visiting some relations residing there; and we hoisted sail early in the morning, with intent of getting back to a late dinner, at the house of one of Mr. Woolcraft's friends, who was of the party.

"Continued gaiety, from our departure to our

return, waited upon our little voyage; every incident was agreeable, and the cause of increased merriment. Soft gales and sunshine seemed alone to be permitted on that day; both, really, in the atmosphere, and, metaphorically, in the feelings of my friends and myself. We came back to London as unwearied as when we quitted it, and spent the evening in hilarity and amusement. Never have I passed a day with so much happiness, and never may I pass another which shall terminate so fatally.

"The house in which we were entertained was in the heart of the city, and from thence I was to accompany my friends home in their carriage to the west; for the following day being the third anniversary of their only child's birth, they were anxious that I should be with them on the occasion.

"Just after midnight, when we were about to sit down to supper, one of those long nervous knocks that presage misfortune was heard at the door; and, almost immediately, a person rushed into the room, to say that the house of Mr. Woolcraft was in flames. Robert hastened down stairs, and I instantly followed him. We threw ourselves into a hackney coach, and drove rapidly forward, and never shall I forget the

impatience I felt to reach the burning mansion, when I saw the distant sky reddened by the blaze of fire, while we were so many miles away.

"We quickly arrived at the scene of terror, and to the latest day of my existence I shall recollect the fearful energy with which my friend forced his way through the crowd, and the wild anxiety with which he inquired for his child. But all our researches were vain—the very firemen, the only permanent spectators, could only tell us, that, when they first came, the house was enveloped in flame; but they added, that when they arrived they had seen persons busily engaged in moving out the goods, and that it was not probable that those, who had been so solicitous to preserve the property, would have suffered the inmates to perish. This was all the intelligence we could obtain, although we pursued our inquiries during the greater part of the night; for, what we could learn from the neighbours only tended to confirm, but not to add to our information.

"On the day following this night of misery, we renewed our search, but with the same want of success, or rather we discovered much that only aggravated and rendered certain our fears of the worst. When the fire broke out, the

coachman and footman had set out with the carriage for the city; the other servants, taking advantage of the absence of their master and mistress, had gone to visit their friends, and the house had been left to the care of the nursery maid, who had indeed prompted her fellow servants to quit it. She was missing, and we could only conjecture that she, together with her young charge, had fallen a sacrifice to the flames.

"As all our efforts to discover this servant were unavailing, we next endeavoured to trace the furniture that had been removed; hoping to acquire some information from those engaged in conveying it away; but, strange to say, we were still unsuccessful; for, though we actually discovered some of the persons who had lent their assistance during the fire, they could give us no intelligence. All they knew was soon told: they had been directed by a man in livery, whom they took for a servant belonging to the house, for they were casual passengers and volunteers, hastily assembled by the alarm of fire, and knew nothing of Mr. Woolcraft, or his establishment. The neighbours, who had also seen the furniture carried out, concurred in this statement. They had observed

a man in livery busily employed, and had, of course, imagined that he was in the service of the owner of the house; for it is natural to suppose, that they were too much occupied with the care of their own safety, to be particular in their observations.

"One person, indeed, a servant in the house directly opposite that of Mr. Woolcraft, declared that, soon after the fire was discovered, she being in her bed-room, which looked into the street, distinctly saw through the windows of the burning house the nursery-maid, with whose person she was well acquainted, hasten up the stairs. She traced her, she said, from window to window, by the light of the flames, in which she was sometimes enveloped, till she reached the landing-place of the floor on which the nursery was situated; she then lost sight of her for a moment; but presently she again appeared, bearing a child in her arms, and rushed hastily down the stairs, but stopped immediately opposite a window, at a place where the raging of the fire seemed to deny a passage. Our informant then described, with a degree of strength and accuracy which no imagination could have furnished, the terror and hesitation of the nursery-maid. She saw her, she said,

first run a few paces up stairs, then descend, then open the window, as if to call for help, and then desperately plunge into the fire. She had given her up for lost, when she again perceived her through the next window, still bearing the infant; but she never saw her afterwards; and, though she watched the door with the greatest anxiety, she did not see her come into the street. At the same time, she admitted, that the crowd was so dense that she might have passed unnoticed, but she observed, that when she lost sight of the nursery-maid, there had been a loud outcry in the street, and from the sudden spouting of the flames from the windows, she imagined that the floor had at that instant fallen in.

"This appeared almost decisive; yet even here the father could discover some grounds for hope, and his opinion was strengthened by the report of the firemen, and others employed to dig amid the ruins, that no remains of bodies could be discovered. A search was immediately instituted, among all the hospitals and workhouses in the neighbourhood, where it was probable the servant might have been carried, had she been rescued from the flames. Descriptions of her person were published, and rewards were offered to any one who could give the slightest

information concerning her,—but all in vain; and at length the hopes and anxieties of the parents, settled down into a gloomy uncertainty, an unwillingness to believe the worst, yet an incapacity to disprove it.

"The earnestness and avidity with which my friends had hitherto sought their child, had blinded them to every other consideration. If they had inquired for the furniture, said to have been removed, they had merely thought of it as connected with their son; but I, who, though extremely interested, had not the feelings of a parent, considered the disappearance of the property as not the least extraordinary part of the affair, and I privately set on foot the most minute inquiries, to ascertain whither it had been conveyed. I did this privately, because I would not, if unsuccessful, renew their grief, by detailing to them the failure of my endeavours. It was most singular, that I could not trace a single article beyond the street in which the late residence of my friends was situated, although I employed a police officer, (a being who holds the place in modern times that a blood-hound occupied in ancient days), to assist me; but the retreat had been so artfully conducted, that it set the penetration even of a police officer at

defiance. At first, I felt inclined to connect the disappearance of the maid with the loss of the property; but, at length, I altered my opinion, and concluded that the girl had indeed perished, and that the furniture had been conveyed away by some of those infamous villains who are ever on the watch at a fire, to add still further to the calamities of the sufferers, by stealing any thing that can be snatched from the burning dwelling. It would be needless to detail all my hopes, and all my disappointments; suffice it to say, that, after many weeks of useless labour, I gave up the search, convinced, from all I could learn, that the nursery-maid and the infant had died in the flames.

"The state of torpid repose that follows violent mental exertion is universally known. From this gloomy mode of existence Robert slowly revived. His wife, also, cast it aside; but she did not recover her former health. She seemed to have assumed a new state of being, she became one of those fragile forms which are animated by a fire that, while it elevates them above mortality, is gradually destroying them. The flush of health had given place on her cheek to a hectic glow; her eye sparkled, but it was with the gleam of another world; she moved and looked with the

quickness and intensity of a being which had thrown off its load of mortality, and acquired, in this world, an incorporeal and spiritual character.

"Years passed on without causing any improvement in her health; her life continued as it were gradually to exhale; she seemed for ever hovering on the brink of the grave—now apparently on the point of entering—then retiring from it, and regaining somewhat of more vigorous texture. I shall not dwell on the sorrows of her husband. The death of his son he had in some degree recovered, but the continued illness of his wife seemed to communicate itself to his mind. He became nervous and agitated, and perpetually on the watch for misfortunes; his kind and tender feelings appeared to be continually irritated by anxiety, and the firm and generous tone of his mind seemed to have given place to a morbid sensibility of evil—but, wounded as he was by domestic calamity, he was destined to receive another blow from his family.

"His eldest sister was married to one of those greedy and discontented men, who conceal their selfishness under a pretended zeal for strict and unrelenting justice. This man affected to believe that, as Mr. Woolcraft was without children, (for

he had had but one since the disappearance of his son, and *that* had died), he had no longer a right to the estate; and that, according to the will of the late possessor, it descended to the son of the eldest daughter. He made up a long declaration, of the pain it gave him to add to the sorrow of his brother-in-law, but he averred that duty towards his own offspring obliged him to see them righted; and, finally, pretending to believe himself extremely injured, he declaimed loudly against what he termed the infamous conduct of Mr. Woolcraft, in retaining possession of a property to which he had no claim, and, although it seemed evident to all that he had not the least chance of success, he yet persisted in bringing his claims to trial.

"Notwithstanding this man's pretensions to strict justice, he seemed to forget that the son of the younger sister was, by the terms of the will, entitled to share with the son of the eldest.—But the husband of that lady thought proper to bring the circumstance to his remembrance. He, therefore, became a party to the proceedings, which now began to assume all the character of the most hostile suit; for it is astonishing how soon the feelings become embittered, and the mind urged forward to extremity, when once

the different branches of a family have set themselves in open array against each other.

"The two plaintiffs, like ravenous animals after they had been a short time on the scent, seemed to rush forward in their career of avarice with redoubled fury; they availed themselves of every opportunity, and took advantage, however ungenerously, of every weakness. The very misfortunes of Mr. Woolcraft, which had rendered him indecisive, slow, and indifferent, were to them reasons why they should push him with vigour, inasmuch as he was less capable of defending himself.

"Unfortunately, the letter and the spirit of the will were at variance, and afforded ample matter for the exercise of legal acuteness and legal duplicity. I say of legal acuteness, for, to my simple comprehension, there seemed to be no difficulty at all, since the estate was evidently left, together with four-fifths of the income, to Robert for his life, in trust for his son, if he had one; or else, for the sons of his sisters. Some doubts, indeed, might have arisen, whether he ought not to pay this one-fifth to these sons; but even this is doubtful; for, as he was under forty, there was no reason why he should not yet have more sons himself, in which case no

other persons could in any manner pretend to the property. We sailors, however, have very imperfect ideas of law, whatever we may have of equity; for the lawyers on the opposite side could find innumerable reasons, why Robert had no claim whatever to the property his father had been so anxious to secure to him; and I must say for his legal advisers, that they found arguments equally good to oppose them; so that one point was no sooner decided than another was started, and every term produced a new trial, or a rule to shew cause why a new trial should not be granted. This persecution, for my friend felt every thing a persecution that withdrew his attention from his wife, lasted two years; at the end of which time it was more involved and perplexed than it was at the beginning; and it at length appearing, that the inferior courts could not bring it to a conclusion, the plaintiffs threw the cause, with all its doubts and difficulties, into chancery. The paralizing influence of this powerful court suspended for a while the animation of all parties; but to Mr. Woolcraft this suspension was little better than death, for it now appeared that the letter of the will might be interpreted so much against him,

that it was thought expedient to sequestrate the disputed estate, till the case was decided.

"This long and expensive suit, the illness of his wife, and many losses, arising generally from misplaced kindness, had much impaired the fortune of my friend. A still larger portion of his funded property had been expended in embellishing and improving the very land he was now so likely to lose. He was, besides, considerably involved, owing to the failure of a concern to which he had advanced money, and for some of the debts of which he had rendered himself liable; the sequestration of the estate, therefore, to him was ruin.

"When this new misfortune arrived, Robert Woolcraft might be said to stand almost alone in the world. The illness of his wife, and the consequent seclusion in which he had lived, had driven away many of his former associates; several of his friends had died, and he had taken no pains to cultivate others, and the few that remained stood aloof, now that difficulty began to environ him. I had again become his only adviser; and to me he detailed his sorrows. 'My friend,' said he, 'it is not for myself I suffer, God knows: to my withered

feelings and breaking heart, poverty is no painful addition; but my wife! she who has been so long accustomed to ease; the only alleviation of whose misery is the gratification of those little wants which the blighting of her more serious hopes and duties have rendered the sole solace of her existence:—to know that *she* must suffer the bitterness and the privations of penury; to see her sinking day by day; to see her die, perhaps, from the mere want of what are to her the necessaries of life—Good God! I cannot bear the thought!'

"He walked about the room in great agitation, and I vainly endeavoured to calm him. 'When I reflect,' said he, 'that all this misery has been inflicted by my sisters' husbands—men to whom my purse and my interest have always been open, and whose heirs would have had the estate—all they contend for—in a few years, by the course of nature!'

"'My dear friend,' interrupted I, 'this is no time for such reflections; let us consider how to discharge your debts, and yet retain enough for you, till you are reinstated in the property.'

"'That is impossible,' said he; 'were I to pay every one, I should not have one hundred

pounds left in the world. You know not the avidity with which men now call for money,—men who formerly would scarcely make out their bills, even when I sent for them,—who would rather that their accounts should run on for years, so eager were they to secure my custom, now importune for every farthing, as if their existence depended upon it; and I *will* pay them! yet, good God! what misery shall I bring upon—' 'No, no,' interrupted I, 'do not pay them now. They can as well afford to be without their money now, as when you were rich. Besides, you will deprive yourself of the means of carrying on the suit; and, by preserving the life of your wife, you will yet have something to give you spirit for the contention—quit the country; you can live cheaper on the continent, and can send over your savings to liquidate your debts.' He seemed pleased with the idea; but I saw that he was too undecided, and too much weakened by ill-health and misfortune, to put it in immediate practice. His spirits, however, in some degree revived, and I left him more determined to resist his difficulties than when I came.

"Some days after this conversation, I had occasion to go to M——, where my father still

resided; and in the evening, Robert Woolcraft suddenly rushed into the parlour, where we were sitting, and hastily bolted the door behind him. His look was so haggard, wild, and terrified, that I became seriously alarmed, and I led him gently into another room, to inquire the reason of his unexpected appearance—'I am pursued,' he exclaimed, 'hunted by the vilest retainers of the law! One creditor has sent an execution into my house, a writ is issued against my person at the suit of another. Had it not been for the courage and presence of mind of—of my—Mary—I should have been at this moment a prisoner, that first stage on the road to destruction. Yet they scented me and chased me all through Middlesex, but I escaped them over Fulham Bridge.'

"'Then for to-night you are safe,' said I, 'their writ is of no service in this county.'

"'Yes, for to-night,' he exclaimed; 'but to-morrow——'

"'My dear Robert,' said I, 'allow me to act for you—by to-morrow you shall be in a place of safety.'

"'Good God!' cried he, 'that I, who have had so high a name in the city, whose bare word

would have been taken for thousands, should now be driven forth a beggar!"

"'Such reflections will only incapacitate you for acting,' replied I: 'drive them from your mind, and all will yet be well; or, at least, not so ill as it now appears. When your creditors perceive you are out of their reach, they will willingly enter into arrangements with me, for payment at a distant period,—but we can talk of these matters when you are in a place of security.'

"I knew that we had not a moment to lose, for I was aware that that night was the only time when my friend could effect his escape. I, therefore, proceeded to the nearest inn, and took a chaise, desiring the postiliont o drive to Blackfriars' bridge. An ill-looking fellow, the bailiff who had pursued Robert through Middlesex, instantly hired another chaise, and followed us, (for he had planted himself outside our house, no doubt to track the footsteps of his prey,) but I cared not for him, for I knew his writ was of no service in Surrey. We arrived at Blackfriars' Bridge, a short time before our pursuer, and I instantly hired a boat; but we had scarcely got clear of the craft about the stairs, when I saw

our enemy jump into another wherry, and shove off. I was, and am still, so ignorant of legal jurisdictions, that I knew not what power his writ might have on the river; but there I was on my own element, and, perhaps, you may laugh at me when I tell you, that I, who had no idea of resisting an officer in the execution of his hateful duty on shore, should certainly have knocked him overboard, had he attempted to make a capture of my friend on the Thames. Luckily, however, we had no necessity for such a dangerous measure; for I no sooner saw our follower fairly afloat, than I took an oar, and encouraging my waterman by the promise of a liberal reward, we soon left our pursuer behind us. We landed at the Old Swan Stairs, hastened up to Cornhill, where we hired a coach, and drove rapidly to the Minories, where we left our vehicle, in order to break the scent, and running down to St. Catherine's, embarked in another boat, and were soon in the centre of the river, amid a confusion of ships and barges, which, together with the darkness of the night, would have sheltered us even if the bailiff had been at our heels.

"I had previously determined to proceed to the habitation of my ancient friend, the

landlord of the Jovial Sailors. The tide was falling, and we went rapidly down the river, and quickly landed at the stairs, leading to the little alley in which he dwelt; and from thence I carried Mr. Woolcraft into the parlour, behind the bar, by a private door, through which none but particular friends of mine host were allowed to enter.

"My landlord was rejoiced to see me, for I had paid him my annual visit, and he did not expect that I should call upon him again, till the following spring; and as I knew his seaman-like abhorrence of all connected with the law, whom he never named but by the title of sharks, an appellation he bestowed on all from the highest to the lowest inclusively, I felt that I should serve my friend, by hinting the dangerous situation in which he was placed.

"My host was delighted at this proof of confidence, and declared that his guest should be safe, if he called in half Rotherhithe to protect him. 'I have,' said he, 'an excellent room up stairs, which you, Captain Shafton, have never seen.—I mean the one that is usually occupied by Captain Eastland, but he is now luckily absent, on a voyage to Hamburgh.—I promise you they will no more be able to find him there,

than if he were at the bottom of the bay of Biscay, which you know has never yet been fathomed.—And I'll take care his being there shall not get wind, for I'll trust none of my women to attend him; they are naturally curious, and given to tattling, especially when they ought to hold their tongues.'

"'Surely you can trust your niece, my kind and affectionate nurse?' said I.

"'I'd sooner trust my nephew,' replied my landlord; 'though he is so young, you may trust to him, as you would to the north star.'

"Presuming that my friend would be equally well attended by either, I thought it most prudent not to interfere in a question so delicate as the relative merits of the niece and nephew, (of the latter of whom I had never before heard,) of my landlord. I, therefore, requested that Mr. Woolcraft might be shewn to the room intended for him; and our host, taking a candle, lighted us up the ill-contrived stairs of his oddly-constructed dwelling. The upper part of the house contained such a confusion of passages, stairs, and chambers, that I have often been puzzled to imagine how the builder had accumulated so much disorder in so small a space. Nevertheless, in one corner of this

labyrinth was placed a room, much better than I had expected to find in the Jovial Sailors; for, though not lofty, it was large, and its projecting bow-window rendered its appearance both ancient and interesting. The furniture, however, was strictly modern, and, however my fancy may have led me to admire the dwellings of our forefathers, I have always had a high value for the domestic conveniences of modern times. My host, I suppose, perceived my astonishment, to find that he possessed a place fitted up with so much attention. He, therefore, informed me, that in his youth it had been the best room in the house, and occupied every evening by a select party of block-makers; but that, in process of time, these worthies having been gathered to their fathers, and none having arisen to supply their place, the room had been degraded to a receptacle for lumber; and so it had remained till some time after he, the present landlord, had taken possession. But some years after he became proprietor, Captain Eastland, going by chance into it, had taken a liking to it, and had agreed to occupy it, whenever he resided in London, and for his convenience it had been fitted up as I now saw it. Such was the history of the cham-

ber, which my host detailed to Mr. Woolcraft and myself, very little, as you may imagine, to the gratification of either of us; for, perhaps, of all uninteresting tales, the account of the mutations of a bed-room is one of the most tedious to a man in difficulties.

"Having seen that my friend had every convenience, of which the melancholy circumstances in which he was placed would admit, I left him, in order to visit Mrs. Woolcraft, and assure her of the safety of her husband; but before I quitted the house, I stepped into the little parlour, to make some further arrangements with the landlord. While I was talking with him, his nephew came in, a handsome youth, of some ten years of age, with whose features I felt extremely familiar, although I could not distinctly recollect having seen them before. As my eye mechanically wandered over him, I could not help calling to mind that I had often heard my host affirm that his niece, who was nearly as old as himself, was the only relation he had in the world, and, suspecting that this youth was more intimately related to him than he acknowledged, I jocularly repeated to him the common jest of the man who said he never had a mother, because he was the son of his aunt.

P 2

"My host understood the allusion, but said I was mistaken. 'The boy,' said he, 'is the son of some people who lodged with me. His father died prematurely, and his mother, after being reduced to great distress, ran away—I have kept him ever since, and I mean to leave him what I have, for I have no relations;—and I call him my nephew, because his parents were not very respectable people, and I wish to bring him up to think himself related to somebody of good character, as it may have an effect upon his own.'

"Although I had no right to expect this explanation, I was highly pleased with it, as it shewed me that my landlord, notwithstanding his rough exterior, united good sense to kindness of heart, and I left him, convinced that Mr. Woolcraft would meet with all those attentions from him which a man in his painful situation required.

"I must confess, that I approached the residence of Mrs. Woolcraft with the most melancholy forebodings, and that, when I knocked at the door, I endeavoured to prepare myself for a scene of misery; but I was agreeably disappointed. Her spirit, which had so long lain dormant, appeared to have

revived with the difficulty of her situation. Those energies and passions which, while she was in prosperity, had disappeared or wasted themselves on trifles, for want of an object, were now called forth, and directed towards the preservation of her husband. She received me with a degree of gaiety she had not lately exhibited; not the forced and boisterous glee of mirth, assumed to hide a breaking heart, but that tempered cheerfulness which arises from a good cause, and a sense of doing our duty. I laid before her my plan, that her husband should immediately quit England, and she willingly agreed to it, desiring to see him before he departed, to make final arrangements for joining him on the continent.

"The following evening, she met me, by appointment, at the house of a friend in the city, and I conveyed her to a private wharf, where I had my own boat in waiting; and I could not but remark, how resolutely she, who had lately shrunk and trembled beneath every breath of air, now walked through the narrow, dark, and broken lanes, leading towards the river, and with how much determination she committed

herself to a frail boat, to cross the pool, at all times an unpleasant passage, and, of course, peculiarly so to a delicate female, unacquainted with the water.

"I felt her shudder as we advanced up the lane, in which the Jovial Sailors was situated, and shrink closer to me, as the groups of shipwrights, watermen, and fish-women, passed us, returning to their dwellings; and I knew she was lamenting that her husband was obliged to fly for concealment to the haunts of similar persons; but she said not a word, and we entered unnoticed into the little back parlour.

"The landlord's nephew was sitting at a table with his nominal uncle, and to shew how anxious he was to serve Mr. Woolcraft, he immediately took up a candle, and led the way to the room which he occupied. I shall not attempt to describe the meeting, for it was one of those scenes the melancholy of which is enhanced by the affectionate concealment of sorrow, while both my friends endeavoured to appear cheerful, and redoubled their grief by not giving it vent. At length, however, they became calmer, and the unhappy husband rang for some wine, to refresh his wife after her long night journey.

He was answered and attended by the nephew of the host, who performed his office in a manner which shewed that, young as he was, he appreciated the situation of his guests.

"A man of tender feelings, in the situation of my friend, naturally clings to any one who appears to sympathize with him; consequently Mr. Woolcraft had attached himself peculiarly to this child. He presented him to his wife, saying that he had been his companion all day, and she, loving every thing that her husband loved, made him sit down by her, and talked to him with pleasure.

"We had brought with us some papers of importance to my friend, and Mrs. Woolcraft, fearing she might forget to leave them, arose, after a short time, and, taking them from her muff, went towards an escrutoire which stood in the room, to deposit them in safety. I observed her fix her eyes upon it with great agitation, and the instant she opened it, I saw her turn pale, and stagger towards a chair. Both her husband and myself ran to prevent her from falling, imagining that she was fainting from the violence of concealed grief. But she did not faint, and after several ineffectual efforts to speak,

she almost inarticulately exclaimed, 'Look at that escrutoire—did you never see it before?'

"We both cast our eyes upon the article she pointed out, and the conviction instantly flashed across our minds, not only that we had seen it before, but that it was one which had formerly been in the study of Mr. Woolcraft, and which was supposed to have been destroyed when the house was consumed.

"Although we all knew that much of the furniture of the late mansion of Mr. Woolcraft had been stolen, during the fire, and although it was highly probable that this escrutoire had passed through many hands since that event, we all seemed to imagine that we had at length got a clue to that mysterious transaction, and I instantly called up the landlord, to examine him concerning his knowledge of it. He entered the room with a seaman-like bow, and I was about to lead the conversation by degrees to the subject I had in view, but Mrs. Woolcraft was too impatient for a moment's delay.—'For Heaven's sake tell me,' she cried, 'where you got that escrutoire?' My host looked a little astonished at being thus questioned. 'I came honestly by it, ma'am,' said he, 'though,

perhaps, those I had it from did not. It belonged to a lodger of mine, who ran away, and left it to pay the rent.'

"Upon hearing this reply, I, who knew more of the domestic history of the Jovial Sailors than either of my friends, fancied that some great discovery was at hand. Though dreadfully agitated myself, I begged them to be calm. I desired the landlord to be seated, and began to examine him; but I know not how it was, I seemed to have lost all presence of mind, and I could only ask how long it was since the lodger, who had owned the escrutoire, had become his tenant. 'Was he here,' continued I, recovering myself a little, and willing to assist his memory by referring to a particular event, 'when I returned from the South Sea?'

"'No, not so soon as that,' replied my landlord—'Was he here,' cried I, 'when I was appointed captain?'—'No,' answered my host—'but now I recollect, he came here the year after—it was the first of October, in the year 18—. Sure enough, I thought there was something wrong, they came so early in the morning; but they said they had brought the furniture out of the country.'

"This declaration seemed almost conclusive, for it was on the last night of September, in that same year, that the house of Mr. Woolcraft had been consumed; but proofs still stronger were almost immediately adduced.

"'If this escrutoire was mine,' said my friend, speaking for the first time during this singular examination, 'there is a secret drawer within it, containing some letters, written to me by my wife before our marriage, together with eight notes of one hundred pounds each; they were there previous to the fire, and they have never yet been paid into the bank.'

"As he spoke, he arose, and went to the escrutoire, and I need not tell you that we watched him with breathless attention. Our suspense was soon terminated; on his touching a spring, a pannel, which appeared to be solid, opened, and displayed a narrow recess, from which he drew both the notes and the letters he had described.

"This was positive proof, and I saw that Mrs. Woolcraft anticipated the discovery of the long lost servant, and seemed to abstract her mind from the present, to cast her eyes into futurity. Little did she know how near she

was to the object of her search. I again entreated her to be calm, and to listen, while I continued to question the landlord. 'I think I have heard you say,' said I, addressing him, 'that our young friend here is the son of the people you mention? Did he come with them when they first arrived?'

"My landlord did not approve of this question, as tending to render the mother of his young favourite contemptible in the eyes of her son; still he determined to adhere to truth.

"'I cannot but say he did,' replied he, 'but he is none the worse for that. Whatever his mother might be——'

"'His mother, my friend,' said—I 'never mind his mother; but tell us what age he appeared to be when first brought here?'

"'I heard his mother say,' replied our host, 'that he was three years old the very day.'

"'You might hear the woman who called herself his mother say so,' said I, 'and she told the truth; but I fancy his mother is no other than the lady who sits opposite to us.'

"I shall pass over the remainder of that night. The recollection of it is like the remembrance of a dream, or a delirious vision. It was

a night of joy, and yet it left no distinct trace upon the memory.

"By day-break, next morning, I began my search after the fugitive servant, whom, my landlord informed me, he had often seen lurking about the neighbourhood; and, after tracing her through various gradations of misery, I found her dying in St. Thomas's Hospital.

"She screamed and sunk back in her bed when she saw me; for she instantly recognized me, though vice and wretchedness had made such an alteration in her person, that I could not, in the squalid and degraded object before me, trace any resemblance to the plump, neat, and coquettish nursery-maid of former years. She was speedily revived, and she sat up and, eyed me with that air of determination, or rather recklessness, which is acquired by long acquaintance with crime. Still, my appearance seemed to revive in her the feelings of better times, and, after a few daring but common-place expressions, she said—'I always thought it would end thus. The gallows has haunted me day and night, ever since the deed was done; and it would be better to die at once, than to live in fear as I have lived. Have you brought an

officer ?—I shall disappoint you after all. They will not hang a dying woman.'

"Had I been inclined to severity, I could not have spoken harshly to her, I was so much affected by the miserable change she exhibited. Besides, I thought, that, even politically, it was best to treat her with mildness; for I knew not how far her obstinacy might proceed, if it were once called forth.

"'No, Jane,' I replied, 'I have not brought an officer; and, far from injuring you, I will do all I can to make you comfortable. Only tell me what you did with little Robert.'

"'Heaven bless you!' said she: 'but it is too late to serve me, I am dying. Robert lives with the landlord of the Jovial Sailors in ——— alley, Rotherhithe, and, I understand, passes for his nephew.'

"This was all the confirmation I desired. I eagerly requested her to make a deposition of the fact, assuring her of her master's forgiveness; and I related to her his difficulties, by way of interesting her feelings, and convincing her that, by giving a fair account of the whole transaction, she would make the only reparation in her power for the evil she had occasioned. This she willingly consented to do, and I immediately sent to

Union Hall, to procure the necessary legal assistance. A magistrate quickly attended, and, in his presence, the unfortunate girl made the following confession.

"She stated that, some time previous to the fire, she became acquainted with a person, who pretended that he was the steward of a gentleman in the neighbourhood; and that, in order to give this person an opportunity to see her in private, she had, on the night in question, knowing that her master and mistress were engaged in the city, persuaded the other servants to take a holiday; and that when her visitor arrived, he wore a great coat, which he refused to pull off, and which he continued to wear, under pretence of having a cold, and fearing the draughts of air in the kitchen.

"She went on to say, that, about the hour of ten, she being busy in preparing some supper, her visitor went up stairs, which she did not notice, he having been often accustomed to do so, and that, shortly afterwards, he returned, and they sat down to their meal; but that they were speedily alarmed by persons knocking at the door, saying that the house was on fire.

"As soon as the alarm was given, her companion took off his great-coat, and she saw that he

was dressed in her master's livery; and he immediately began, with the aid of many persons, some of whom were casual passengers, but the greater part of whom were his accomplices, (though they all pretended to be strangers to each other), to remove the furniture into carts, which they had previously provided.

"In the midst of the confusion, she continued, she recollected her master's son, and ran up stairs and fetched him out of his bed, at the hazard of her life. When she descended, the crowd had become too numerous to allow her visitor to plunder any longer with safety; he, therefore, led her away, she allowing him to convey her where he pleased, from fear of punishment, if she remained. They spent a few hours at a house, to which the plunder had been carried, and where a partition was made, and from thence she accompanied the robber to the Jovial Sailors, where he had taken a lodging, as he afterwards told her, in contemplation of what he had effected.

"She acknowledged she had heard of the rewards offered for her, and for the child, whom she had often wished to send back, but was deterred, both by fear of giving a clue to her situation, and by terror of the man who now passed for her husband, and who threatened to

murder her, if she did any thing which could lead Mr. Woolcraft to suspect she had escaped from the fire.

"This man, she continued, was at length detected in attempting to commit a robbery, in the fields near Peckham, on some persons returning from the fair at that village, and was so roughly treated by them, that, though he escaped the hands of justice, he died in consequence of the injuries he received. After his decease, having no longer the means of support, she had been obliged to part with such of her ill-gotten furniture as had not been already sold; the escrutoire being the only article she retained, and this she had at length left with her landlord, when obliged to fly from her creditors, who threatened her with the Court of Requests and the Marshalsea. Driven by misery and poverty, she had fled from one retreat of wretchedness to another, and she had now come to the hospital to die. She concluded by saying, that when she left the Jovial Sailors, she had given the child of Mr. Woolcraft, who passed for her son, to the care of the landlord, who was fond of him, and that he had since declared to her his intention to adopt him, and bring him up as his nephew.

"This being all that was requisite to identify

the child, I thought it unnecessary to press her further. The confession was legally signed, and witnessed; and, leaving some money with her, to procure any additional comforts she might require, I hastened to my friends, to rejoice their hearts with the confirmation of a truth of which indeed none of us entertained any doubts.

"My host was the only person ignorant of the extent of our proceedings; for, though he had learnt much, and suspected more, yet, as he knew nothing of Mr. Woolcraft, he could not tell whether the discovery of his parents was a benefit or an injury to his favourite. I now thought it proper he should hear the true history of his adopted nephew; and I called him up and detailed the whole of it, beginning with the fire, and terminating with the confession of the former nursery maid.

"He listened with a degree of gravity that I thought almost amounted to apathy, but which was indeed assumed, to repress the violent joy he felt, and which he feared to exhibit before such honourable persons as he now discovered his guests to be. But his passion could not be controlled. Like a statue suddenly animated, he arose, and, as if desirous of exhibiting a living representation of the Jovial Sailor over

his door, he dashed into a hornpipe, whistling and stamping, till the house shook with his merriment. At length, he danced up to his 'nephew,' and catching him in his arms, blubbered out congratulations; and then recollecting himself, he begged pardon of all around. I cannot say I saw anything very ludicrous in this scene, yet I know not what came over me, I could not help laughing outrageously, I hardly knew why, and immediately afterwards crying almost as plentifully as my host himself. I recovered myself, however, as quickly as I could, and, to hide my confusion, I began to moralize, plainly proving to Mr. Woolcraft, that had not his family impelled him to fly by all the violence of persecution, he would not have been obliged to seek for shelter in the Jovial Sailors, and consequently would not have discovered his son.

"Nobody was, however, in the humour to listen to moral deductions, and I, at length, was obliged to abandon the field to the landlord, who was busy detailing the youthful history of his 'nephew;' a tale to which I thought my friends listened with more pleasure than they would to the most exquisite moral that ever was drawn from history or fable. I, therefore, quitted the Jovial Sailors, and went to the house of Mr.

Woolcraft, to see how affairs were going on there; for I knew not what steps the creditors might take, now both my friend and his wife had disappeared.

"I had taken care to have several witnesses to the deposition of the former nursery maid; intelligence of the recovery of the lost son had, consequently, got to —— street before I arrived there. The first persons I met, on entering the house, were the two creditors, whose severe measures had obliged my friend to fly. They had both come to apologize for their folly, (as they now called it,) to inform me that they had withdrawn their proceedings, and to assure me that they had commenced them entirely against their own inclinations, solely to gratify their wives. It is astonishing what complaisance men have for the wishes of their wives, on similar occasions.

"They had scarcely retired, when several friends of Mr. Woolcraft's came in, persons whom some unfortunate circumstance or other had prevented from visiting him for the last year or two, but who now appeared with most liberal offers of their hearts and purses, begging me to inform him he was at liberty to draw upon them for any sum he might require; and assuring me,

that they wished for no security with so honourable a man. What is very singular, neither the creditors nor these liberal friends had heard of the recovery of the heir; at least they said so; and it would be very uncharitable in me to imagine that they did not speak the truth. Liberal as they were, however, I could make no reply to their offers, and having dismissed them, I returned to the Jovial Sailors.

"It would be needless to detail the progress of Mr. Woolcraft's re-establishment. The current of success had now set in his favour; difficulties, that had formerly appeared insurmountable, vanished at his approach, and, in a short time, he was as rich and happy as ever. His first care was to reward the landlord of the Jovial Sailors, through whose kindness his son had been rescued from the vicious society of his pretended mother, and had received, if not a liberal, at least a moral and useful, education.

"The gratitude of Woolcraft did not stop at mere pecuniary donations, although his liberality was such as to provide generously for the future support of the seaman. He knew the affection our host entertained for his adopted nephew, and he, therefore, assured him that, whenever he pleased to see him, he should he welcome to his

house and table, even if he chose to take up his residence there entirely. I am informed that some of Mr. Woolcraft's fashionable friends, especially those who abandoned him during his adversity, cavil at this offer; but I must confess, that I cannot see why a gentleman should be above being grateful to a man in humble station, from whom he has received an essential service.

"The servant, whose thoughtlessness had led to so much vice and misery, died within two days after her deposition had been taken, notwithstanding every care and kindness that could be bestowed upon her; but disease and mental misery had made an impression which her new-formed hopes could not eradicate.

"It now only remains for me to say, that fortune was not the only consequence of the happy discovery made in the Jovial Sailors. Both my friends, their minds being now at ease, quickly regained their health; they resumed that place in society from which they had so long withdrawn; and they are now surrounded by a blooming and increasing family."

THE VOYAGE,

CONTINUED.

SUCH was the history detailed by Captain Shafton, a history I was happy to hear from a person on whose veracity I could depend, and who had been so intimately connected with the parties; because, several false and contradictory accounts of Mr. Woolcraft and his fortunes had already reached my ears. He had no sooner ended, than both Ridgway and Shipley broke forth in praise of the landlord of the Jovial Sailors, who had been personally known to them, and whose health was immediately proposed and drank, I need not say, with unbounded applause. When the plaudits bestowed upon the character of this worthy British seaman had subsided, we all began, as usual, to offer our observations on the tale we had heard. A great number of them, of course, I need not repeat, since they were only such as would naturally

arise in every mind from the nature of the story.

One fact, indeed, had struck me as extraordinary, and as requiring some explanation. It was, that Captain Shafton had been in the habit of going occasionally to the public-house, in which the fugitive servant had concealed herself, and yet had never met her. I remarked, that I should have thought it impossible for him to have frequented the place in which she resided, without at some time encountering her. "There certainly was some probability that I should see her," replied the captain; "but then you are to recollect that my visits to the Jovial Sailors were not many, and that I did not go in there by the passage common to those who lodged in the house. I entered by the back door, which I have noticed as leading to the back parlour, situated behind the bar; so that, though actually within the house, I saw as little of its inhabitants, with the exception of the landlord, as if I had been in any other in the same alley. Besides, I was not very well acquainted with the person of the nursery-maid, for I had not seen her above three times. But, though I never discovered her at the Jovial Sailors, she acknowledged that she had seen

me; and when I asked her why she continued to reside in a place where she knew I came, she replied, that she was afraid to tell her husband I had been there, lest he should suppose she had spoken to me, or had been the means of bringing me there. What appeared most singular to me," continued Mr. Shafton, "was, that, after the death of the man she called her husband, she did not come forward; but you must recollect, that then her feelings had become seared by iniquity, and that the fear of punishment overbalanced the hope of reward. But, perhaps," added he, "the most singular part of the affair is, that she should go for concealment to a place with which I was acquainted, and which I actually chose afterwards for the retreat of Mr. Woolcraft; but yet, similar coincidences happen every day, though, as they are usually in affairs of no consequence, they are seldom noticed."

"That is very true," said Ridgway; "and I often think, when two persons, residing in different parts of London, meet by accident, that there were at least one hundred thousand chances to one, that they should not have met at that time and place, yet we see such rencontres happen every hour."

"You bring to my mind," said William, "an event which happened in the family of my friend here. I allude to two persons who met each other in a manner that no human foresight would have produced. It is true, one of them was seeking for the other, yet the discovery was made through means which were not intended to bring it about. I advert," continued he, turning to me, "to the adventure which happened to your grandfather at Rome."

The desire to tell and to hear stories is, like many other inclinations, increased by being indulged. All present, therefore, requested me to detail to them the anecdote to which William had alluded, and I, both from the cause I have noticed above, and from the pleasure which I in common with every other person feel in speaking of my forefathers, readily consented.

"The adventure I am about to relate," said I, "occurred, as our doctor has already observed, to my grandfather, at Rome; but, unless I were to give you some account of his previous life and education, I know not how I should be able to represent his conduct in a proper light; for, certainly, the story I am about to repeat will give you no very high opinion of his prudence."

"Nay, I entreat," said Captain Shafton, laughing, "that you will not allow us to form a bad opinion of your grandfather, for want of being sufficiently explanatory."

"Consider," cried Ridgway, "that the honour of your ancestor is involved, and pray do not spare a few words for the sake of clearing it up; besides," continued he, "you owe us a long story, for the number we have given you; for while you slily take down in your note-book all we say, you tell us nothing in return."

To uphold the honour of my ancestor, and to acquit myself of the debt which my friends declared I owed them, I began the life of my grandfather; but I had scarcely uttered ten sentences, when a violent lurch of the sea gave such an unexpected motion to every moveable in the cabin, that I was carried away from my seat before I could close my mouth. I was borne sprawling over the table into Mr. Ridgway's bosom, where my head, like the butt-end of a battering ram, planted such a hit, as tumbled him backwards off his chest against the bread-locker. Shipley happened to have his feet wedged in with the table frame, which, being lashed fast to the deck, held him tight, while William caught hold of his arms as they

were thrown out by the jerk, and stopped a career somewhat similar to mine; but the captain, on whose side the kick was given, was stretched over me, and a horn of grog, which he held in his hand, was poured as cunningly into my ear, and down my neck, as if it had been done by an experienced practitioner. Other vessels, containing liquids, and amongst them a bottle of rum, were rolled down upon the luckless mate, who received a deluge of mixed fluids over his face and breast, as he lay on his back, with his legs still suspended over his box. A few moments sufficed to extricate some of us, and the captain and second mate ran upon deck, where it was plainly visible that a heavy swell and a stiff breeze had united their forces, to throw us into dismay. Clewing up top-garnsels (quasi, top-gallant-sails,) reefing top-sails, and hauling in the gaff, &c. &c. &c. quieted the commotion a little, though the heaving of the sea still continued to make our vessel rise, and fall, and roll, as though proceeding in a state of intoxication. A bear, if drunk, might bowl himself forward in some such awkward way, as a ship reels upon a troubled ocean; but, to enjoy something like the pitch and lift of head and stern, I would advise a pair of

cocknies, (my dear native cocknies,) to construct a "see-saw," across a moveable beam, which whilst they alternately rise and fall at either end of the board, would give their seat a lateral motion, as if it were about to turn them over on one side. An ingenious friend, who has perused the MS. of my journal, proposes building moveable rooms of wood, to which, by means of machinery, an undulatory motion may be given, which will produce sickness similar to the nausea caused by the action of the sea. These, he supposes, when correctly adjusted, so as to convey the exact sensation of a reeling vessel, would produce the same effect on a diseased constitution as is expected from a voyage, with the advantage of being within the reach of those who cannot compass the means to profit by a transit to Madeira, Quebec, or Greenland. The plan, indeed, appears so feasible, that I recommend it to the proprietors of baths, steam-engines, and indeed to the College of Physicians, which, no doubt, will pay great attention to any recommendation of mine!

Ridgway, William, and I, remained in the cabin, "dripping like pearls," as Cervantes would have said, or rather his translator, for I presume the renowned and precise Cid Hamet actually

does say dripping as if hung with pearls ;—but I mean to learn the Spanish, if only to view that emperor of witty conceits in his real dress. After we had dripped and drained our garments for some space, and murmured and laughed at each other a little while longer, the mate summoned " Jem" to our assistance, and bad him bring aft some hot water. We, (that is, William and I), wondered what consolation was to be found in this simple element, even though combined with its natural enemy, caloric ;—and we asked Ridgway if he felt sick, and was inclined to encourage vomiting.

" You will think both for and against your question, when you see and hear what I am about to do, replied he ; since, in the first place, I intend to make some hot grog, to comfort us after our capsizing; and, in the next, I propose singing a song to pass away the rest of the evening, for we will not have your grandfather's story while our mess-mates are upon deck."

" Certainly not," said William, " but all your intentions are on the side adverse to being sick. Pray, what have you conceived in favour of it ?"

" Allowing you to hear me sing," cried the mate laughing, " and if that does not turn your

stomach—ay, and make your very bowels loath their contents, I shall believe you have no sensibility belonging to you."

"Do try me," exclaimed the doctor.

"And me," added I. "I have not been sea-sick, you know; and if your notes are more powerful than squalls and billows, you may stay ashore all the rest of your life, and get a decent livelihood by attending on hospitals, and following physicians, to administer emetics and purges by the ear instead of the mouth."

"Well, since you give me such hopes of bettering my fortune," said Ridgway, "I will begin; yet let me have the benefit of your further advice, touching the airs and songs most provocative of qualms and retching."

"Oh," cried William, "that must depend upon the constitution of the hearer. To my friend here, a love ditty chanted to a doleful tune is equal to five and twenty grains of ipecacuanha; and an appropriate tremor of the voice, is like several gulps of warm water swallowed afterwards.—I have known him 'cast accounts' as speedily after hearing—

'A fair maid sat sighing by the side of a stream,
Oh willow!—willow!—willow'—

sung by a sentimental young lady, as though he had swallowed a dose of tartar emetic, or a table spoonful of mustard."

"Then, that is the very song I'll treat him with," said Ridgway—"here goes—hem! hem! —A fair maid sat sighing——but no—now I think of it, there was a doctor sailed with us two years ago, who doled out such a pitiful ballad, in so lamentable a strain, that we were fain to quiet him for fear he should scare away the whales. He used to sing it as he lay abed, by way of accompaniment to the creaking of the main-mast, which was loose—but the sailors all swore that the old stump had the best voice of the two."

"I dare you to make the experiment with this dismal chant," cried I, "and if you succeed in exciting a tempest in my interior, I will hold myself bound to sing a merry strain in the midst of it."

"I despair of equalling the original," replied the mate, "for he had the gift of dealing out his sad stanzas as slowly, and as solemnly, as an old undertaker's wife measures out yards of black crape for a funeral; with this difference, that, instead of clipping off a little at each end, to afford an extra portion for his own use, he

added half a line now and then, uttered in a lengthened warble of so lugubrious a nature, that I have known a kittiwake fly for a mile after the ship, thinking its mate was confined aboard, and crying for assistance."

"After this," said William, "you must give us a specimen of his song, and I will be umpire in the wager."

"Well, get out your handkerchiefs," cried Ridgway, "and fill up your horns, for ye'll have need of weepers and comforters both—hem—

'If thou must beat—ah! beat more fast,
Too soon thou canst not beat thy last,
Unhappy thing!

Far better on a wheel lie broke,
Than feel thy fluttering mock the stroke
Of Time's slow wing!

Time's wing!—Time does not fly, but creeps;
The drowsy watch, who walks and sleeps,
Has swifter pace.'

"Enough enough!" cried I, interrupting Ridgway, "cease I beseech you, and let Jem bring me a 'kidd' immediately, for I feel as if a rebellion had broken forth in my interior."

"No, no, go on, Ridgway, go on!" exclaimed

the doctor, "unless he instantly commences the strain he promised, if your song took effect on his stomach."

"A moment's grace," cried I, "and I will."

"Not one instant," replied the mate, continuing his dolorous complaint—

'Then why should'st thóu with pulses slow,
Prolonging hopeless life and woe,
His footsteps trace?
Oh, swiftly throb, or cease to move!
Thou'st lingered long enough to prove
How thou art riven.

Yield now to death, thou should'st have burst—'

"In mercy cease," exclaimed William, "for I have promised no song, but I feel my stomach quake, and my mouth fill with water—Your song has upon me the same effect as the balsam of fierebras had upon Sancho Pança."

"Set to work there," cried the barbarous mate: "a clear stomach, like a clear conscience, will never make your head ache—give way there, doctor—heave!" But before Ridgway could finish the next line, which he began, I broke forth in the midst of the puling horrors of his love-lorn lay, as follows—

"Ye merry crew of mirthful sprites,
Who strew man's pathway with delights,

Song, and smile, and dream of pleasure,
Hither haste in fairy measure!

Hither, hither, quick resort,
Ye elves of glee and festive sport!
Gaily laughing, sweetly singing,
Wreathed joys around ye flinging!

Meet ye on your airy way
With Gloom and Grief, that life decay,
Oh put the scowling fiends to flight;
With such ye never can unite.

Drive them hence, with mirth and glee;
Then come and sip this bowl with me;
Bask around its sparkling brim,
And o'er its mantling nectar skim!"

"Huzza! bravo! encore!" cried my companions, "well done, sick man."

"'Tis all the good effects of my grog, d'ye see," exclaimed Ridgway, filling up our cups, and making me repeat the song, to which he and William joined chorus. In the midst of it the noise and merriment which our voices carried upon deck, brought down the second mate, for the ship was now made tight, and bounding before the breeze.

"Ha, hot grog!" cried he directly his nose had gotten below the companion. "Here's

pretty revelry going on under water!—have ye the devil among ye?"

"He's just arrived," replied the mate, "and mistakes the scent of rum for brimstone; it gives him so much pleasure."

"Nay, man, Belzebub knows grog as well as any tar, and values it too," cried Shipley, "for *we* all know it saved his crown!"

"I know nothing about it," said William.

"You are but a landsman, or you would," replied Shipley: "however, for your instruction, and for the benefit of your sick friend, who seems to have recovered his health all of a sudden, if we may judge from the uproar he has been making, I'll tell it you.—Ay, there's the note-book!"

END OF VOL I.

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